THE GOSPEL IN GONDA.

REV. S. KNOWLES.

Central BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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THE GOSPEL IN GONDA:

BEING A NARRATIVE OF EVENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL IN THE TRANS-GHAGHRA COUNTRY.

BY THE

REV. S. KNOWLES, M. A.,

MISSIONARY.

Author of "The Pseudo-Philosophy of Idolatry," etc., etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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India Missions
Missions. Methodist.
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INTRODUCTION.

THE preaching of the Gospel among heathen peoples is at once the most difficult and the most important work to which man can be called; the grandest and most blessed calling to which he can devote himself.

The best method of preaching to the heathen,—of presenting the truth in such manner as to attract and not repel, to win the hearer, and make him desirous of hearing again and yet again,—this is the great work of the Christian Missionary, from whatever side he may approach it; whether as an itinerant evangelist, or minister or pastor of a congregation, a teacher in elementary schools, or a professor in a Christian college or university, whether superintending missionary operations, or with pen and press he prepares a pure literature for the people, whether he ministers to the physical wants of those about him, healing the sick and relieving the poor, or perhaps better than all, or in addition to all, lives a life so pure, so good, that the heathen seeing, is won to Christ. This is his work, though not always satisfactorily or even well done,—whether he sees little result of his labors, or finds his efforts crowned with glorious success, —it is indeed a work that altogether

> "Might fill an angel's heart,
> And filled a Saviour's hands."

Preaching, in its best sense is an institution, the origin of which is synchronous with the introduction of Christianity. The divine Founder of our holy faith, having "all power in heaven and on earth" given unto Him, authorized and commissioned his disciples,—not the few only whom he had gathered about him, but in a broader sense the multitude of his followers and believers in increasing numbers down

through the ages,—He commanded to "Go and teach, disciple all nations, baptizing them," and said he, "As ye go, *preach*," and the command to *go* was accompanied by the promise, "Lo I am with you always." This is the Missionary's great commission. What more does he want? Here he takes his stand, confident and conscious that he is never alone; that amidst the most difficult circumstances, in the most trying hour, help is always at hand, and "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Preaching has come to be a peculiarity, a characteristic of the Christian faith. Though there were preachers under the Jewish system, and John the Baptist was especially commissioned to *preach*, to announce as a herald the coming of Christ, and point out "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world,"—he was "as the voice of one crying in the wilderness." The anointed preacher's one theme, varied as it may be in a thousand ways, to suit all classes, and adapted to all circumstances and all conditions of men, is this: God, manifested in Christ Jesus for man's redemption and salvation from sin. This central truth embraces all other truths, natural and revealed, with which the preacher is concerned. It is his great work to publish this truth, "the truth as it is in Jesus." To do this efficiently he needs not only "an intellectual grasp of its excellence, but the consciousness of its power, as shown in the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and of fire." When *this* baptism is present in the heart of the preacher, water baptisms will follow, as result follows cause. Let the method be what it may, where there is spiritual life in the heart, it will surely be manifest, if not immediately, certainly not many days hence.

Dean Stanley in his Introductory Sermon to Professor Max Muller's Westminster Lecture on Missions, uses the following remarkable illustration as to how the best method of reaching the heathen world may be found. He says:—

"When the first Napoleon suddenly found himself among the quicksands of the Red Sea, he ordered his generals to ride out in so many opposite directions, and the first who arrived on *firm ground*, was to call on the rest to follow. This is what we may ask of all the various schemes and agencies—all the various inquiries after truth now at work, in all the different branches and classes of Christendom,—'Ride out amongst those quicksands.'—Ride out in the most opposite directions, and let him that first finds solid ground call out to us! It may perchance be the very ground in the midst of this quaking morass, where we shall be able to stand firm and move the world!" Very remarkable language indeed for the learned and pious dean of Westminster. And some doughty knights in England and in India have mounted and "riding out" are now calling loudly that they have found solid ground, or at least a *via media*, leading away from this "quaking morass" of doubt as to methods, and bidding others go in this new-found way, if they would have success in this great work! Thank God, there is no morass, no quicksand, and no quaking other than in the minds of those who seek for these things. Simple faith and earnest effort, with intense desire and honest devotion, have satisfactorily solved the problem, having proved all possible methods, and chosen those best adapted to the end in view, the successful preaching of the Gospel in India, and even the ultimate conversion of the world. Nor had these more humble and devoted ones far to go in their search for the right and the best way. The New Testament is a wonderful guide to any who may be seeking for light on the pathway of method or of duty. The Gospels and Epistles are full of divinely inspired directions for all such.

When the Founder of the Faith came upon certain of his disciples who had toiled all night at their nets, and taken nothing, His simple command to them was, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets." On another occasion,

when they had caught nothing during the livelong night, in the early morning He stood upon the shore and called to them, "Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye will find." Obedience to the divine command will, with fishers of men as with the toilers of the sea, meet with its reward, in eventually "enclosing a great multitude."

The methods for the prosecution of this greatest work are multiform, and very various, and the talents and equipment of the workers are characterized by as great variety. The success of all is not equal; but there need be no discouragement, for the same divine master, knowing well the difficulties of the work, tells his disciples by means of a parable, that, of a certain quantity of seed sown only one-fourth part may be expected to gladden the heart of the sower when comes the reaping time. Or, as the sainted Bishop Edward Thomson chastely puts the thought: "Christ divides the seed sown into four portions, only one of which brings forth abundant fruit."

The writer of the "Gospel in Gonda" has not planned, nor even thought to prepare here a treatise on Homiletics, to show how *all* preaching should be done, and yet he has shown a plan or method of successfully approaching a simple minded people, convincing them in a very brief time of the superiority and power of the Christian faith, and bringing them to accept its truths and receive the outward sign of this change of faith,—by the simple, earnest, faithful preaching of Christ. Preparation on the part of the Missionary and his Assistants for each specific effort was always sought in prayer, and the study of the Word; prayer for divine guidance and the divine blessing then and there on the word preached. The preaching, the praying, the singing, all was done in faith that God would hear and answer, that He would be present and bless the means used, that the Holy Spirit would convict and convince, and give light to see the truth, and courage to accept it. This method was pursued

whether the preparation was made just previous to standing in the presence of one hundred or of ten thousand hearers in the great *melás* of the cities and shrines, or seated on the humble string *charpai*, addressing in simpler language a small company of village people, in the more populous regions of the garden of India, or in the jungles on the borders of Nepal. Although all the good that was hoped for on the part of the Missionary and those who have watched the work with intense interest, may not have been accomplished, and all the fruit may not have been successfully gathered, it seems clearly demonstrated that the method pursued leads to assured success when there are facilities for properly following it up,—when there is an organized force behind it sufficient and ready to follow the work with the necessary after work, and to conserve its results. When a single individual or a whole village receives baptism, having accepted the faith of Christ, the real work is only fairly begun. Much teaching, "line upon line, line upon line," will still be needed to carry on the work so hopefully begun, to bring it to the most successful conclusion, and to accomplish the highest results of evangelism, of true gospel preaching. The much discussed question of early baptism, or "instantaneous baptism" as it is wrongly and sometimes invidiously called, is not nearly so difficult a one as that of the immediately subsequent teaching of the new convert,—the following up of the lessons already given. The primary teaching must frequently of necessity be limited, for there is often not time to do more than give a discourse, followed usually by the simple gospel teaching of one or more native assistants, and then the distinctive rite; and the Missionary must move on to other towns and villages. If those who seem most bitterly opposed, and honestly so, to speedy baptism, will look over the churches or Christian communities with which they are connected, and say they find no cases of falling away *after* baptism on the part of those who have had months or perhaps

years of previous instruction, then, and then only should they feel tempted to "throw the first stone." Careful observation shows that as large a percentage of the early-baptized remain firm, if they have proper teaching, as of those taken from their villages to the Mission compound and taught there; and in addition to this, their simpler manner of village life as to food and drink and dress, runs less risk of being injuriously affected by imitation of the habits of some dwellers even in Mission compounds. The first great step in winning souls is, to get hold of the people, to get their sympathies, to get near them, and make them feel that their interests and those of the Missionary are one. This can be done in no way nearly so speedily and effectually as by the rite of baptism; then their hearts can be touched, they can be taught at leisure, and may ripen into strong Christian characters, and some even into earnest workers. That church or society which is ready to follow up the work of the baptizing evangelist by the effective teaching and training of the new converts, giving them at once mental illumination and soul-culture, will certainly be counted most worthy to reap the rich harvest of souls surely awaiting this work. For the solution of this problem, the carrying on to a successful issue of a work so well begun, all Missionary laborers, in short the whole Christian church, should be equipped and ready. After that, the millennium.

J. W. WAUGH.

Allahabad,
7th August, 1889.

THE GOSPEL IN GONDA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE following very brief history of Gonda will not be here considered out of place.

Five hundred years B. C., when Buddha, the princely mendicant, was wandering along the banks of the Rapti and the Ghaghra thinking out his godless system of humanitarianism, the *Ahîrs*, or Cowherds, were penning in their immense droves of cattle in Gonda, then only a cleared space in the great forest for miles around, to protect them from the savage beasts prowling about. In fact Gonda was then much what the Thárú country is now. But great material, political and religious changes have swept over the country since then, clearing the jungles, creating smiling villages and beautiful suburbs, driving back the tiger, boar, and hyena to their fastnesses in the Nepal Hills, and forcing the sturdy cowherds back to form their cattle pens at the foot of the same Hills. Hence Gonda is no longer a cattle-fold (Gontha), but the chief town and administrative head-quarters of a flourishing district; situated 28 miles North-north-west of Faizabad (abode of grace). The original jungle is now the site of a very picturesque Civil station and growing town, with a present population all told of nearly 18,000 souls, and the largest District, except Bareilly, in the North-Western Provinces, (Oudh having been amalgamated).

The large wide wooden bridge spanning a branch of the river Terhi, and the beautiful shady avenue of various trees,

both separating the Civil Lines from the city, form a very pleasing picture; while the handsome artificial lake, constructed by Raja Seo Pershad around an old Hindu monastery embedded in a grove of flowering shrubs and trees, and on the ornamental banks of which stands the Anjuman-i-Rifah, or Literary Institute, presents a combination of natural objects which as a whole makes a beautiful landscape. Hundreds of years ago, during the rule of the Gonda Rajas, the place was celebrated for its excellent shields, which were in great request; but now, since the B. and N. W. Railway has opened out the whole country from Gorakhpur to Nepal Gunj, it promises to fast become the commercial centre of the rice and wheat trade. If any of our friends will take a map and look at Lat. 27° 7′30″ N., and Long. 82° E. they will see where lies the place we have briefly described, and where we are labouring for the Great Master.

Gonda was opened as a Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, and in connection with the North India Conference, in January of 1865, by the writer of this account. Some months previously the station had been visited by Bishop E. Thompson, D. D., and Rev. W. Butler, D. D., and they wisely determined to give the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the perishing millions of this vast District. So needy was this field, and so desirable a place for work was it deemed, that if we had not taken up the Station and District when we did, they would most probably have been occupied by the late Rev. Mr. Ziemann of the Lutheran Mission at Gazipur, in the North-Western Provinces. This earnest and self-devoted Missionary had made an itinerating tour on foot through a part of the District, preaching the Gospel, and living on *dál bhát*, (cooked rice and pulse). Besides making many inquirers, he baptized one convert on this trip. This man was the *zamindár*, or landholder, of a village situated between Tarab-Ganj (the storehouse of happiness) and Nawab-Ganj (the store-house of the prince). He was baptized with the name *Anand-Masih*

(the content of Christ) and is now labouring in our out-station Ellenpur. But Mr. Ziemann, seeing we were going to take up the work in earnest, retired from the field, and we have alone worked the Station and District since. On our arrival in Gonda, after a most tedious journey from Lucknow via Baírámghát by *doli-dák*, (a palanquin journey,) we were most kindly received and hospitably entertained by Major J. Ross, Deputy Commissioner, and W. Knighton, Esq., L. L. D., Assistant Commissioner. The latter, a member of the Church of England, generously gave us a room in his house, in which we conducted an English Service every Sunday afternoon for the benefit of the European residents: there being many more English officials and other residents in Gonda than there are now. Soon, however, money enough was collected in the Station alone to build a convenient and substantial Chapel, without any expense to the Mission. The building was erected in the north-west corner of our large and beautiful compound, and the whole Station used to attend regularly the Sabbath afternoon Service held therein. It is worth mentioning just here, that it was in this humble place of worship Doctor J. H. Condon began those earnest Christian labors which have characterized him from that time both in and out of our Mission, and made his name a household word in every station in which he has so faithfully served as Civil Surgeon since. And notwithstanding his multifarious and very arduous duties as Civil Surgeon of a large station, (Cawnpore) he is now the most intelligent, earnest, hard-working, unpaid Local Preacher of our Church in India. English education in the North-West of India, for poor Eurasian and European children owes much to this indefatigable Christian man. Not only was he mainly instrumental in starting the Boys' Memorial School in Cawnpore, but after he was transferred from Gonda to Naini Tal as Civil Surgeon, he was the means of establishing the first school for boys and girls in the latter station, which has

since grown into the present large Diocesan Boys' and Girls' Schools in that gem of a hill sanitarium. The reader, who knows our worthy friend and dear Christian brother, Doctor Condon, will readily pardon this apparent slight digression from our subject, and will join with us in saying, what I once heard a poor Roman Catholic woman, the wife of a Railway Guard in Cawnpore, say of the good Doctor: "He is a man one would like to stand by your bed when you die, and by your grave when you are buried." She could not have paid a higher compliment to her priest! Any how, our work in Gonda was the richer and better for our having the Doctor at that time as our Civil Surgeon. He it was who helped us to open our first *vernacular* school in the City, as the quicker, easier, and cheaper way of getting at the minds and hearts of the children. Out of this simple, unpretending Hindi school came two of our present Native Preachers, Bihárí Lal, and Kanhaí Lal, two brothers from the *Káyath*, or writer caste, and who, during the last few years, have helped us to carry on so successfully our evangelistic work in the District. It was the Doctor also, who, humanly speaking, aided us in sustaining and encouraging our first Musalmán convert, Rajab Ali, who gave up a salary of three hundred and fifty rupees a month in the Oudh Commission to become our Christian *Munshí* on a stipend of three hundred and forty rupees less; who afterwards rendered such efficient service to our Lucknow Press, then in charge of Rev. J. W. Waugh, as Translator, Composer and Editor; and who is now editing the *Punjab Review* in Umritsar, the holy-city of the land of the Five-rivers. The Doctor it was, too, who assisted us with a pony and other means to make our first itinerating tour from Gonda to Bairamghat, via Colonel-Gunj, the old military cantonments before the Mutiny of 1857 for the Trans-Ghaghra Territory. In fact, during the five years we had charge of the work in this station, our respected friend was more to us than an assistant Missionary; for his

earnest piety and consistent example before the natives, and in the position he held were worth more to us in our work than a clerical co-adjutor.

During the five years we laboured in this field we did little or nothing comparatively speaking, in the way ofthe higher education of the Natives, for God sent *us* not to educate, but to *preach*. We saw that the Government, under the able direction of Mr. A. Thompson, now Principal of the Agra College, wasdoing all we deemed necessary in that line; but we established a number of cheap vernacular schools in Gonda, andin the three out-stations—Balrampur, Colonel-Ganj, and Nawab-Ganj, which fully answered our purpose of propagating and extending the knowledge of Christ among the children and young people of the District. We were never ashamed of confessing that our professed object in these schools was to *proselytize*, or make converts from the young for our Lord Jesus Christ. And if this is not the end directly aimed at in all our higher education by the Missionaries in charge of our institutions of learning, then we fail to see how these Ministers are obeying and fulfilling the grand commission they have received from their Great Captain. Outside of these modest schools our work was exclusively preaching directly the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in the bazaars of the city, on itinerating tours among the teeming villages, and in the crowded *melas*, or religious fairs, held from time to time in different parts of our extensive District. On some of these tours we were accompanied and very ably assisted by our then Presiding Elder, the Rev. J. W. Waugh, D. D., and one of the best vernacular scholars in our Mission. In 1870, we were transferred to Sitápúr by Bishop Kingsley, and the Gonda Station and District were served successively and with much ability by the Revs. S. S. Weatherly, H. Mansell, and B. H. Badley. By the former our present Mission House in Gonda was built: and by the last a fine large school house in Golaganj in the city was erected. The Rev. B. H. Badley, like ourselves, was

blessed with a dear Christian Brother to help and encourage him in his work. Like Doctor J. H. Condon, Mr. H. W. Gilbert, Civil Engineer, will long be remembered in the station and District for the bright example he set in Christian character, and the good deeds he performed for his Great Saviour. Mr. Badley, too, while he was enthusiastic in furthering the cause of education, gave the most of his time in the cold season to the grand work of preaching the Gospel of Christ in the *melá*, the village, and bazaar. In the direction of Tulsipur in the north of our District especially we have found many encouraging traces of his successful itinerating tours. Thus, for the first ten or thirteen years of the opening of our work in Gonda and its District, was there much precious seed sown broad-cast over this great field of labour, and which was watered with a liberal hand. So it is not surprising, if this vast field ploughed and sown and watered so faithfully and bountifully, should bye-and-bye burst forth into a rich golden harvest with the flashing sickles and the reapers' songs. In 1880 we were transferred from Kánpúr and re-appointed to Gonda. For the first two years after our re-appointment we worked on the old beaten track of praying and preaching and hoping; but in the third year a happy and hallowed change came over the character of our faith and work for which we shall bless and thank our Great Heavenly Father to all eternity.

2. The succeeding note, written by the Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D. D., Editor at that time of The *Indian Witness*, now our beloved Bishop; and the letter that follows, which was published with the above note in the January number of the aforesaid paper for 1885, will explain the nature of this great change which came over the spirit of our faith and the mode of our working.

"The work of the Rev. S. Knowles in the Gonda District, which has attracted so much notice of late, was a subject of frequent reference in the discussions of the Conference (held in Bareilly, January, 1885, Bishop J. H. Hurst, our long-to-be-

remembered President), and is evidently watched with intense interest. A general conviction seemed to prevail that the dawning of a better day was at hand, and that a more vigorous evangelistic effort should be organized without delay. We are glad to hear that not a few of the Hindustani brethern are deeply moved in reference to this subject. It was also encouraging to a visitor returning to the Conference after several years' absence, to note that the Hindu stani preachers had been growing in piety and knowledge, and that they were animated by an affectionate and tender spirit, as well as a holy and earnest zeal."

"MR. KNOWLES'S SECRET."

Sir,—As a number of persons have written and spoken to me about the peculiarities of our evangelistic work in the Gonda District, especially with respect to the time and mode of the beginning of these apparent singularities, I think a brief explanation, in the form of a letter to you, will be the best and most appropriate way of answering all these many inquiries.

I must premise that for a long time I expressed my cherished belief of the impossibility of reaching the minds and hearts of *boná fide* Hindus and Musalmans so as to convince and bring them immediately to Christ, without a sure ground-work of knowledge arising from a long course of previous instruction in Historical Christianity; but I was wonderfully taught by God to see and grasp the truth that the word of God, faithfully preached in any one place or at any one time, is the only real medium of the Spirit of God to convince the heart of sin and righteousness, and lead it to trust in Jesus Christ for present salvation.

It was in the beginning of the year 1883 that I was encamped with all our dear Native brethren of the Gonda circuit in a place called Madhnapúr, on the Atraula road. As our custom was, before going into a village to preach, we

met together in our tent, to read a portion of Holy Scripture, and unite in prayer for inspiration for, and a blessing upon, our evening's work. I read a part of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and while reading, an indescribable desire came into my heart for a baptism of the Holy Ghost. I mentioned this to our brethern, and asked why we, then and there, could not receive a rich Pentecostal blessing. The brethren became very much interested in the question, and we began to talk about and earnestly pray over it. We soon became of one heart and mind in our increased desire to obtain this promised baptism of the Holy Spirit. I remember with glowing gratitude that while one of us was leading in prayer, the great, unmistakable blessing came down upon every heart present with melting sanctifying power, and we rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. We then all arose and marched into the village of Madhnapur withour lamps burning and our music playing.

We had given no particular notice of our coming, and yet the head landowner had collected over two hundred persons, mostly of the *Thákur* caste, and had them seated on the straw-covered floor of a large open shed; so we had a ready prepared congregation eagerly waiting for us. We began service by singing a *bhajan* with music; then a prayer, and preaching. I noticed, while preaching, that each Native brother was engaged in silent prayer, with head bent reverently. There was a remarkable impression made; such as I had never seen made before. After the preaching of the Gospel, brother S. Paul stood up and invited all who were convicted and believed on this Great Pure Incarnation to declare themselves by coming forward and receiving from our hands the sign of discipleship. At once, the head man of the village, his eldest son, two other Thákurs, and a Brahman, came eagerly forward, before the whole crowd, and after further instruction in this way, received baptism, and then unshrinkingly partook of the *prashád*, or food, with us. This was an altogether new and blessed experience with all of us,

and we were inspired thereby with joyful hope for the future. In fact, since that time we have never thus preached in village or *mela* without men of all ages and castes being so impressed by the truth as to openly confess their faith in Christ, and boldly receive baptism before the astonished crowd.

Of course, we have nothing to do with professional controversy. We never directly argue against Hinduism or Islamism. We simply preach Christ and Him crucified for the salvation of those who believe on Him and accept Him as their future Divine Teacher and Saviour; and we do this, believing that God will honor His own Word *there and then*, by saving the hearer and doer of that Word. Thus some seventy persons, believing on Christ in their hearts and confessing him with their life, have, since God gave us this wonderful experience, been openly baptized in the villages and *melas* we have preached in. All our Native preachers are ordinary men; but they have learned something of the power of having *faith in God*, and expecting *present results*. The baptism of power from on high, renewed again and again, is, I believe, the secret of our success in the Gonda District. We do, it is true, adapt our preaching to the class of people whom we are addressing; and we try to apply special truths to the special fears and hopes of the people; as, for instance, the promise of *eternal life* on believing to the dread burden on the soul of transmigration, and the promise of a resurrection into a glorified spiritual body to the sad expectation of an endless continued materiality with all the evils flesh is heir to clinging to it. Yet it is not to the wisdom of men we trust for success in our work, but to the sure and precious promise of God: "*Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.*"

3. The following article was published in "*The Harvest Field*" for April, 1888, at the request of the Editor, Rev. H. Haigh, and will explain our position on the subject.

IMMEDIATE BAPTISMS.

This heading carries with it to many a very ambiguous meaning. What is meant by *immediate* baptisms? As this term is generally understood, especially by some writers in *The Indian Witness*, it means *indiscriminate* baptisms; that is, baptisms made in confusion and without distinction. Now to charge any missionary with this want of discrimination in baptizing native converts, is a very serious thing; and those who make it should be pretty sure of their ground before they venture on it. Certainly on the part of the native workers in the Gonda District and of myself personally, I must affirm distinctly that there is no such want of discrimination in baptizing our converts. Those who have worked with us in *melas* and on itinerating tours, and have seen our *modus operandi* know that this is true. We have no special desire to swell our statistics, but simply to accept those whom the Lord shall give us, as the result of the preaching of the word and the exercise of faith.

Perhaps I had better describe our methods of work. First, we call our native preachers in from our six out-stations, and form them into a preaching-band. Then we spend a week in earnest prayer and searching examination before God, that we may be fully prepared for our work. This right preparation can only be received by a personal baptism of the Holy Spirit, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and we seek specially for the assurance of this. Thus equipped, we go forth to a *mela* or on an itinerating tour. Arrived at the *mela* or village we sing a *bhajan* to attract a crowd. Then, as pre-arranged, a brother steps forward and offers prayer; after which another brother preaches on a subject we have chosen beforehand and which is specially adapted to the time and occassion. Another *bhajan* follows, and a second brother preaches on the topic first expounded. The last speaker is appointed to make the final appeal and invite inquirers to come out and openly declare for Christ. This preacher lays special stress on the three things necessary to

become a disciple of Jesus Christ: true repentance, renunciation of all others and sole trust in the Lord Jesus Christ alone, and baptism as the outward sign of discipleship. Baptism, both in its mode and signification, is patiently explained. After all this, if any present are convinced and, accepting the invitation given, come out there and then, we further question and instruct each one separately, praying with them each in turn: then, and not till then, when we are assured they are ready for it, do we, on their open confession of faith in Jesus Christ, admit them to the rite of baptism. Many come out whom we do not at once baptize: such we ask to our tent, investigate their cases, further instruct them, and only after all doubts are removed, do we outwardly receive them as the disciples of the Great Master. All thus baptized have their names and addresses carefully taken down. If they belong to our own District the record is handed over to the native worker who resides nearest these new converts; and if they live in another District, then we give them, if possible, the address of the missionary in that District. Thus we do the best we can to follow up and instruct these new disciples of Jesus.

Now we respectfully ask, is this working at random? Is this baptizing in confusion and without distinction? If this is not a Scriptural way of seeking to bring home the truth of the Gospel to the minds and hearts of the people, and trying to make the religion of Jesus Christ an indigenous growth in this land, in opposition to the exotic training of the *padri's* compound, then will our kind friends, who seem to me to write and speak so much at random on this important subject, tell us of a more excellent way?

For twenty-five years I worked on the old lines of preaching at religious fairs and making evangelistic tours without expecting any *immediate* results. I took it for granted that my work must be in the ploughed fields, always sowing in hope of some indefinite future results. I never for a moment supposed it was my privilege to be sent by the Lord of

the harvest into the ripe-fields, and with the reaper's sickle and song, to gather in the sheaves for the Master's harvest-home. Hence I never thought of inviting any of the people, after preaching to them, to come out just where they were, and, declaring their new-born faith in Christ, be baptized openly before the on-looking crowd. But about four or five years ago I was greatly impressed by reading and studying the fourth chapter of John's Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles. From this study I was led to see what particular work as a missionary the Lord would have me do, and how it ought to be accomplished. I plainly saw in John iv. how our blessed Saviour went into a Samaritan city and shewed his disciples what work to do, and how to do it. He preached the word of life, the Holy Spirit applied it, and immediate results followed. The heart of a woman was first touched, then "many of the Samaritans believed on him because of the word of the woman;" and then "many more believed because of His word." Thus after a few hours' faithful service, "many" and "many more" Samaritans came out before all their friends and declared their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus to win precious souls was "to do the will of God, and to accomplish his work," (verse 34). The disciples needed to be taught that their work was something more than sowing and waiting, and so by way of illustrating, how they should always look for present results, through the divine agency at work with them, our Saviour drew their attention to the spring-condition of the fields around the city: "Say not ye, there are yet *four* months, and then cometh the harvest." That is God's *natural* way of working, and men's hopes and expectations rightly rest on that. But the mistake that is made is to suppose that God has no other way of working. It was this *other* way, through the direct agency of the Holy Spirit, the Saviour points out to His disciples when He says—"Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest." As I have reaped a pre-

cious harvest of souls to-day in this city, so it is your privilege, through the power I shall bestow upon you, to go and reap also; for "greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto the Father." The same great lesson is taught all through the Acts of the Apostles. The disciples prayed and waited for the personal baptism of the Holy Spirit that they might be endued with ever present divine power; and after this conscious baptism they went forth and preached everywhere, "*the Lord working with them*, and confirming the word by the signs that followed." In particular I observe that the special work of the Apostles was to preach Christ and make disciples. Both went together. They always laboured on this plan of preaching and immediately baptizing. On the great day of Pentecost the command of Peter to convicted sinners was, "Repent, *and be baptized every one of you* in the name of Jesus Christ," and those who "gladly received the word were baptized," (Acts ii. 38—41). Thus also Philip, (Acts viii.) under the direct teaching of the Holy Spirit, "went down to the city of Samaria, and proclaimed unto them the Christ;" and "when they believed Philip preaching good tidings concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, *they were baptized*, both men and women." Philip even baptized Simon at that time on his confession of faith in Christ, (Acts viii. 13), a man whom Peter afterwards declared to be "in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity;" thus showing that some unworthy cases of immediate baptism did not stultify the whole. Again in that same chapter Philip is sent under divine direction to meet the eunuch of Queen Candace. This eunuch was as ignorant of the meaning of the manuscript in his hands as a Brahman would be of the copy of Scriptures just given to him in a *mela*; for he knew not whether the prophet Isaiah spoke of himself or of some other person (verse 34). In fact he needed Philip to preach unto him Jesus, just as much as any Brahman. But the moment this eunuch heard of Christ and expressed his faith

in him, that moment Philip was ready and willing to baptize him. And he did baptize him; though immediately after he went on his way, and Philip saw him no more in the flesh. Again when Peter, conservative Peter, was directed to go and preach to Cornelius, and this Roman soldier with his kinsmen and friends believed and received the word of truth preached to them, the Apostle at once asks, "Can any man forbid the water that these should not be baptized?" (Acts x: 47). The same hour these Gentile converts expressed their faith in Jesus Christ, that same hour they were made disciples by baptism. When Paul and Silas "spake the word of the Lord" to the trembling Philippi jailor, "with all that were in his house," and this Roman colonian "believed on the Lord Jesus Christ," the two Apostles baptized him "*and all his, immediately,*" (Acts xvi. 33). The Greek work *parachrêma* means literally, *with the thing itself, i. e., on the spot.* It is a translation of the Hebrew word *fitom*, very suddenly. Hence to quote 1 Tim. v. 22. against immediate baptism, is not very complimentary to the Apostle Paul. Besides, the Apostle when he says to Timothy, "lay hands *hastily* on no man," is speaking not of baptism, but of the ordination of elders, (verse 17), and uses another Greek adverb *tacheôs*, which is the Septuagint rendering of *mihar*, to do a thing hastily, without thought or preparation. From all these and from ten or twelve other cases in the Acts of the Apostles, I was led to see clearly that to baptize a man on the spot after his conviction of sin and confession of faith in Jesus Christ, through his hearing (Rom. x. 17) the word preached, had the authority of Him who inspired His Apostles to act as they did, and who distinctly commanded to "*make disciples of all the nations,*" (Matt. xxviii. 19). But before we could do this kind of work effectively we must, like the Apostles, be fully prepared for it.

About five years ago, therefore, when itinerating with my native brethern, and while encamped near a village, Madhyapur, on the Mankapur road, I brought forward one afternoon

the subjects of entire consecration and the personal baptism of the Holy Spirit for serious consideration and earnest prayer. As we read and conversed about the first and second chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, we all seemed of one mind to give ourselves unreservedly to the service of the Master and receive by faith from the hands of the Lord Jesus this precious gift of the Holy Spirit. It was while we were thus consecrating our persons and powers to Christ, and believing for the conscious baptism of the Holy Ghost that we each became aware of a great change, a lifting up into greater light and freedom and new experience of joyous courage, and a wonderful shedding abroad of God's love in our hearts. That night we marched, singing a *bhajan*, into the village of Madhyapur; and there a scene was witnessed which I, in all my previous missionary experience, had never witnessed among *bona fide* natives before. Over two hundred villagers of different castes, with Mahipath Singh, the chief man of the village at their head, assembled under a large shed to hear us. We prayed and preached and sang in faith that the blessed Holy Spirit was present to work with us and confirm the word preached. The congregation seemed strangely moved, and on our giving an invitation for those whose hearts had been touched to come out and declare themselves for Christ, the head-man, his son, two other Thakurs, and some men of the Kori caste at once responded, and kneeling down with us then and there sought for salvation in the name of Jesus Christ. They then rose to their feet and said they believed on this pure Incarnation Jesus Christ, and took him for their future Guru. A vessel of water having been brought, I at once, on this confession of faith in Jesus Christ admitted them to the rite of baptism in the presence of all their friends. Since that time this blessed work has continued, and wherever we have gone, to *mela*, village, or bazaar, the power of the Holy Spirit has always been present to confirm the word in the hearers' hearts and give them courage to come out and boldly confess the name of Christ before

friend and foe. Others have been with us and seen this wonderful work. The Rev. J. A. Elliott, of Faizabad in Oudh, worked with us one year, in the trying month of May, at the Saiyad Salar *mela* in Bahraich, and observed how a number of natives of different castes, after hearing the faithful preaching of the word, came out before the assembled multitudes; were prayed with, further instructed, and then baptized. In writing of this afterwards Mr. Elliott said, "All was clear and above board—a genuine work of the Lord." The Rev. J. C. Lawson, of Sitapur, also writes, in his Report published for 1887, of this work as follows:—

"Before returning to Sitapur from the District Conference at Cawnpore, the Missionary and helpers went to the Ajudhya mela with Bro. Knowles and helpers. That Pentecostal time will never be forgotten. There we received the baptism of the Holy Spirit afresh; and there 47 Hindus came boldly out before the multitudes, testified as to their faith in Christ, and received Christian baptism."

It was in this way we worked among the Tharus in the Chandanpur jungles during the hottest time of the year and amid the deadly malaria of the forests, when some seven villages, numbering over 600 souls, were converted and baptized in a single week.

A few more words as to results. In this world of economy and science everything is judged by known results; but in the special work in which *we* are engaged there are many vast results which will never be known till the all-revealing light from beyond the grave begins to dawn upon our disembodied spirits. I pass over the blessed results upon my own experience and that of many of my dear native brethren in an enlarged faith, brighter hopes, and an increased love for the perishing souls around us, and will only speak of the known results as connected with the natives at large in our district; and then with those whom we have been privileged to baptize. In regard to the natives who see and hear of our methods, they now know how a man may be outwardly saved at least. When they see with their own eyes a man convinced of the truth preached coming out, kneeling with us in

prayer, being taught how to exercise faith in the unseen Saviour, and openly making his confession of faith, they gain a knowledge which helps to relieve their superstitious minds of all foolish dread of us. This is a great point gained, for a native only fears the unknown; and when he finds our *modus operandi* leaves him a free agent to accept or reject, his unworthy fears are quieted, and he becomes more approachable. Then they learn exactly how we outwardly make disciples by water-baptism. They knew how their own guru would initiate a *chêla*, but their ignorance of how the *padri* made disciples led them to accept as truth many foolish stories. But when they see in a clean brass vessel the clear water from the well near, and when they see the missionary take that water in his hand and simply place it on the head of the convert, they at once lose all those silly notions of our making disciples by feeding them with swine's flesh and pouring intoxicating liquor down their throat. On this account we find the natives are far less afraid of us now than they used to be in past years.

With respect to those whom we have baptized, we can not do better than quote from our Report for 1887 just published, which contains the latest account we are able to give:

"We have been much encouraged by the reports which have constantly come in from distant villages of our baptized converts. In Kán-Bhári, near Utraula, those whom we baptized on an itinerating tour are standing firm and true to their convictions. They have been frequently visited by Jhandula Masih. In Mahádeva, near Balrámpúr, all are faithful to their first call. These, with Jhandula Masih and his wife at their head, first heard the word that brought light to their minds and hope to their souls at the Devi-Patan melá. They have a Fray School at work among them, and the children and adults numbering twenty, are under regular Christian instruction. Many more in this place are waiting for baptism. In Naraura, on the Bahraich road, Jiwan-Masih, his wife and three sons, are all suffering some persecution for the name of Christ; and they have grace to endure and remain faithful under it. Jiwan Masih was baptized at the Manu Ráma melá, and then his wife and sons in their village afterwards. At Nabi-Gunj, on the river Ghághra, Dulan-Das, a Kabir Panthi, whom we baptized two years ago in the Ajudhya melá, is re-

siding with his mother and brother. He is now clothed and in his right mind; and has found in Christ a greater than the sage Kabir. This family is visited regularly by the native preacher in Nawab-Gunj. Both the mother and brother are favourable to Christianity."

These are a few cases of many which we could report to show that the results of our special work are as encouraging as the results of a similar work of revival would be in English. All the converts who come out and profess conversion in an English revival, where there is the basis of nominal Christianity to work on, do not stand firm and true to their assurance of truth and their change of heart. But for some thus to fall away does not discredit the genuineness of a work of revival, any more than a few patients dying in a hospital should injure the reputation of the medical profession, or bring reproach upon the individual surgeon. We must never forget that in this important work we have to deal with that uncertain factor, the *human will*. Thank God many *are* saved, and that thought should inspire us with courage to go forward in this good work. It is true that many whom we have baptized in the Ajudhya *melá* have gone, like the eunuch of Candace went from Phillip, beyond our supervision, so that we can only express our hopes that in their several villages they are trying to act up to a light and knowledge they have received. Some years ago the Rev. Dr. Waugh and myself made an itinerating tour from Gonda to Bahraich. One day, after preaching to the interesting crowd of people in a village, we asked them if they had ever heard this Gospel before. Yes, they said, they had heard it. Had any other missionary visited them? No; but a few years before a pandit came to reside among them, who used every night and morning to gather them about him, and tell them of the same spotless Incarnation who came into the world to save sinners, that we had been telling about. He had heard the blessed story from a missionary preaching at a *melá;* and what he had heard and treasured up in his memory there, he repeated day after day to his simple hearers

until he passed away in death. Now if a man could be so impressed, after simply hearing the Gospel proclaimed in a *melá*, as to remain faithful to it all through his life, and make it at the same time a great blessing to those among whom he settled, may we not reasonably expect that some of those dear souls who have not only heard it in this simple way, but have had the Gospel doubly fixed in their minds and stamped upon their hearts by the special services in which they had engaged, and by the solemn manner in which they had been instructed and baptized before they left us, will remain, by the Spirit's help, faithful to their calling and the light they have received, though they may never see a missionary's face again this side the grave? Anyhow, we have searched in vain for the authority of God's word to keep any man waiting for baptism after he has believed on the Lord Jesus Christ in his heart and confessed Him with his mouth. (Rom. x : 10). The solemn words of Christ imply that *immediate* baptism is as much a man's right as to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "He that believeth *and* is baptized shall be saved;" (Mark xvi : 16) and unless we can prove that the latter clause of this text is of no importance whatever, then, by refusing this right, do we not stand in the way of a man's plain duty? The Great Master has spread out before us in this land of idols and false worship *the fields ripe unto the harvest.* Many faithful sowers we have, and we need them too; but where are the *reapers?* Let us pray every day to the "Lord of the harvest," to speedily send from every mission in the country *labourers* for the reaping of these ripened fields; so that with the reapers' strength and faith, with glad songs of triumph, they may put in the sharp gleaming sickle of the word, and behold a glorious ingathering for the Lord this and every year in the future, till the nations shall see the salvation of our God in India.

4. To show how we try always to adapt our preaching to the class of people whom we are addressing, and how we endeavor to apply special truths to the special hopes and fears of our Hindu hearers, we give the following letter published

in one of the May numbers of The *Indian Witness* for 1885.

"THE RESURRECTION BODIES."

SIR,—Under the head of "Correspondence" in your issue of the 3rd of May, the question is asked: "What is to be the nature of our spiritual or resurrection bodies?" As I find this to be a very important subject for inquiry among intelligent Hindus in connection with our work here, I should feel obliged by your allowing me to present my view of the question, as I think it ought to be propounded to the Hindu mind.

As you justly say, "the Bible gives us very little information on the point. Nearly all we know is contained in 1 Cor. 15 : 35, 44;" still I think the Apostle Paul has given us enough information, especially in the 44th verse, to enable us to meet the Hindu's objection to our doctrine of the resurrection of the body. For if we seriously inquire why the doctrine of the resurrection *of the body* is so repugnant to the Hindu philosophical mind, we shall find that it is because this doctrine seems to be directly opposed to the great common end which all the Hindu philosophical systems set before the devotee, viz.: *successful deliverance from materiality*. In the *Sánkhya Káriká* one great proposition put before the mind is the ascertainment of the means by which perpetual exemption and liberation of the soul from its connection with matter, or materiality, may be successfully attained. This is really what the doctrine of metempsychosis, or repeated births, amounts to. Now when we speak to the Hindus of the resurrection of *the body*, they at once connect with it the idea of another birth, or connection with another kind of material form, in which they will again be subject to the imperfections, infirmities, changes and accidents of a *bodily* condition. Now if the Apostle taught that the state of the soul after death was the expectation of being joined to a resurrected *sensational materiality*, to abide for ever in it, then this Hindu objection would have great force; for it would imply a life uniformly regarded by the Hindus as a

condition of pain and suffering, a state of bondage and misery, escape from which finally and for ever is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But the Apostle taught no such absurd doctrine. He taught the resurrection of a "*Spiritual body*," with all the imperfections flesh is heir to forever removed and made impossible.

The Apostle's phrase "*spiritual bodies*" appears at first sight a contradiction, but his most obvious meaning prepares us to find another sense which teaches a law which pervades creation. It is that all external forms, whether sun, moon, or stars; whether beast, bird, fish, or seed, answer to the quality of the inward life, and are adapted to it and to the conditions in which that life has to act. The seed has, first, the *earthly*, that which ferments and partly dies, and which strikes its roots downwards, so that it doth not yet appear what it shall really be in its new form; and second, the *aerial*, that which springs upwards to the light, in blade and ear and full corn in the ear. The butterfly has first the *earthly*, or the ugly crawling worm; then the *aerial*, or the winged splendour of the *psyche*. "First that which is *natural*, then that which is *spiritual*," says the learned and inspired Apostle. Whether this *spiritual body*, which the soul will possess after she has thrown off her *natural body*, will have five or more psychical powers answering to our present bodily sensations, we cannot tell. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." The body we now have is for this earth, and it is wonderfully adapted to all its laws; the body or form we shall then possess will be for another world, and it will be as wonderfully and fitly adapted to all its new conditions. We can easily believe, however, that as the associations of the soul in eternity will be inconceivably enlarged and increased, so, though unimaginable to us now, the psychical powers of the new body or form will be largely extended in quantity, and increased in number and intensity. One new psychical sense the new spiritualized form will certainly possess, and that is the power to see and behold the grand secret of the universe—GOD.

Then, and not till then, when the soul has made its *one and only* transmigration from "corruption" into "incorruption," will it attain to its full capabilities of knowledge and psychical force to enjoy eternal happiness or endure eternal misery. And we can well conceive, that though the disembodied spirit is fully satisfied with its measure of happiness in Paradise with the Lord now, yet its bliss cannot be fully consummated till after the resurrection, and it is joined to this perfect *spiritual body*. Then, completely adapted to all the laws of the spirit-world, and made more mighty to enjoy the supremely pure and blessed home-life and service of heaven, its identity and personality will be fully accomplished and perfectly rewarded. Not that there is any deficiency in its present state of rest and joy; but after the resurrection its capacities for blissful service and restful enjoyment, for congenial companionship and intellectual pleasure, will be increased in proportion to the psychical forces or functions of the new *spiritual body* received. This addition of an outer pneumatic form to the personal intelligent soul, is that for which, doubtless, disembodied, saved spirits so patiently and yet so blissfully long and hope. They want no more connection with materiality and mutability; they long to put on their psychical garment of incorruptibility, and immortality, and to see a deathless spring and life, and a joy eternal, bloom over the dust and ashes of their far-off graves.

Hence the grand liberation which, according to Hindu philosophy, is the great object of rational existence, is fully and completely attained in this Bible teaching of the gift of a "spiritual body" to the saved spirit, which can never again be subject to any human infirmity or casualty; but ruled by the ever pure and happy spirit within, it will itself eternally remain as spotless and exciting to all good as the Spirit of God who gave it. It takes an eternity of painful migrations to fit the soul for God under Manu's system; it takes only a moment of trust and faith under Christ's teaching: "*He that believeth on the Son* HATH *everlasting life.*"

5. And so we treat the Hindu doctrine of *transmigration.* If a Hindu could be assured that there is such a blessing to be obtained in this world as the assurance of *eternal* life after suffering or passing through the ordeal of *one* death, then he would lose his life-long dread of more births and more deaths in the future ; for where there is *eternal* life, or life infinitely prolonged without a single break or pause, there *Awágawan*, or coming and going, being constantly born and as constantly dying, *i. e.* transmigration, is as impossible as it is absurd. Now this is just the particular blessing we offer the Hindus, if they will believe on Christ. "He that believeth on the Son HATH *everlasting life,*" (John 3 : 36). "If *everlasting* life," then there can be no more births or deaths and, therefore, must be *mukti*, or salvation. "*The gift of God is* ETERNAL LIFE, *in Jesus Christ our Lord,*" (Rom. 6 : 23.), is the only true remedy for that fatal disease of the Hindu mind, *transmigration.* To the Hindu, who thinks about the future at all, the doctrine of transmigration appears like a night mare. It lies a leaden weight upon his heart; it seems to him as hopeless a task as filling with water the tub pierced with holes appeared to the eternally doomed daughters of Danaus. Hence the doctrine, belief in which will remove this burden, and relieve from such a despairing task, ought to be constantly brought before the minds of thinking Hindus by the Missionary in his preaching. It is good to write books on the subject of transmigration to show its utter want of proof and absolute impossibility, and we ourselves have so written ; but just as we do not argue with a poor wretch stricken with the plague, but seek at once to apply the known remedy, so in ministering to a mind diseased with this false doctrine, it is better to directly bring to it the only sure and safe cure—the doctrine of *Eternal Life* through faith in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. One of the thousand names of *Siva* is *Mrityun-jai*, the conqueror of death. But *when* and *where*, did he ever overcome the grim monster? But it is an historical fact that Jesus

Christ did overcome death; and, therefore, He alone is entitled to this epithet, *Mrityun-jai* conqueror of death; and, hence, able to bestow *Eternal Life.*

6. In like manner we adapt our preaching to the Hindu doctrine of the *Shráddha*, or the funeral obsequies performed by the son of a dead Hindu father, to help his said father's struggling soul on through the never ending stages of transmigration. Hence the joy of a Hindu father when a *son* is born to him, and the opposite feeling of sadness and desolation when no son is born to him. In the first case the father meets death with some kind of hope; for does he not leave a son, to perform the solemn rite that shall help his soul in her infinite journey to reach *Brahma*; in the last the father passes from the flesh with the despair of never ceasing lonesomeness and helplessness darkening his soul and foreboding evil to his mind. Hence the blessed prophecy which brought inspired foretellings of joy to the jewish people, and rings out in peals of triumph from our Church steeples on Christmas mornings, also brought a declaration of something more than hope to Hindus of all castes and classes. The familiar prediction of the Prophet Isaiah, that "*Unto us a* CHILD *is born, unto us a* SON *is given,* (Isaiah 9 : 6.); and the grand proclamation of Christ himself, that "*God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten* SON," (John 3 : 16.) are underlined by a more subtle and deeper meaning, and have a far wider application than commentators and preachers generally realize and employ. Is not Christ emphatically called "*the* SON *of man;*" that is, the "*son*" of every man, or the *son* that every man can claim as his own? And is he not also called "*the* SON *of man who gave his life* A RANSOM *for many?*" (Matt. 20 : 28). Here then is a "*Son*" given us of God to perform more for us than any *Shraddha* could do; who by his own death and funeral obsequies has given us more than was in Eden lost—a heaven of immortal bliss! (Heb. 7 : 25—28); and who is the "APPOINTED SON *perfected for evermore,*"—*to save to the* UTMOST *them who draw near*

to God through him." No need, therefore, now of the *Shraddha*, or of a mortal son to perform it, since we have *the* SON *of God—the surety of a better Covenant,*" who "EVER LIVETH *to make intercession for*" us.

Thus we might treat of all the leading doctrines of Hinduism, assured that for every soul-destroying error a sure panacea can be found in God's most holy word; but we have said enough to answer our purposes:—*Ex uno disce omnes.*

CHAPTER II.

ITINERATING TOURS.

1. In 1888, From Gonda to Nawab-Ganj via Parsapúr. With respect to this preaching tour, an account of which was published in the November number of the *Indian Witness* of the above year, the Rev. Dr. Thoburn writes in the same issue as follows:—

"In our present issue we publish another very interesting letter from the Rev. S. Knowles, of Gonda, giving an account of a recent missionary tour in his District. We have been over the same ground, and know the members of the preaching band, as well as the class of people among whom they went preaching the Word, and we have no hesitation in saying of this, as of the tour in April last, that it looks like the dawning of a new era in Missionary work. The reaping time has come. There may have been in other parts of India events like those recorded in this letter, but if so we have never heard of them. The baptism of an ash-smeared devotee, in the midst of his disciples, within an hour of his first hearing of the Gospel, is a most extraordinary event in itself, but when followed by that Brahman on the same evening, it shows that the conversion of Hindus, even of the highest caste and of the most sacred character, is henceforth to be regarded as an ordinary event. These conversions indicate what can be done, and what may be expected in the immediate future; but they should also more than ever rouse Christians both in India and at home to a renewed sense of their responsibilities. If the unbaptized people of India have so strong a claim upou us, how much stronger still their claims for help when they become members of the household of faith."

NOTES OF AN ITINERATING TOUR IN THE GONDA DISTRICT.

Monday, 12th Nov.—Left Gonda for Parsa, eight miles on the Colonel-Ganj road. Wife, little boy and self had a good jolting in our buggy before we reached our camp in a beautiful tope of trees. Marched into the village of Parsa after sundown, with our big drum and other larger musical instruments sounding, and soon collected over two hundred people. After

our usual service we invited those whose hearts the Lord had touched to come forward and be prayed for. Twenty-five persons, composed of Brahmans and kahars, (palki-bearers,) responded to our call. We then explained to them what it was to become disciples of Jesus Christ, and *how* to become such. They all said they were now his disciples, and asked for his *chinh*, *i. e.* baptism. But just as a brother was drawing a *lota* of water from the well, with which to baptize them, the headman of the village, a thakur, with a number of others, made a great disturbance, and we were unable to perform the rite. We took the names of as many as we could (some ten); but next morning they had all gone into their fields to work, and we did not think it prudent to stay, as the thakurs had determined to oppose us by force. Two young Brahmans came, however, and said they would come to us in Gonda for the *chinh*. These same thakurs attacked the servants of the Civil Surgeon, Dr. C. Cameron, the day after we left.

Tuesday, 13th Nov.—Reached Colonel-Ganj, a distance of eight miles on another heart-breaking road. In the afternoon we marched into the bazaar with banner waving and band playing, and soon gathered a very large crowd. We spread our carpet, and taking our smaller and less noisy musical instruments, ten of us began our service of song and prayer and preaching, and then invited those who were pricked in their hearts to come forward, and be seated in a space we had prepared; but, though a very strong impression had been apparently made, no one responded to our call by coming forward, though we could see and hear numbers in the crowd persuading each other to go forward. Two Native soldiers, especially, were heard to say, the one to the other: "This is the truth. If you will go, I will go." "No," said the other, "let us go to the sahib's tent afterwards." But they never came.

Wednesday, 14th Nov.—Being the *Purn-másí melá*, the bathing fair at the full-moon in November, on the grassy banks of the beautiful *Sarjú* river, a mile out from Colonel-Ganj, we marched out in the early morning, through crowds of village

families in their gala dresses, singing their *melá* songs, on into the thick of the fair crowded with 20,000 people. We took up our position under the shade of two large mango trees, and on the green slope spread our carpet, and began our work in real earnest. Our *modus operandi* was the same here that we use at all *melás;* that is, seated on our carpet with the crowd seated in rows before us, we all ten brethren joined in singing a *bhajan* to the sound of the *sitar*, triangles, and small drum ; then we all stand, the crowd generally rising, while a brother leads in prayer ; all seated again, another preaches from a selected text, suitable to the occasion, for ten minutes ; thus each in turn alternately prays and preaches. Then we give our invitation to any present convinced of the truth to come out and declare themselves. To-day those seated in our front remained from beginning to end wrapped in the deepest attention. Many expressed themselves convinced of sin and of the necessity of such a Saviour as we had presented. One young man of the *kori* caste came forward and confessed Christ. We prayed with him, and then baptized him before the crowd. After this a *Parmhans* devotee, with a big *chignon* that would have outdone the head of any lady in Regent street, and made up of his own hair and dyed sheep's wool cleverly woven together, who had been listening most attentively throughout, now came forward and most earnestly intreated us to pray for him. This of course we did ; and then on his confession of Christ we baptized him before the astonished crowd. All that morning he had been worshipped by his followers before they took their *purn-masi*, plunge into the river near by. After his baptism this devotee untied and shook out his mass of true and false hair, which reached to his feet, and asked us to cut it all off ; but as we had no scissors, and had never practised much in the barber's line, we had to tell him to wait till we got to our tents. Two of his followers came to us when we reached our tents to inquire, and said they would come to Gonda and bring others with them. As they were leaving they tried to give their old *guru* his usual

pranam, or salutation, but he cried out, "You must not worship me now, but Jesus Christ."

In the evening we took up our position before our Native preacher, Bihari Lal's house, and began our service. Two stalwart young men of the chumar caste sprang out of the crowd and cried, "This is the religion we want to save us from the sins of our many births!" We told them that though we did not believe in *awa-gawan*, transmigration, yet this Christ, the Saviour, saved from *all* sin. On their confession of Christ we baptized them before the whole assembly. The former *Parm-hans*, or ascetic, showed his sincerity by shaking hands with these once low born, but now, we trust, high born chumars or tanners.

Thursday, 15th Nov.—Marched through Colonel-Ganj with standard flying and band playing, and then took up our position of last evening before Bihari Lal's house. The crowd which followed us stayed to the preaching. Another follower of the *Parm-hans* devotee we had baptized, came out and said he believed on Christ and wished to become His disciple; but we did not baptize him, as we thought it better in his case to wait. This makes our fiftieth inquirer since we left Gonda.

Friday, 16th Nov.—Left Colonel-Ganj this morning for *Balmathar*, five miles on the Paraspur road. It was a beautiful drive in the warming rays of the rising sun, sweeping, as we bowled along, the dew from the grass-covered road, and delighted with the cheering sheen on the leaves of the noble trees, and on the fresh spikes of the new barley and wheat in the far-spreading fields to our right and left. Camped under a tope of fine young mango trees, and over a carpet of green sward, surrounded by villages and their *Purwas* or hamlets enclosed by thick bamboos. Marched into Balmathar as the full-moon shed her mellow light upon the early night scene. The sound of our big drum and symbals reached the other villages around, where previous notice had been sent, and brought us a crowd of three hundred listeners. Our service of song and prayer and preaching had a wonderful effect upon

some Brahmans and Koris present, who manifested their desire to accept Christ by responding to our invitation to come forward; but nearly the same thing occurred here as happened at *Parsa*. A sepoy from Colonel-Ganj told them we used somthing unclean in making them disciples, and though we disproved this by saying the water we baptized them with was water from their own well, and in their own *lota*, brass vessel, yet the sepoy's word had frightened them, and they asked to be excused receiving the *chinh* or sign.

Saturday, 17th Nov.—This morning we passed through the large dusty town of Paraspur, with its popular Rani, and immense newly dug tank, on into a garden-like camping ground. The Rani or queen was away at Ajudhiya performing the *Kartik ashnan*, but some of her men were in camp to supply us with *rasad*, straw, wood, milk, grain, etc. In the afternoon we marched into the town and through the bazaar, headed by our banner, and music sounding forth an invitation to the people. We took up our position in a wide and clear space, so as not to hinder traffic, and commenced our work. There must have been a thousand people seated, and standing around us, who listened unflaggingly to our *bhajans*, our prayers, and our preaching. Most of the inhabitants of this place have descended from old *Jotishi* Pandit families; hence the number of painted faces in the crowd. When these really fine looking men saw the impression we were making, and that many were inclined to respond to our call to become the disciples of Jesus Christ, it was wonderful how they began to speak with their eyes and to restrain the actions of those about them. It was reckoned by myself and native brethren that twenty at least would have confessed Christ, and have been baptized, were it not for the counter influence of these astrologer Pandits. Still fifty persons came back with us to our tents, and said they were convinced of the truth and wished to place themselves under our instructions. Our Native preacher in Colonel-Ganj will look after these people.

Sunday, 18th Nov,—Marched into a village near camp, and

gathered to the sound of drum and cymbal over a hundred persons. A Káyath, or writer class, had his heart touched by the word, and had his name placed on our list as an inquirer. At noon we had regular Sabbath service for camp under the trees outside our tents. A *Jotishi* priest, or teacher of astrology, from the Rani's temple near, took his place among the worshippers, and listened with quiet attention throughout the service. This Hindu astronomer was greatly interested when we read and explained to him the appearance of the "Star" at Bethlehem, and how it ushered in the birth of the Great Incarnation, Jesus Christ. He was much struck by some of our *bhajans*, and wanted us to give him a book in which they were printed. He confessed if there was a Saviour at all, that Saviour was Jesus Christ. We supplied him with some tracts and books in Hindi. In the evening we marched into the town again, and took up our position in the principal bazaar. The people were much excited, and called us the "Christian making Padris." Not less than a thousand people listened with great attention to our service of song, prayer, and preaching Christ. A number of Koris were kept back from declaring themselves by the subtle influence of these so-called readers of the heavens. But over a hundred people came back with us to our tents. Many of them were those who came last evening. We further instructed, and prayed with them. We have the names of a hundred inquirers in this place.

Monday, 19th Nov.—The younger son of the late Rajah, who owns half of Paraspur, came to see us this afternoon. We explained our work and motive to him, and he seemed satisfied. The Thanadar, or police officer, came with him. I told them it was time for our marching into the town. He said he would march with us ; so we started with all the followers of this Rajah armed with swords and spears. The Rajah, Thanadar, and myself headed the procession preceded by our banner, and followed by the crashing music. The whole of the town seemed to turn out. When we took up our position in another part of the town, the Rajah seated himself in our

midst and paid the best attention to the word preached. After the service was over he confessed that they had no Saviour who could save from sin either in this birth or the birth to come. We explained that a religion which could not save from sin was a contradiction. He promised us to think more about it, and took some of our tracts. Our inquirers followed us home, and we held another service at our tent. A good man must be sent to this place as soon as we return to Gonda.

Tuesday, 20th Nov.—Left Paraspur this morning for Sisai, six miles on the Tarab-Ganj road, and camped under a monster *pákar*, or India fig tree. There was ample room for three tents under its giant outspreading branches. We found also a large *pípal* and *barkat* tree growing out of this *pákar* tree ; but this is not to be wondered at, as they are all three of the same *ficus* genus. The villagers near believe this tree is haunted by the spirit of an old *faqír* who lived and did penance for forty years under its sheltering shade, and was found dead one morning on his pallet of straw ; but all we heard that night was the singing of the wind through the prodigious branches over us and the barking and howling of the village dogs outside. In the day we marched into a *purwa*, or hamlet, of Sisai, and had our usual service for about a hundred people. Two young Brahmans were particularly impressed, but were restrained by a thákur, the head of a tribe or village, who was sitting near. They both came to our tents and received more instruction. As the sun was setting we marched into Sisai, and found the zamíndár had made preparation for us, by getting out a number of *chárpais*, (bedsteads,) and covering them with blankets. About three hundred brahmans, thákurs, and koris sat, and gave good attention to all we said and did. One or two of the brahmans and nearly all the koris were very much convinced and moved ; but the thakurs present interfered, and so they did not come forward ; all along this line of country the thákurs seem particularly opposed to us ; but we are not discouraged, as we believe the word of God, as was proved

last year in another part of the district, is able to save them also.

Wednesday, 21st Nov.—Reached Tarab-Ganj this morning after a severe pull through eight miles of cruel sand. Found our camp in a very large tope of old mango trees, and on hard and grassless ground. There is a *Tahsil* here; and I am sorry to say we found this *Tahsíldár*, a tax-gatherer, to be the first man on our whole tour who was uncivil to us. Marched into the bazaar and gathered about a hundred persons, most of whom we found to be *Vedántí Pandits*, the Pandits who teach the theological part of the Vedas. These opposed us with their subtle philosophy. Yet one of these philosophers cried out that we preached the truth. When he was rebuked by the others he said "Shall I not acknowledge the truth when I hear it?" While we were urging him to accept Christ, he was dragged away by his so-called friends.

Thursday, 22nd Nov.—Marched out into a village near and found it full of our vedánti friends. They listened to our *bhajans*, but they hardened their hearts against the word preached. Two *pásis*, watchmen, and a wandering minstrel, were impressed by the word, and responded to our call. The itinerant minstrel tried to time his instrument to our songs and the watchmen sat among us. A Brahman then came and whispered something to the latter, when they rose and left us. We found this brahman was their *zamíndár* and that fear of him had kept them from joining us. The minstrel said he would travel with us to Nawab-Ganj, and learn more of this way.

Friday, 23rd Nov.—Reached Darjanpur ghat this morning. It is on the banks of the clear and fresh *Terhi* river. This camping place is good with one exception. The opposite tope of mango trees is given up as a resting place to hundreds of native carts, loaded with grain, on their way to the great corn market at Nawab-Ganj. Here these hundreds of gáriwáns, or cart-men, cook their food, and this brings hundreds of pariah dogs, who make night frightful and sleep impossible by their

combined barking and howling. Eighteen years ago this place was three times the size it now is, but the excessive taxation of Taulukdár and Sirkár combined have brought it to its present small dimensions. In the evening we sounded our trumpet, and went into this village. We preached to a number of men seated round a fire, while a number of women looked at and listened to our proceedings over the mud walls of their small courts. Seven *Koris* or low caste tillers of the soil, and one cowherd, were very much impressed, and moved to come forward on our invitation, but an enemy, in the shape of some painted Brahmans, spoilt and destroyed our work. The *gwálá*, or cowherd, came with us to our tent, and received more instruction. He promised to pray and do everything henceforth in the name of Jesus Christ, and visit us in Gonda.

Saturday, 24th Nov.—On our way to Nawab-Ganj this morning, we preached to a number of devotees in a village who were sitting round a nude and mud-besmeared *mahadeo*, devotee of the god of Shiva, seated cross-legged on a tiger skin, and paying him *pranám* or worship. The word preached had such an effect upon this representative of the most unholy god in the Hindu pantheon, that he rose up, and, to the astonishment of his followers, threw himself at our feet, and cried over and over again "Christ is the true and pure incarnation;" and to the still greater astonishment of his worshippers, we baptized him, on his profession of faith in Christ. We then partook of the *prashad* together, and our new friend came with us into Nawab-Ganj to cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh, and to clothe his person in garments fresh and pure. In the evening we marched from camp through the city in full regalia. An immense concourse of people came and massed themselves around us. After our first service of song and prayer and preaching, a young Brahman, from a village near, came clearly out and confessed Christ to be the true and only Saviour of men. We baptized him amid breathless silence, though we could see there was much

suppressed excitement. After one more service of song and prayer and preaching, ten persons, some holding good positions in the place, came out as inquirers, and had their names taken down.

This closes the brief and imperfect account of our tour so far. In the fifty miles we have thus travelled over, we have preached in thirty towns and villages and one *melá*, and to seventeen thousand people of all classes. We gained over two hundred convinced inquirers, and baptized one *Kori*, a low-caste cultivator, one *Param-hans*, an ascetic, or one who has subdued all his senses, two *Chumars*, shoe-makers, one *Mada-deo-faqir*, a Dervise of Mahadeo, one of the Hindu principal deities, and one *Brahman*, six persons in all. These inquirers are mostly *Koris* and *Brahmans*, who, with the baptized converts, are placed under the direction and instruction of our Native preachers in Gonda, Colonel-Ganj and Nawab-Ganj.

2. In 1884, From Gonda to Bahraich.

The narrative of this tour was given in the March number of the *Indian Witness* for the above year. During our first term in the District, and when the Rev. S. S. Weatherby was in charge of Bahraich, we often made the tour of this road both direct from Gonda, and round by Colonel-Ganj and Bairam-Ghat; once in company with Rev. Dr. Waugh, from Gonda to Bahraich, and from the latter to Bairam-Ghat, when every accessible village on these then most difficult routes was visited and a full gospel given to it. On these tours we had as native helper, Rajab Ali, spoken of in our brief history of Gonda, and Didar Masih, a young Faqir of the Islam Chishtiya tribe, whom we had baptized a year before. At another time we went over this same ground in company with Rev, S. S. Weatherby, now in America. The great advantage of having a good brother like this with us was, we remember, that we were sure of lively agreeable companionship, and an excellent *cuisine*. And let me inform the reader, *en passant*, that in arduous trying work like itinerating, when earnestly done, a pleasing companion, and a good style of cooking, are bless-

ings not to be despised. But times and manners and scenes have greatly changed since 1867, as the following will reveal.

FROM GONDA TO BAHRAICH.

Since we made our last tour in the district, death has been among us and removed two of our most efficient and beautiful singers. Dharm Dás, and Prabhu Dás went for a few days to see their friends in Ellenpur, were both seized with small-pox, and a week after they both went up to their heavenly home of eternal song and beauty. It is their everlasting gain ; but our great loss. They were two brothers. One said just before he died : "Christ calls me ; I am going home!" The other answered : "I am going to sing with the angels." So God lifted them up as high as Himself in glory. And so we had to go to Bahraich greatly crippled in our singing strength.

Piyagpur is our first stage, sixteen good hard miles from Gonda on a first class *kacha* road ; but it was not on this road, either in the tediously swinging *doolie*, or in the thumping bumping dog-cart, we were to travel. A wonderful thing has happened. We have been transported from the realms of fancy and dreams, into the region of realities. We have a railway ! A toy of a narrow-gauge, it is true ; but still a railway. Yes, there, without a doubt, the two parallel iron lines run gleaming in the light of day, through wood and forest and fields rich and ready for the sickle and woman's song, from Nawab-Ganj on by Mankapur, six miles from our work in Ellenpur, by Gonda to Bahraich. What a splendid and wealthy section of the country this "Bengal and North-West Railway" will tap between Nawab-Ganj and Bahraich ! Yes ; we poor benighted individuals, so lately imprisoned by the snow-capped hills and tiger-infested jungles of Nipal, and the rushing, treacherous waters of the great Ghogra, are now set free to reach Calcutta *via* Patna in a few hours.

When we started on this tour the plate-layer with his trollies and gangs of workmen had only laid the line a few miles

beyond our camping place at Piyagpur. The Engineer in charge kindly gave me a seat on the engine, while our brethren and servants found places in the brake, and on the trucks loaded with rails and sleepers ; and so we sped on our way to camp at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the songs af our brethren echoing over a lovely country of rich parks of mango trees and fields of waving corn. I found the engine-driver a most intelligent man ; moreover, a teetotaler ; and what was still better, a true Christian. Through his influence and example the fireman, too, had come to a knowledge of the truth in Christ. It was a comfort to feel that our lives were in the care and responsibility of two such men ; and though the sun without and the constantly fed furnace within made the journey a very hot one, yet it was the happiest I had ever taken. Soon the white tents appeared amid the thick foliage of trees, a few yards only from the line, and we were quickly seated outside our well pitched tents, in the grateful shade of the trees, enjoying a refreshing cup of tea.

In the evening we marched to the *Kotwali*, Police station, where to the beat of drum we gathered about thirty persons, mostly made up of the *Thanadar*, his *munshi* or writer, and some policemen. In song, and prayer, and discourse we offered them a present and full salvation in Christ Jesus. All seemed greatly interested and impressed ; and one fine-looking young Muhamadan, aged about twenty, came out and said that he believed on Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and was ready to confess him as such in baptism. There was no doubt of his sincerity, and so we received him before them all, on his confession of faith in Christ. This dear young man has been so persecuted by his so-called friends since, that he was obliged to flee the place ; and we have not heard of his whereabouts.

Next morning we found a big horse and comfortable trap for ourselves, and good strong *ekkas*, small pony carts, for our brethren, waiting to take us to the next stage, eight miles on, to Kutaina. These had been sent us out from Bahraich by Mr. White, a great friend of our mission, and Mr. W. Peters,

our Native preacher in Bahraich; and so we bowled along a road as level and smooth almost as glass, at the rate of eight miles an hour. We found the Railway workmen had brought the line within two miles of our camp; so after breakfast we all sallied forth to attack the gangs of coolies in their resting camps. After a hot walk through a regular jungle of two miles, we came upon the workmen all employed in their different duties; so there was nothing for us left but to wait and watch the *modus operandi* of laying down the line. The work was superintended by Mr. S., the Plate-layer. I soon got into conversation with this clever mechanic, and found him quite a scholar and a linguist. He had his family in camp a short distance off, and he invited me to take tea with him in the evening.

In the meantime a rest had been called, and now was our opportunity of speaking to these hundreds of dark sons of toil. Our music attracted a large crowd, who listened with great attention and interest to our songs and prayers and preaching. Some even joined in with our singing, and some seemed ready to join our band, while many cried out that we were the true servants of God. One athletic-looking coolie, an *ahir*, or cowherd by caste, came boldly out, and said he would become a disciple of Jesus Christ. We baptized him; and he went on with his work in his gang. He is still at work on the line, goes by the name of *Masih Charn*, (at the feet of Christ) and gives us much hope.

In the evening we all went by invitation to Mr. S.'s camp. We found a very charming family there, of a wife and seven grown-up children. We sat outside the tents, and gave them some of our music and sang them some of our songs. We found that the eldest daughter possessed an accordion, and could play it admirably; so we were soon singing in full concert all we knew of Sankey's songs. We then had prayers in English and Hindustani, and addressed a few words of Bible promise to all present. The end of it was that we left our friend a pledged total abstainer, at which his wife seemed

specially grateful. We remember our visit to this camp with great pleasure. During the day the workmen had completed a mile of line, and on that mile of railway we travelled back towards our camp on our host's trolly.

Next day found us in Bahraich, after a pleasant drive in the freshness of the early morning. Bahraich is the most picturesque station in the "Garden of India." Each thatched house is built on a grassy knoll, the slopes, covered with flowering creepers and bushes of various beauty, leading down to undulating ground adorned with the wide-spreading tamarind trees, and the date-palms crowned by their luxuriant spread of foliage; the whole place giving the pleasant idea of a hill-station, as it gradually dips with its magnificent groves of mango trees down to the green banks of the lotus-covered and winding branch of the classic Ráptí. We found a new hill tent, conveniently furnished, pitched for our use at the entrance to the station, in a beautiful park of mango and tamarind trees. A large *shamiyana*, or sun protector, also was spread out in front of our tents, furnished with carpets and seats, for the Sunday-school fete. These tents had been provided by the kindness of the *Kunwar*, through Mr. White. The *Kunwar* is the second son of the Rajah of Kapurthala, and superintends the great estate of his elder brother in the Bahraich district, and both he and his wife, the Kunwarin, are excellent Christians, doing all they can for the glory of the Great Master, and the good of the natives around them. We arrived on Friday, and in the afternoon I held the Bahraich quarterly conference, in the place of Rev. Dr. Johnson, P. E., he being unable to attend—having gone for his health on a short trip across the Atlantic. The reports of the pastor, Native preachers, and *zanana* workers, were most encouraging. They all seemed full of holy zeal and the power of the Holy Ghost.

The morning of the next day, Saturday, was all taken up in visiting and examining three girls' and three boys' schools. In each school there was a service of song and prayer and preaching. The first girls' school visited gave a Brahman

woman convert. After hearing our service through, she came and asked for baptism. She was baptized by Mr. W. Peters. She is aged about thirty years, and she is employed now in the above school as a *dai*, or woman who attends the girls on their way to and from school. We found all the schools in excellent condition, and well reported on by the Inspector of schools. In the afternoon the Sunday-school fete took place in front of our tents. Mr. Ferrar, C. S., the Deputy Commissioner, took the chair. Over 300 boys were marched from the city school, with flags flying and music playing, and took their places under the *shamiyana*, a kind of canvas canopy to protect, as the Persian word implies, from the sun. A boy stepped forward and read a well written address in praise of everybody in general and the Deputy Commissioner in particular. Then a *bhajan* or song was sung by the whole school, which excited a sensation more from the element of noise in it than from any pleasure arising from the harmony of the song. Then prizes of colored caps, pieces of cloth, pen-knives, pictures, and books, were given out by the Chairman. After this an address to the assembly, and "God save the Queen" in Hindustani, closed this very interesting meeting. No parent or child could have gone away displeased, for *all* received prizes and sweetmeats.

We conducted two services on the day following, which was Sunday. Both were held in the city. At the morning service some 200 persons of all states and conditions must have been present. When we prayed nearly all present bent their heads; when we played and sang, a number tried to join us; and when we preached they all paid the deepest attention, and frequently cried, "This is the truth." At that service one nominal Christian was converted, and two heathens were received as candidates for baptism. In the evening we had a less formal and more social meeting. It was more a service of song, and yet in this service the hearts of two Hindus, both teachers in our girls' schools, were greatly touched. They both confessed Christ to be their Saviour. When they were asked if they would confess His name in baptism, they both

forward and answered that they would. The pastor thought it best to delay their baptism, on account of the two girls' schools of which they have charge. The religious prospects of Bahraich station and district are most encouraging; and the earnest, faithful, judicious labours of the Native pastor have justified the wisdom of our Conference in placing him in charge of so large a work. We have watched the progress of this dear brother in secular and religious knowledge from a lad in his Budaon home, till he became our head assistant Native Preacher in Gonda, in 1880; and from this till he was appointed Preacher in charge of Bahraich, we have seen him grow steadily in "grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ," and in the living power of the Holy Spirit and a holy life.

On Monday we left for Gonda. We camped at Karahliya, six miles out from Bahraich, and found the railway had advanced up to that point while we were in Bahraich. Having important work to do in Gonda, we determined to leave by the train that would return in the afternoon, and thus save three long marches. We left camp, and walked about half a mile to a large village near the point where the engine would stop. While waiting for the train we gathered about 400 people around where we were seated, under a large tamarind tree. After our service of song and prayer and preaching, a large, stout man, the Brahman *zamíndár* of the village near, cried: "You have all the wisdom in the world to make these railways and send a fire-god among us;" and then turning to the people he again cried: "They have this wisdom, because in a former state of existence they performed great *tapashya* (penance) and did great *punya*" (virtuous actions). The people seemed to think the more of us for that, and we were not slow in turning it to our own advantage in pressing the claims of truth. Two men, a *kori* and a *kurmi*, responded to our call and came forward. We found they had intelligently received the word, that they believed on Christ, and were willing to confess Him there and then in baptism; so we procured a *lota* of water from an adjacent well, and gave them the Christian

chinh of discipleship, and the Christian *parshad* (grains of rice to be eaten) of fellowship. We have the names of their villages and *zamindár;* so we know where to send our preachers to encourage and further instruct them.

But the train is in, and about to start; so we climb on the engine, the brake, and the truck, and we are all carried smoothly and quickly into Gonda, while our songs fill the air with God's praises for His great unspeakable love to us in Christ Jesus.

3. In 1885, From Gonda to Utraula via Balrampur.

The particular events of this tour were related in "*The Indian Witness*" of January, 1886. The Rev. Dr. Johnson, our Presiding Elder, accompanied us on most of this trip, and by his prayers and faith, and preaching rendered our working band very efficient aid.

"NOTES OF A TOUR TO THE NORTH OF THE GONDA DISTRICT."

On the 29th January we called in our band of workers from our different out-stations, and began our special meetings for the natives in the Gonda city, and also for ourselves personally, as a needful preparation for our intended itinerating tour. These meetings were held for a week. In the morning we all met in our study for a prayer and experience meeting; and in the evening we held a service in our school house in Gola-Ganj for the benefit of the officials and general native population. The morning meetings were wonderfully blessed to the hearts of the dear brethren. We all renewed our covenant with the Lord; received a gracious cleansing in the precious blood of the Lamb, and a rich baptism of the Holy Spirit's power. Every morning was a happy conscious meeting with God, and a new experience of his mighty love, and every evening was a visible manifestation of the presence of the Great Master, and an exhibition of the powerful influence of his Word to convince of sin and create a longing desire to come to Jesus. Though no one was baptized at these meetings, many confess-

ed that they had been moved upon in a strange and, to them marvellous way ; while others declared that they repented of their sins and accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour. One of these, a native doctor, was so affected that he ran home to his wife and said he *must* become a Christian. She persuaded him from being baptized ; but she could not shake his resolution to give up idolatry and worship God in future in the name of Jesus Christ.

On the 5th February the Rev. Dr. Johnson, twelve brethren, and myself started on our tour of preaching in the accessible villages on the Balrámpúr road. On our way out to the first stage we stopped at Bargawn to examine an interesting boys' school we have in that village. When Doctor J. asked these dear boys how many prayed night and morning in the name of Jesus Christ, fourteen out of thirty-two promptly stood up. Some of these are Brahman boys. Soon after arrival in our District-cart in the evening time in the beautiful camping place at Ghilauli, we all collected in our tent for prayer and consultation. We found that the man, whom the brethren had hired for the march to cook their food, had played them false and disappeared with some of their things, so some of the brethren had to remain at their *shouldári*, a long low two-poled tent used by sepoys, to cook food for the party after returning from labour. With our number thus diminished, we sallied out by the light of a lantern to a village near. Notice had been previously given of our coming, and we soon had a long shed, whose floor was covered with clean dry straw, filled from end to end, with the *Pradhán*, or head-man, seated in the centre of the crowd. Outside the shed, too, people from the bazaar near collected in considerable numbers to listen to the words of life. After prayer and song we began with the subject, ONE MEDIATOR *for the whole human race*—there is *one God, one Race, one Mediator* between God and that race, based on the word found in 1 Tim. 2 : 5. This was well backed up by Doctor Johnson and the other brethren appointed to speak ; and when the in

vitation came, appealing lovingly to the hearts of the eager listeners, a wonderful impression was made upon many hearts. Some *ten* persons were ready to respond to our appeal; but a Brahman present from Piyagpur was greatly stirred up to oppose us; and so hindered those whose hearts the Lord had unmistakeably touched, from coming forward and confessing Christ in baptism. After silencing, with a few simple arguments this *pandit*, we left late at night for our tents, assured that God was with us owning and blessing his Word; and that he would specially care for those whose hearts had been touched.

Friday, the 6th, found us in Maharaj-Ganj, camped in as fine and noble a park of trees, surrounded by fields of wheat and barley ripening to the harvest, as could be found in any part of the world. The brethren had been at work on the road, and brought in a young Brahman, whose mind had been enlightened and his heart persuaded by the Gospel words of love preached to him. We all met in our tent, and after Dr. J. and myself had further instructed and prayed with him, we baptized him on his confessing Christ with his mouth, and changed his name from Shri-Rám to Shri-Masíh. His age is about nineteen, and his village Shankar Nagar, a few miles to the north of Balrámpúr. Brother McArthur was asked how long this new disciple of Christ had been under instruction, when he answered: "For five miles!" Five miles of instruction is not bad for any man. A *Satnami faqir* (a religious mendicant of "The True Name," who are supposed to have broken away from idolatry) was also touched by the Word spoken to him in this place, and said he accepted Christ as his Saviour. We had another meeting in the tent, and after much instruction and earnest prayer we baptized him under the name of Gukhá'i and gave him the *prashád* a piece of the unleavened bread we divide among us when one is baptized, as a sign of fellowship. He remained some time with the brethren, and then went to his village. The bearer of the P. W. D. bungalow near, and another *fakir* were so impressed by the Gospel preached that,

though they were not baptized, they both said they believed on Christ, and would pray to God henceforth in his name. A middle-aged man, who had been an immigrant for fourteen years in one of the West Indian islands, came with two very interesting children, and said if we would give him some employment he would gradually break away from his caste and become a Christian. We instructed and prayed with him for a long time, but though his mind had received the light, he could not submit his will to Christ and seek *first* the kingdom of God. He seemed to be afraid that after we baptized him we would turn him out and despise him. He said he believed in his heart, but left us without being baptized. It was rather late in the evening when we met for prayer again, and went forth to a village adjoining our resting-place. By beat of drum we gathered and seated about fifty persons, and begun our usual services. Three men were undoubtedly genuinely affected by the Gospel they heard ; and one man made a movement to come forward, but his wife, who, with other women, had been listening some little distance off, cried out to come home, and so he was kept from his good purpose. At that moment a flash of lightning, followed by a loud clap of thunder, warned us of the storm that had slowly gathered up from the western horizon, and would soon deluge our camp ; so we had to hasten back for shelter to our tents.

Saturday, the 7th, found us in the cold freshness of a beautiful morning on our way to Balrámpúr. And as we bowled along over a new metalled road, miles and miles of waving corn spread out to the right and left as far as eye could reach, the millions of pendant dew-drops from the "womb of the morning" flashed out in sparkling beauty as they were touched by the mellow rays of the sun. Dr. J. had gone on ahead and, in a village close up to the side of the road, had gathered about fifty persons to hear the good news of a Saviour who could save them from their sins. The Lord blessed the Word ; and one Brahman was so interested that he followed Dr. J., and kept repeating the blessed name of Jesus Christ. And

when this man turned off the road towards his village, he was still heard as he went along repeating this saving name—"*Isá Masih! Isá Masih!*"—till the pleasing sound died away on the distant morning air.

After arriving in our delightful camping place I chaperoned Dr. J. over the adjacent places worth seeing. There was the grand house, called the Níl Kothí or blue house, built for the Europeans by the late hospitable and loyal Maharajah, and furnished and decorated as only artistic skill can do. The menagerie of *not* exotic animals, where the restless tiger, who has lately lost his mate, moves backwards and forwards, looking fiercely askance and growling out defiance; the two leopards crouching in a corner as for a deadly spring, with eyes like balls of living fire, and gleaming teeth bare to the gums, that speak of cruelty and death; the deer-park, full of gentle-eyed and spotted does and grandly horned buck, safe from tiger's bound or leopard's spring; the stud of magnificent, pure-blooded Arab horses and ponies, which are honored by having a European veterinary surgeon over them. The dwelling of the late Maharajah, in which his private room is kept just as when he died. There in the centre of the room is spread the carpet and placed the bolster used by the King. Flowers are now scattered where he used to lie; and on the left are placed his dress-shoes, and on the right his bathing clogs, as if he were about to arise invisibly and go about his once human avocations. Then home to our tents, and prepare for evening preaching in the *chauk* of Balrámpúr city. The brethren had gone on before us and occupied an important position. The usual services were conducted in the midst of a large crowd. Four persons were specially convinced, and said they believed on Christ. They were taken hold of by the brethren afterwards, and further instructed. A student in the Government school followed us after the preaching, and seemed much interested. He asked repeatedly for an English New Testament, but we had none to give him then.

Sunday, the 8th, found us peacefully in camp enjoying the quiet of a charming Sabbath morning. Doctor Johnson walked over to a village at one end of the large park of trees in which we were encamped, and found a number of Khatiks, or fowlers, who had come from another place to celebrate a marriage here. About seventy gathered round Dr. J. and eagerly listened to the simple story of Jesus and his love. A number of these poor low-caste people were greatly impressed, and seven of them, with three boys, came on invitation to our tents. We seated them on a carpet we had spread for our morning service, and found they had received a very intelligent knowledge of Christ and what he did to save them. I further instructed them and asked them to become the disciples of this great Saviour. They said they believed on Christ. They remained to the service we held, under the out-spreading branches of the trees, for the benefit of all in camp and the Christian families in Balrámpúr. These poor men were much interested in this service, and were greatly impressed by the sermon preached by Dr. J. We promised to visit them next morning. In the evening we all went to Bihari Lal's house and conducted service there. The place was crowded, and the street outside was blocked up with eager listeners. We discoursed on "The Lamb of God," and great was the impression made. Some fifteen persons confessed Christ to be the only Saviour, and said that they would in future trust in him only for salvation. One young man, who was also at the morning service, and is the Private Secretary of Jang Bahádur told us after this service that Christ had saved him ; but he would not be baptized. Jang Bahádar, the natural son of the late Maharajah, and whom twenty-five years ago we taught in our Husainábád school in Lucknow, paid us a visit in great state to-night. His income is Rs. 48,000 a year. We talked to him about his soul, and the claims of Jesus Christ upon him. He listened to us attentively and an impression seemed to be made upon him.

Monday, the 9th, was a day of great blessing. Our dear

Brother S. Paul joined us this morning from Gonda, where school examinations had necessarily detained him. Dr. J. was up early at work with a fine looking *faqir* who lived in a hut near our camp. This man was so moved by the truth that he would have been baptized, had not an old woman who lived with him too successfully persuaded him against it. The Doctor had given him a Hindi tract to read, but this he brought back, saying the old woman would not let him read it. After our usual morning prayer-meeting, we all marched through the village in which our Khatík inquirers were. We called a good large crowd round where our Khatík friends were sitting on scattered straw, playing their marriage airs. They at once stopped their music, and settled themselves to listen with interest to our *bhajans*, or songs, and preaching. After prayer and song brother W. Fisk opened with the subject of "The wedding garment." This became the theme of all that was said at intervals by Dr. J., myself, and brother S. Paul. A remarkable impression was made. I never saw men moved as these were. In addition to the seven men who came out yesterday, thirteen more were ready to come out and be baptized; but an enemy in the shape of a Brahman got among them and dissuaded them from being identified with us by baptism. Still we believed those twenty poor men received the Word of God in faith and to the salvation of their souls. On our return we found one of Jhandula's disciples, a son of Isa Dás, whom we baptized in December last, waiting to receive the sign of discipleship. We prayed with him and taught him a few simple truths, and then baptized him with the name Nihál. He is a promising young man of twenty, whom we hope to train for a good work.

In the evening we all went to another village near. We had heard that that village was full of Brahmans, and that they would oppose us and not listen to the Word; but we were happily disappointed. We had as good work here as we had in the morning in the Khatík village. The head man of the village, and a number of others were impressively con-

vinced of the truth, and acknowledged Christ to be the Saviour that could save from sin. The Private Secretary of the Maháráni was present, and argued against Christ being a Saviour, because he was put to death by the Jews ; but when Dr. J. showed him that it was *that very death* which made him so great a Redeemer, he was convinced and confessed his conviction honestly. He said he was reading the New Testament in English, and was much interested in the miracles of Christ. He wanted a copy of the New Testament in larger print, as the one he had was too small for his eye-sight.

Tuesday, the 10th, was another good day to us all. This morning Jhandula brought in another of his disciples, and when we had prayed with and further instructed him, we baptized him in our tent, and gave him the name Ashraf. Jhandula had been sick with a fever, but the medicine Dr. J. had sent him was blessed to his recovery, and so we were all glad to see him among us again. Took Dr. J. to see the Maháráni's palace, the second largest elephant in India, (the first largest, Chánd Múrat, moon-faced, was away hunting wild elephants), the biggest and oldest rhinoceros in the world, the *haran-bári*, enclosure for antelopes, and some splendid talking *mainas*, or starlings. We then went on to Bihari Lal's house, joined the brethren, and marched down a long street, headed by our banner and music, and singing, "*Jai Prabhu Yisu*," &c. When we came to an open space we seated the crowd and began our services. There were as many prayers offered and short addresses given as there were brethren present. An excellent impression was made upon all ; but there were four persons very deeply impressed and convicted, who were followed up by the brethren afterwards and brought into the light and consciousness of our Saviour's love. They confessed that Christ alone could save them, but they were not then baptized : though we hope soon to see them receive this outward sign of a blessed work which has, we believe, begun in their hearts.

The evening found us all again at work for the Lord in the *chauk* of the city. This time we all stood on a heap of *kankar* or limestone, and preached in succession to a very large assembly of all classes. *A pandit* came and tried to interrupt us by reading out of a Hindi book, but the people would not listen to him, and so we soon had it all our own way. There were about seven persons who were convinced of the truth, and whom the brethren took in hand to instruct further and pray with. One man, a *bári*, or one who makes leaves into platters for shops, was taken to one side by two of the brethren and was not given up until he had come into the light of God's salvation.

Wednesday, the 11th, found another camp joined to ours, which had been put up during the night. Colonel and Mrs. N. came in for the day to Balrámpúr, and brought with them my dear boy Georgie. They are good Christian people, and we were glad of their company even for a day. Dear G. had shot us a delicate breakfast in the shape of two quails, which proved very opportune, as our larder had got low. His steady hand and unerring eye had also brought down a fine chítal, or spotted deer, which supplied many in camp with food. After greetings were over, we met the brethren in the city, and marched into another *mohalla*, or parish, where we set up our banner in the name of the Lord. God touched the hearts of a number of persons through his Word, and many became sincere inquirers after the truth. In the evening we all went into a village adjoining the city, where we collected an attentive audience. Many present were women, who were intensely interested. Some seven men and three women came out when the invitation was given; but they would not be baptized then. They all promised to come next morning for baptism to our tents. God blessed his Word to these poor low-caste people's hearts in a way that excited our surprise.

Thursday, the 12th, took Dr. Johnson and Georgie from us. They left in a camel-cart for Gonda. The former had to reach Bahraieh on Saturday, to hold his Quarterly Conference; so we could keep him no longer with us. We all soon after left

ourselves for Mahádeo, the home of Jhandula Masíh. As no buggy could take me to this place, I procured an elephant from the Mahárání, and reached it in the evening, just after the brethren had all arrived. Here we held service, and the wife of Isa Dás, mentioned above, came out, and was baptized herself, and her son, a bright lad of ten years, was baptized with her. She is an intelligent-looking woman, aged about thirty years. After that another of Jhandula's disciples came out and desired baptism. We instructed and prayed with him, and gave him the signs of discipleship and fellowship. Many more would have been baptized, but they had gone that day to attend a marriage in Tulsípúr. They are to come into Gonda to be baptized. The work in this place is most promising. Jhandula Masih aud his wife, Isa Piyárí, are learning more of Christ every day, and are becoming more zealous in winning over their old followers to the faith of their new and blessed Master.

Friday, the 13th, saw our tents gleaming out from under the grand old trees that spread their gigantic branches over the smooth green ground which slopes down from the picturesque village of Kán Bhárí, on the Atraula road. This village, with its houses covered with the pumpkin creeper, is surrounded by vast and dense sugar-cane fields. In the evening we marched into this place, and gathered a crowd of men, women and children in an open space. We conducted our service in the usual way, and when we gave the invitation a Brahman rose and came forward. There were about fifteen *Koris* sitting in a row before us, somewhat separated from the other people, and when this Brahman came and knelt down near us, these men rose in a body to come forward also ; but a white-bearded old man cried out to them not to go and become *be-dharm*, *i.e.*, lose their religion. Though we tried to show that they had already lost the true religion of God, and that we had come to restore it to them, still the cries of the old man prevailed, and they all went away. Two of the brethren immediately detached themselves from us, and followed them. They found

these poor men had been greatly impressed by the preaching, and though they went away then, yet they had believed on Christ, and, when they had pacified their old *guru*, they would come to us in Gonda for the *chinh*. In the meantime we prayed with and gave more instruction to the Brahman ; but we did not think it prudent to baptize him then, as quite a commotion had been created through the whole village, in which the women took the greatest and loudest part.

Saturday, the 14th, found us up in the early morning sweeping the dew from the grass on our way to Chulú Bhárí, another large village near. Here the Lord wonderfully owned and blessed the Word. Two fine young Musalmans, one *Bári*, leaf-cup maker, one *Teli*, or oilman, and one *Pandit* responded to our call. The two Musalmans, farmers in the village, were baptized. They both promised to do their best in bringing their families to Christ ; but they have to be wise as serpents in this work. The *Bári*, or leaf-platter maker, was hindered by his zealous son from openly confessing Christ in baptism. He was followed to his house by two of the brethren ; but though his son would not let him be baptized, he promised not to prevent his father from praying in the name of Jesus Christ in the future. The *Teli* was not baptized, but he said he would always pray to God and sell his oil in the name of this blessed Saviour. The *Pandit*, Piyag Dutt, a zamíndár in the village, showed more emotion and earnestness than any of the others : though they were all much affected. When we told him we had brought a special message to him, that the pure Incarnation had actually come into this world, and why he had come, he could no longer restrain himself, but cried out before all, "Convince me of this as a fact and I am his disciple at once!" When we had satisfied him from history, and from our own personal experience, he said : "Then, make me his *chela*, or disciple." We were about to baptize him, when a thought seemed suddenly to strike him, and looking up he said : "My elder brother is in partnership with me in this village, and it is not right that I should do this without his

knowledge, and though I believe on and accept this *Nishkalank Avatár*, pure Incarnation, I cannot be baptized without consulting him." We were reluctantly obliged to relinquish the idea of baptizing him then; but he promised, when his brother returned from his journey, to come with him to us in Gonda.

In the evening we left for Atraula, and in a few hours were in our transmigrated tent-home in a lovely situation just outside the city. The brethren worked as usual on the road. Their plan is to walk in twos and threes with intervals of distances between them, and each party attaches itself to one or more traveller going the same way and instructs and persuades him for miles, and then generally brings him in as an inquirer to be further instructed and prayed with in our tent. Late in the evening we all marched into the city. A respectable Mohamedan warned us that the news of the death of General Gordon, and the success of the Mahdi, had greatly excited the turbulent Mussalmáns of the place, and that we had better not preach there. Still the King's business required haste, and so we began our services. An Inspector of Police, one of our promising inquirers, gave us the use of his front verandah with beds and chairs to sit on, so we began under favourable circumstances. Soon a large crowd collected, and while the preaching went on a solemn hush seemed to rest on the people, and a fascinating power to chain them to the spot; hence, when an intoxicated Hindu *faqir* pushed his way through the crowd and interrupted us by his unmeaning words, it was as if a spell had been suddenly broken. I believe the whole crowd was under the mighty spell of the Gospel of God, and Satan sent this poor man to break it. Some good came of this; for a native official turned to this poor babbler and rebuked him for turning the people's attention away from hearing the truth. This native gentleman told us his heart had been touched by what he had heard, and that Christ must be the true and only Saviour. He promised to see us again. Our friend the Inspector's heart was also much moved upon, but we could not

bring him to the point of being baptized ; though he did openly declare his belief in Christ as his Saviour.

Sunday, the 15th, was indeed a precious day of rest to all of us. In the morning we had service in the open space before our tent, for all in camp. Our brother the Inspector came and joined in with us most heartily in our songs and prayers. A Musalmán tailor came with a copy of the Quran under his arm to declare to us, in the face of clear arguments to the contrary, that the Bible was full of prophecies relating to Mohamed. We simply told him that if he would give his heart to Christ he would find out in a minute how many prophecies of the Arabian were found in the Bible. Conversion of heart is better than controversy to lead into the truth.

In the evening we walked through the corn-fields to a village near. Most of the males were away, so we gathered a few women and children, and the two or three men who were left, and preached Christ to them. One young man was much affected, and two of the brethren took him out into the field and prayed with and persuaded him for some time. He would not be baptized, but said Christ should be his Saviour for the future.

Monday, the 16th, found us on the road to Gonda, halting at Chamrapúr for breakfast. After being strengthened by food and prayer, we went into the large village that lies a short distance off from the road. We were preaching near a house in which lay *Rámú* a sick sonhár or goldsmith. He asked to be taken out to hear the words of the preacher. After he was brought out, and had listened for some time with evident interest, he cried, "This is the Saviour I want. One who can give rest to my soul." We prayed with him and gave him more instruction, and then on his confession of Christ we baptized him. He promised to send us Rs. 50 to Gonda for the poor. As soon as we had baptized this goldsmith, a young *Nána Panthi*, or follower of Nánuk, who had been paying great attention all through the service, came and said he wanted also to become the disciple of Jesus Christ. He also said the word

had pricked his heart and he felt that only Christ could save him; so we baptized him and gave him the name of Fazl-bakhsh. He is a very bright open-faced young man of eighteen years. He seems to have a very retentive memory, for the brethren had only to repeat the words of a *bhajan* and sing it over once or twice, when he got it perfectly by heart. We take him in with us to Gonda; and if the Lord should call him to the work, make an intelligent and useful preacher of him.

We reached Dhánípúr in the evening. The abode of Tribhoan Dutt Bhaiya, grandson of the old Rajah of Gonda, is not far from this. We had not been long in camp before the servants of Tribhoan brought a cart-load of straw and wood, two goats, and enough flour, *ghí*, grain, potatoes, and condiments to supply the wants of all the brethren and the whole camp. These needful things were followed by the Rajah himself who came in an old uncovered sedan chair that must have existed in the days of Porus. He has been educated in the Canning College, Lucknow, and therefore can converse in English. It is to be regretted, however, that he did not stay there longer and complete his education. He had heard about our baptisms, and promised me he would assist and protect those of our converts, who were living in any of his villages. He invited me over to his house later on in the evening. The Lord gave us success in this place this evening. Five men and one woman came out and declared themselves on the Lord's side. The *Banyá*, the *Kori*, and the woman (a *Korin*) were baptized on openly confessing Christ. These new disciples live near and can be easily reached by the brethren from Gonda. The young Musalman Fakír, who has many *chelás* in the Bahraich District, was not baptized; but said openly that he was now "Christ's *fakír*," and would spend his life in bringing disciples to him. He is to come to us in Gonda. The two other *Koris* who came forward were not baptized, as they said they wanted to bring their families with them. They too are expected in Gonda to join us more openly and decidedly in public baptism.

This virtually closes our tour ; on which thirteen persons in all were baptized, and the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ was preached in twenty villages and two large cities. By the way-side, on the road and in these towns and hamlets thousands of souls have heard the good news of a Saviour who is Christ the Lord ; and had it not been for the interference of Brahman priests, here and there, in the different preaching places on this tour, at least, a hundred more would have been baptized. Many of these, we believe, will yet come in to help to increase our Church and swell the triumphs of the Redeemer's Kingdom in this district !

4. In 1888, From Gonda to the Tharu Country in Chandanpur via Tulsipur and Pachperwa.

The following "*Scenes and Incidents in an Itinerating Tour*" appeared in one of the April numbers of "our paper" for 1888, which will serve as an introduction to our second visit among the Ṭhárús in Chandanpúr.

The Gonda band had started for a tour among the Ṭhárús in the Chandanpúr forests under the shadow of the Nepal Hills, and had reached as far as Balrámpúr, one of our out-stations to the north, when we received information that our converts residing in Mahádeva, six miles to the South-east of Balámpúr, were involved in some trouble arising from the persecutions of their Kshatri neighbours. So, on the morning of the 5th instant, we have an early *chhoti haziri*, or little breakfast, jump on our pony, leave the delightful spot our two tents are standing on, and ride into the rather jumbled up and mongrel city of Balrámpúr. The only person we meet astir is a bright looking Hindu lad, who greets us with "good evening, sor !" We remind him that it is morning and not evening, when he quickly answers, as if anticipating the objection : "Second Master of College told us always to say this for *first* time greeting gentleman." Musing on the undoubted genius of this Second master in getting himself out of a difficulty by creating an imaginary English custom, we make our way down

by the grand pretentious College, the useful and much used Caravanserai, and the Palace of the Mahárání, full of Pandits living in clover, or as the Natives would say, with their five fingers in ghí, out into the freshness and beauty of the open country. After fording the river Suaun, our way lies through seas of waving wheat fields, the picturesque villages looking like brown islands in, and the clusters of trees here and there seeming to rise as coral-reefs out of, the vast ocean of yellow grain ripening for the reapers' sickle and the harvest song. As we ride along the well-beaten path, the pony buried in the deep grain, the richly laden heads of the stately stalks as they bend under the sweeping wind strike our feet with a merry sound, while the whole country appears as one great spacious cornucopia, emptying out its fullness and abundance into the laps and homes and markets of the people. And if the miserably poor cultivators could have their rightful share of the abundant grain-heap, there would be no sad thoughts mingled with the joy that should break forth from hearts and tongues at such a glorious season as the present; but after the contractors, and the "*Rajh*," and then the Government have taken their shares, there is just enough of the grain-heap left for seed and food to save the earth-toilers from absolute starvation. And yet the country seems all alive at this time of the year with *baráts*, or marriage processions; but these are generally of the better classes. Here comes a palanquin with the crowned and garlanded bridegroom, looking as if he would rather be playing some game with other boys in the village mud, than sitting inside there in such an uncomfortable position, listening to the beat of the bearers' feet as they move in perfect step, and to their monotonous sing-song tune so well remembered by old Indian travellers of by-gone *doli* days. Then follow, at an interval of a quarter of a mile, three men with Native drums fastened round their necks, beating them as if their very lives depended upon the noise they thus drew forth. After these come up a crowd of dust-covered relations carrying all the necessaries for camping out under the wide

spreading branches of the old *pípal* tree in the bride's village. One village we passed through had such a bridal party as the above in all their holiday attire sitting on a bed of straw in front of a tile-covered house, on the ridge of which was a grotesque representation of the bride and bride-groom made up of pieces of different colored cloths. One old man in flowing white beard sat in front of the rest, but seemed sunk in anxious thought as if he was thinking of the price yet to pay in the shape of a Shylock *Bunya*, who would certainly exact his pound of flesh. And so we jog along now through a bit of sal-wood forest, whose bright big leaves glitter in the morning sunlight; now fording a clear stream with sandy bottom; now picking our way through cut-rice fields worked into flinty-edged basins by the ponderous feet of the many elephants which daily cross and recross to and from Balrampur in search of leafy-food from the *pípal* trees in the jungles round; now following the track over a waste of grazing ground, the cattle of Pharaoh's lean kind eying you suspiciously as you ride by; now winding through a village, with the thatched mud-houses hid beneath the broad leaves of the creeping pumpkin plant, and their roofs bending under the weight of its cumbrous fruit, with the women cautiously and timidly peeping at you over their low mud walls, the boys and girls gaping at you with open mouths in the lanes, and the irrepressible mangy pariahs barking or snarling or howling at you from every corner; and now at last through one more moving surface of wheat and we come on to a carpet of velvet verdure in front of Jhandula Masíh's *kuṭí* or cottage. There to the right gleams out from under the blossoming and sweetly-scented mangoe trees a snug and comfortable tent, in front of which rises a lazy curl of smoke from a fire-place cut in the ground from east to west, and from near which comes a pleasant odour always acceptable to a good appetite excited by a six miles' ride.

We are encamped under the trees where for over 20 years Jhandula Ràm (the banner of Ràm) did severe penance im-

posed on himself both as a supposed adequate punishment for sins of the present and past births, and as an expression of penitence and the highest virtue. Five years ago he heard the Gospel of Christ preached in the *Devi Pátan melá*, when he believed, and was baptized. His name was then changed to Jhandula Masíh (the banner of Christ) and a true banner his has been, read and known of all about Máhádeva. He was married to his *chelin*, or female disciple, who chastely attended him through all the long years of his self-inflicted tortures, and both were induced to remain in the place where they had been called to work for the Great Master according to the light they had received. And the Lord has blessed and owned their labour of love, and work of faith, and patience of hope. Three other families have been brought out and baptized through their agency; and two schools, one for boys and the other for girls, have been established.

A year ago a Christian teacher and his wife were sent for the latter, and they have both rendered good service. So that, here, in this centre of a great village population, there is a small Christian community growing up and taking form. It is a true saying that when persecutions arise it is a good sign of Christian life and activity; and that when the enemy begins to cry out it is sure evidence that he is hit. This sign and evidence we have in Máhádeva. A *Kshatri* widow, who had been virtually treated as a slave, and then greatly neglected and almost starved to death by her high caste friends of the military order, had been instructed in the truths of the Gospel by our people here, when she made up her mind to fully accept Christ, and cast in her lot with the Christians. For this purpose she came with her son and daughter, the one aged 13, the other 11 years, and asked our people to receive them. As soon as her caste relations, who had despised and treated her as a poor wretch under a heavy curse, found out that she and her two children wanted to connect themselves with us, they at once began their persecuting annoyances. We may mention, *en passant*, that the *Kshatri*, the second or

military caste, is the proudest as it is the most overbearing of all the castes, not excepting the first or Brahmin order ; and that the late Mahárája being of this Soldier caste gave them too much excess of liberty at the expense of the comfort and free-action of their less favored neighbours living among them. The first thing they did was to confine the widow and her two children to their huts, and make them potentially prisoners ; and then they bethrothed her daughter to the son of a distant relation. Not satisfied with this, on the morning of the 27th ultimo, the chief man of the village headed a mob and proceeded to the place where our Christian families resided. There this excited crowd began wildly shouting and gesticulating and giving the women the foulest abuse, which latter the Hindus on the *Holi* (not *holy*) festival know only too well how to give in all its ugly filthiness ; threatening to burn down their houses, and cut off their feet (gor kàt dàlen) if they ever came near any of the Kshatri homes again. The next day they formally ostracised our people by excluding them from the village well and from visiting any of their families ; besides refusing to send their boys and girls to our schools. In a hundred petty ways they daily annoyed and disturbed the peace of these Christian families. They appealed to us for help, and hence the reason of our visit and presence at this time among them. We endeavoured to settle the question by calling the Kshatris of the village to our tent and quietly reasoning with them ; but only a few leading Brahmins responded to our call. These were men whom we had met on former visits, and who again listened to the Gospel patiently and with apparent favor. One man among them was so impressed that he enrolled himself as an inquirer. After these friends had left us we sat down and wrote out an account of the Mahádeva affair to Major A.—,the Agent of the Balrámpur Estates, and in whose charge this village happens to be placed.

Major A. being in camp some eight miles away, kindly answered us promptly, and engaged to meet us in his camp the following morning. In the meantime we gathered our Christ-

ians together and had a precious service of prayer and praise and preaching of the Word of God. In this service we exhorted and encouraged our dear people to hold fast by a living faith to the great Saviour in whom they had believed, and in whose name they had been baptized, and he would ultimately, if not immediately, bring them in blessed triumph out of all their troubles. In this meeting the wife of one of our converts came out and was baptized. This convert was one of those, who, two years ago had been *immediately* baptized in Balrampur on their open confession of faith in Jesus Christ, but his wife, up to the present, had not joined him in his new faith and worship. Now, not deterred or made afraid by the threats of many enemies around herself and husband, she comes out boldly and acknowledges Christ.

Next morning finds us early in the saddle, ambling along across broken up cut-rice fields, through the dark shade of pieces of forest all aglow with insect and bird life, over deep ravines caused by the water-courses cut for the rice grounds, round the edges of sugar cane fields, and through a village in which the men are already up, working at the *kolhu*, or rough sugar-press, and in which the women are not idle, for we hear the low grinding and unvaried song as they prepare the flour for the household daily consumption, till we come on to a magnificent park of mango trees in all the glitter of their new leaves and glory of their far scenting blossoms. Coolies have been at work from early dawn with their brooms of the *arhar*, or pulse plant, till not a fallen leaf is left and the ground is as clean as the floor of a room. Here are pitched in symmetrical order the tents that have come on over night, and called in camp language "*lain-dori*." How the sound of this mongrel phrase carries us back to the old mutiny days, when the ancient jolly quarter-masters of Regiments marched on ahead with their staff of *khalásis*, commonly known as "*clas-sies*," and their questionable vernacular, to run their lines (*lain*) out for the order of their camps straighter and quicker, but not so piously, as our dear Doctor B.—once ran

his measuring line out, with the aid of the writer, in laying the foundations of the old Naini-Tal Chapel. A *lain-dori* was the constant pocket companion of the dear Doctor in laying the foundations of our Mission "*broad and deep.*" Talking of the hybrid tongue of these good old Government servants of a past generation, a story is told of one who ordered his head munshi to have a bag of "*kawwas*" brought to his tent, and late in the evening you may picture his surprise when he saw some stolid villagers empty out and deposit at his tent door a bag of dead crows in all their black glossiness; but you dare not even fancy what his language was when a friend informed him, that when he required a bag of *coffee* another time to ask for *qahwa* and not *kawwa*. But we must not suffer ourselves to be tempted on this line, or it will extend *ad infinitum*. The fact is, we have reached the Agent's camp too soon, and must employ ourselves an hour in some way. A man with a turban on his head as big as an umbrella approaches us in true oriental style, and offers us seats in one of the capacious tents; but we much prefer to remain where we are in the open, under the shade of the beautiful trees, and watch the interesting scene and busy varied life of all about us. Our friends the *ḳhalásis*, or Salvationists, are still at work and proving worthy of their name. One is driving in the wooden pegs with sure and steady aim, making the whole *bágh* or grove, ring with a pleasant sound; another is fastening and tightening the cords with a sailor's dexterity; while a third is settling the purdahs and making all tidy and comfortable for the master's coming. And are not these useful men rightly called *ḳhalásis*, or those who bestow salvation? For do they not with marvellous quickness and skill erect and spread over the weary marcher's head a canvas covering that protects from the deadly rays of an Indian sun? Names mean something in this and other parts of the East. There goes that hard working servant, bearing across his strong loins a full skin of water from the well near, and his hand resting on its mouth ready to pour out its pre-

cious contents to cool your thirsty lips or bathe your fevered limbs. With what satisfaction that tired traveller makes his hand into a cup, stoops down, and quenches his thirst from the cooling stream that pours out of the above skin! And the bearer of this skin is called by most of our countrymen "*beasty*!" But look at this man as he promptly answers to the call of a fellow-creature, the neighing of yonder restless horse, the lowing of that milch cow, and appeases the thirst of all alike, is he not appropriately named *Bihishti*, or the heavenly one? Not less useful is that quiet looking man, thinking who can tell what? as he patiently sits under the fly of yonder tent and mends and stitches and cuts out and makes, is he not rightly called *Ḳhalífa*, or successor of the Prophet? For does he not do for our clothes, what the other does for our souls? Only the former would never do what the latter is always doing, we fear, trying to "put a new piece of cloth on to an old garment." But what great clamour is that just on the out skirts of the park? That is over the *rasad*, literally the thing which has arrived, from the Persian infinitive *rasídan*, to arrive, but figuratively everything that can be possibly wanted in a camp, and collected by the Tahsíldárs, or Collectors, from the surrounding villages. These villages receive certain perquisites for supplying wood, straw, and earthen-ware gratis. The flour, ghee, rice, and salt are all supplied by the *Bunya* at the market price. Here comes a man staggering under a load of fire-wood, another buried in a load of clean rice-straw to protect from the damp ground at night, a third with as many earthenware cooking and drinking vessels as he can carry, while a fourth comes carrying a pot of ghee in one hand, and his *chadar*, or mantle, done up into a number of small bundles containing flour, rice, pulse, &c., all to form the day's meal for himself and party. And so the people in camp come and go and move about, making a varied picture of stirring interest and life and character. But our attention is painfully drawn to another class of creatures altogether, though with their common-

wealth and confidances, their warriors and miners, just like the human race. A stinging sensation in one of the lower extremities made us aware of the presence of a multitude of red-ants, (*Formica rufa*) who, in fiery rage, had asserted their right to the spot on which we stood. Liberty is a very glorious thing till you happen to find a neighbour settled near you, then it loses most of its charm. So to indulge these savage little neighbours we step aside as carefully as we can, being more merciful to them than they to us. But what busy processions of them are coming and going up and down that grand trunk of that giant mango tree, to and from their ingeniouly constructed nest of new leaves. If you wish in the Spring-season to destroy a wasps' nest, which without leave or license on the part of its owners, has been silently and gradually formed in a corner of the roof of your verandah, you may speedily and most effectively take your revenge by cutting off the branch of a mango tree with one of these swarming nests constructed upon it, and fastening it up just under the comb of the wasps ; for you will soon see the little red monsters seize and make quick work of their larger but helpless enemies. These ants are fond of keeping in their nests the *aphides*, or plant-lice. In fact they preserve them as we do goats and cows, for milking. These red-ants are called by the natives *benbut*, or *mor*. Snakes, deadly or otherwise, avoid the nests of these *formicæ rufæ*, as they would a blazing fire, There is a proverb in Persian which says, *Dar ḳhana-e-mor mar na mibashad:* A snake cannot live in the house of the red-ant. Native scholars apply this to the impossibility of a vicious character living in harmony with good people. There, too, goes a long line of black ants (*formica nigra*) just as ferocious in their way as the red ones. They are making straight for a circle of salt, which one of the pious camp-followers has just formed as a work of great merit in his uncertain transmigratory course. These big hungry warriors with their antennæ bent in the form of an elbow examining every thing they meet, will, if you attempt to disturb them

in their progress, show terrible fight with their two strong horny mandibles, which they dexterously use as pinchers, tweezers, scissors, pick-axe, fork, and sword, and will not hesitate to draw blood if they can get a grip on your soft flesh with this formidable weapon. The small black ant is called by the natives, *chúntí;* and the large species *chûnta.* To pronounce these words properly you must know the nasal sounds in the French language. These *formicæ* have their nests down in the ground, which they raise but slightly above the level. These are also fond of the plant-louse, and in their subterranean abode they keep multitudes of these *aphides* to suck and feed on their droplets. This underground household is under the special care of the above hard workers, who not only rear the *larvæ*, but provision and defend the nest. Not so do those soft white ants construct their building we see yonder, working so industriously on the earth-castle they are raising up high above the ground. Three feet above the base protected by material of great solidity, this rounded ant-hill *(formicarrum)* is as dry and hard as flint, but two feet higher up is quite wet and soft; and if you pierce this part you will see hundreds of these busy creatures at work in their cells. This hillock is nothing more than the exterior envelope of the nest, which is carried under ground to a very great depth. Avenues, cleverly contrived, lead from the summit, when completed, to the interior. In fact these ant-hills are perfect fortresses defended by a thousand ingenious contrivances, which are carefully barricaded and guarded by devoted sentinels always on the *qui vive.* This kind of ant is not always constructive, but when they work in human dwellings are most destructive. This is the learned and literary species; for they are very fond of both written and printed compositions, and will most eagerly devour whole volumes. There is nothing in fact pertaining to letters and literature with which they are not acquainted. We sadly know it; for many a precious volume have they cost us! We have taken down a favorite book to read, and, lo and behold, we have found it

swarming with these destructive ants, and the inside eaten through and through, into big holes or worked up into an unreadable mass of pulpy matter! This kind is named *dímak*, and many have been the remedies proposed against this ubiquitous foe to every thing eatable and destructible but all in vain. We have known them to so honeycomb the walls and perforate and eat the timber of a house, that it had to be pulled down and rebuilt. The only safety against them is to build nothing *kachchá*, or with clay ; but thoroughly *pakká*, i. e. with lime and burnt-brick. An ant-eater in this country would be a very valuable animal to breed and train. But studying these ant-tribes must not make us forget our own species ; and so turning from our red and black friends we are soon deep in familiar talk with a *dhalaiti* sepoy, or soldier who carries only a sword and shield. And pleased we are to hear from him that since the "*Agent Sáhib*," as the Agent is called, came into power, wholesale cheating and robbery, bribes and rascality have almost disappeared from the *Ráj*, or Native Government ; and that justice can now be obtained without money and without price. And now that the decision of the Privy Council has been given in favour of the elder Mahárani, or queen, it would amply pay both the *Ràj* and the Provincial Government to secure permanently the services of an officer and gentleman of the present Agent's ability and character ; which we have no doubt they will wisely do. But the horses are beginning to whinny, the dogs to bark, and the camp-followers everywhere to bestir themselves about, as if they were quite innocent of the *huqqa*, or pipe, and a lazy chat—sure sign that the "*Mem-sahiba*" and the "*Sahib*," Mistress and Master, are near at hand. There comes a train of elephants, the sagacious animals cautiously feeling about with their sensitive trunks as they slowly mount over the deep ditch which bounds the camp ; there a line of camels tied to each other's tails with their arched-necks, their lolling tongues, and guttural grumbling tones ; and scattered here and there following on, a miscellaneous mixture of palanquins,

ponies, coolies, watchmen with their iron-bound clubs, and soldiers with swords and flashing bossed bucklers, all streaming in to seek the rest and shade of the welcome camp. There comes our polite friend of the big turban with his "*salám*," or peace, from the *Mem-sáhiba*, and soon we are comfortably seated under a cool canopy of canvas, named a *shamiyána*, conversing with one of God's elect, rich in intelligent Christian experience, and deep in sympathy with all God's true workers. The daughter of one of the best of men and most learned *savant*, as well as the most Christian Lieutenant-Governor the North Western Provinces have ever seen, and which we hope these rich provinces may one day see the like again, it was to be expected that Mrs. A— would give a kind welcome to an itinerant Missionary, though he may be of the Methodist type; and that she would say much in a quiet way, that would tend to strengthen faith, brighten hope, and quicken and increase love for all the members of God's great spiritual household. But the flow of reason and the feast of soul, not to mention such a mundane thing as a good breakfast, must not be allowed to drive from memory the purpose of our being here in the Agent's camp, and also the fact that our Mahádeva friends, pro. and con., though comfortably accommodated, are anxiously waiting to have their case settled; so our tall blue-eyed kindly spoken arbitrator, Major A—, requests us to go with him to his office-tent, where rewards and punishments, more of the former than the latter we should judge, are meted out without flattery, abuse, or bribe; and soon we are listening to the most unblushing falsehoods on the one side, and a simple statement of facts on the other. The faslehoods defeat themselves; for they are so inconceivably absurd that *prima facie* they settle the question as to which side is really in the wrong. In a court of justice in this unhappy country it must be as strange a thing as it must be satisfactory to a judge, to have one side even speak the plain honest truth, and the side to speak the truth will generally be found the *Christian* one. Thus our friends return to Mahádeva, the

one bound over to keep the peace, and leave the widow with free-will to act, the other to have their schools and other work go on without let or hindrance. Thankful that the matter has so far been settled, we seek a cool quiet nook in the good Major's hospitable tent, where with the modified light upon our back, we can scan and skim the pages of the Illustrated papers and enjoy a quiet siesta. That good old Indian meal, *tiffin*, enjoyed, the sun warns us that we have eight miles of rough road to traverse on our old pony, and the sooner we prepare to start the better chance of reaching our camp in Balrámpúr without difficulty. But our generous thoughtful host has a much better plan than mine for getting us quickly and more easily to the end of the journey. So, ordering out one of his fast elephants with a Hindi Persian name, *Pavantez*, swifter than the wind, he kindly put him at our service. The *pílbán*, or driver, makes the brute kneel on his hind legs, while our turbaned friend lays hold on the tuft of hair at the end of the elephant's tail, and twists that appendage into a loop, on which we step and mount up on to the thick heavy pad on *Pavantez's* back. Promptly obeying the driver's voice as well as the driver's blow from his iron-hook, before we have hardly time to shout "good-bye," and seize the ropes of the pad, the elephant, true to his name, is off swifter than the wind. We feel considerably more at ease when we cease dodging the thick branches of the trees in the Park, though we have not Absalom's head of hair, and find ourselves fairly out in the open, going over ditch and field and plain straight as the crow flies, for the city of the great Ràm. In this way our swift though ponderous conveyance does our eight miles in four, and we are just in time to see our tent fall and our "*lain-dori*" start for the first stage on our way into the Tháru country.

But to properly describe our way into the Thárú country, we must have recourse to our unpublished journal.

Camp, Rám-nagar, March 9th.—This is ten miles from Balrámpúr on the road to Tulsípúr. A good camping place

in a fine park of mango-trees, a large well of good water, and a number of large villages within easy walking distance. Before leaving Balrámpúr we baptized a young blacksmith from Nepál, now employed by the Maháráni, or queen, of this city of the strong Rám. He heard our preaching in the *chauk*, or open place in the city where the daily market is held, his heart was touched, and he came to our evening service at the tent. He declared his faith in Christ as the only Saviour of his soul and we received him by prayer and water-baptism. He brought his young wife with him, and we took her name as an enquirer. And we may here mention, that on our return from revisiting the Thárús, satisfied with the progress she had in the meantime made, under *Natha* and his wife *Gulába*, a Christian family in Balrámpúr, we also baptized her. But to our work in camp. In the evening, after our customary service of prayer and praise, we divided our party, one band going to the village of Rám-nagar, and the other to the village of *Mondua*. The first is the abode of Brahmans, and the last of *Kurmis*, a tribe of husbandmen sometimes called *Kumbis*. The brethren who went to the former reported the kind reception they had received from the sons of Brahma, and of two or three becoming inquirers. Our work among the Thárús, they found had greatly excited them, and they were full of questions as to our motives and intentions regarding these forest people. This gave our brethren a good opportunity of showing these high-caste men how a man becomes a Christian, and our mode of making disciples of Jesus Christ. We joined the band who went to the *Kurmi* village. The sun was just setting in a musky atmosphere, and the evening promised to set in cool, as we left the camp. On the road we saw a *karait*, a snake of a very venomous kind, lying across our way, formed like a cork-screw with its head raised, its fiery eyes gleaming, and its fatal sting darting quickly out of its poisonous mouth. There it was in all the glory of its suttle beauty of color and motion, with certain death in its touch. One of the brethren aimed a blow at it with the light stick he

carried, but missing it the thing of death glided swiftly into the tall grass that grew by the side of the road, and disappeared. It is sad to think that thousands of natives die annually in these provinces from the remediless bites of these venemous reptiles. This gave us a text from which to preach to our *Kurmi* friends when we reached their village. We collected the whole village in front of the head-man's house, and told them the simple story of the two great incarnations.—One, the old serpent from hell, full of the poison of sin to destroy ; the other, the son of God from heaven, full of the salvation of love to save. All are bitten and destroyed by the one ; the precious atonement of the other is the only remedy for the fatal poison of sin. A few of our audience were so impressed by the solemn truths they heard that they asked us *how* they should apply this wonderful remedy for the awful bite and poison of sin to themselves personally ; but as we were explaining the omnipresence of this Almighty Saviour, and that we lay hold of him by faith. Their relations, male and female, seeing them so moved, and being alarmed at the idea of their becoming "*Kristáns*," (Christians,) they exerted themselves to rescue them from us. They succeeded in getting them away ; but not before they had promised to pray to this everywhere-present and all-loving Saviour for themselves. We left this village to return to our camp with the deep impression in our hearts, that the Lord would yet raise up these convicted souls to be witnesses for himself in this village of *Mondua*.

On our return to camp we found from 25 to 30 Brahmans from Rámnagar, the village our brethren had just visited, headed by one of the Maháráni's mukhtárs or managers, waiting for a *bhent*, or interview, with the *guru* or teacher, as they called us. We had a lantern hung up to one of the ropes of our tent, a carpet spread out in front of the latter, and then had these friends seated. After we had gone through the *bhent*, or touching the rupee in the manager's hand, we seated ourselves among them. Most of our native brethren were seated with us. The first thing they asked was

for us to explain to them what we had specially done to gain over the Thárú people to us. We simply explained to them the Gospel we preached to the Thárús, and its blessed results. We pointed out to them that as God in his nature is *one;* as the human race in its nature is *one;* so there was *one* Mediator between this one God and one race, that *all* in him might be saved. They then asked if we would state to them what we really considered *Ram*, their god, to be. I replied there were two *Ráms*, the *historical* Rám, the son of Dasaratha, King of Ajodhya, who succeeded his father and reigned over the kingdom of Oudh with Ajodhya as his capital ; and the *mythological* Rám, or the *avatár* of *Vishnu* to slay the giant Rávana and his family. The former we believed in ; but the latter, judging from his character as given to us in the *Ramáyana*, could not possibly have been an Incarnation of the Living and True God. *First*, as all God's blessings are universal, i.e. for the *whole* human race, so the blessing of an Incarnation should be for *all* men, without respect to nationality, language, or color, caste or position ; but Rám was only for a certain class and people and country ; therefore Rámchandra could not be a true avatár. *Second*, a true Incarnation should possess the same nature aud attributes as God himself. Now, Rámchandra did not possess a single *upamá*, or likeness, to the Divine Being, as even *reason* tells us that likeness should be. For instance Rám was not *Omnipotent ;* for without the aid of Hanumán, the monkey-god, he could not deliver *Sítá* his wife from the demon ravisher, Rávana in *Lanka*, or Ceylon. Rám was not Omnipresent nor Omniscient ; for when *Sítá* was lost in the forest, Rám did not know where she was or what had become of her. Rám was not merciful ; for he ordered a poor man of the *Shudra* or fourth caste, to be cruelly murdered because be was found reading the so-called sacred *Shástras*, or Hindú Scriptures, near a holy tank in *Lanka*, or Ceylon. Rám was *not spotlessly holy ;* for on his return from slaying *Rávana*, before entering *Baikunth*, the paradise of *Vishnu*, he washed away his

sins in the waters of the *Ghaghrá*, near Faizábád in Oudh, since that time named the *Guptgár Ghát*, or the place where Rám is supposed to have disappeared. As if ashamed of their fabulous Rám, they answered us that they neither believe in an historical Rám nor in a mythological Ram, but in a *Spiritual* Rám ; and to confirm this they repeated the following *Chaupái*, or four-footed metre :—

"Jap málá, chhápá, tilak,
Sware na eko kám,
Man káche náche brithá ;
Sánche ráche Rám !"

A rough prose translation of which is—Muttering charms on the rosary, marking sectarial signs on the forehead with coloured earth, these are all sounds without meaning, dancing about in the mind unripe and vain ; the real thing is to be attached to *Rám as the truth.* Of course they were making straight for pantheism ; but we headed them off by preaching the Lord Jesus Christ as God's Incarnation for the entire race of man, and as possessing the very Divine Nature of God, his attributes and perfections. If we compare the life of Rám in the Rámáyana, with the life of Christ in the New Testament, we shall see what an infinite difference there is between the two amounting to no comparison at all. To express this the Natives have a saying : *Kahán rája Burj, Kahán Gungá telí ?* Where is the King Burjh, Where is the oil-man ?—i. e. there is no comparison. At the conclusion of our service these men of high caste, with their foreheads marked and their breasts stamped with the lotus and the trident as worshippers of *Vishnu*, the second person in the Hindu triad, bowed their proud heads as we supplicated for mercy at a Throne of Grace, and entreated for the Holy Spirit's strength and power to lead them into the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. They left us much impressed by a gracious influence they had never felt before, and earnestly promising to visit us in Gonda. One of the Brahmins cried in *Sanscrit* as he was leaving us, "*Satymeva jayate.*"

"The truth will conquer!" "*Amen*, and AMEN!" we answered back. It reminded us of the old Latin saying —*Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

Camp, Tulsípúr, 10th March.—We were up at the sound of our bugle-call in the grey dawn of the morning, and on the march to the above place ere the eastern sky was even flushed with the glory of the approaching king of day. Soon after leaving camp we had to make a long detour of what the natives call a "*go-rút*," cow's path, of two miles, on account of of a very deep *kúlá*, or water-course, running right across the road. As we made this circuitous route we started a whole covey of partridges that would have delighted the heart of an English sportsman. The Hindus hold these birds, which they call *títarí*, in very great veneration; for in the days before there was a *written Veda*, and these sacred songs had to be delivered from teacher to disciple orally, *Yájnavalkya* was cursed by *Vaisampáyana* his teacher, for some arrogant behaviour, in consequence of which he had to disgorge all the *Yajur Veda* texts he had learned from his master. But the disciples of *Yágnavalkya* prayed themselves into partridges in order to pick up these tainted texts and retain them. Hence these texts of the second oldest *Veda* are named *Taittiriyas*; whence this gray-colored mottled-brown game bird has been exalted into the regions of the fabulous. Musing thus we cross a stream and frighten away a large flock of wild ducks (*Anas casarca*), called by the natives *chakwi*. These are the late ones in migrating to a colder clime. This bird is also held sacred by the Hindus, and they think that our killing them is great sacrilege. This *Brahmaní* goose, as it is also called, is the *turtle dove* of Hindú poetry. They sing its praises for constancy and connubial affection; and the singular circumstance of the male (*chakwá*) and the female (*chakwí*) being doomed for ever to nocturnal separation for having in days of yore offended one of the Hindú divinities, makes them think these birds still more sacred: whence it is written—

Chakwá Chakwí do jane, in mat máro koe ;
Ye máre kartár ke, rain bechhorá hoe.

"Male and female these two, kill them not any ;"
Those doomed for wrong-doing, divorced for nights many.

According to the popular belief the male and female of these birds are said to occupy opposite banks of a stream regularly every evening, and from twilight to day-break go on exclaiming alternately to each other :—

Chakwí, main áún ? Nahín, nahín, Chakwá.
Chakwá, main áún ? Nahín, nahín, Chakwí.

"Female, may I come?" "Never, never, male."
"Male, may I come?" "Never, never, female."

They do not seem very divorced now, however, as they fly one after the other in a quivering line following their leader as he cleaves his way through the air direct north. We too are cleaving our way in the same direction. The brethren are visiting as they go along the villages, or hamlets, that rest on the sides of the way, while our assigned work is to converse with the passers-by, or those who are travelling the same road. Sometimes we meet with a broken marriage procession resting near a well of water, cooking their food, or quietly sitting in groups smoking their *hukkas*, or pipes. Then we stop and enter into conversation with them, leading up gradually to the great theme which constrains our hearts to speak to them. We leave them with a shout "*Masíh kí jai !*" Glory to Jesus ! and then press on our way till we have covered ten miles of ground, and come in sight of our tents. Thus handling the Gospel-plough and carrying the seed-basket of truth, we break up the ground and scatter the seed as we journey on ; but we do not forget that we are "*labourers*" sent by the "Lord of the *harvest*," with sharpened sickle to cut and bind the precious sheaves in the field covered with ripened golden grain. For the quickening breath of the Almighty can sweep with amazing power over the fresh young blades, and ripen them in a moment ready for the joyful gathering and the heavenly garnering.

Arrived at 9 o'clock A. M. ; and, after reading welcome letters

from home, breakfast, and our usual morning service in camp, we went over to Tulsípúr to look for a house to rent or otherwise for a Native preacher and his family. Tulsípúr is made up of one bázár, about a mile in length, with a Government school-house at the head on one side and the Government hospital opposite. Both the school-master and Native doctor came out to meet us, and said they would get us a house *at once*, but we found they were like the Irishman's "poet of a horse," better in the *imagination* than in the *performance;* for after we had traversed the long street twice, followed by all the gamins and pariahs of the place, and had made all the inquiries possible, we could find no suitable place for our purpose, so we returned to the space in front of the hospital, and opened our service for a large crowd which had gathered there. The Native doctor and the school-master sat in front of us, and listened attentively throughout. On our way down the street, just before, we had been told of a poor woman, who, in a fit of jealous rage, had thrown herself down a deep *pakká* or masonry well. This gave us a subject for our preaching: 1. Man has thrown himself into the *well of sin.* 2. He cannot in that condition *save himself.* 3. He is therefore *lost.* 4. "Jesus Christ came into the world *to save sinners*" just in that state. What a man wants who has fallen into a well, is some one strong and willing enough to *pull him not.* not one to *push him further in.* All the pretended Avatars of Hinduism have been *destroyers*,—one to destroy *Rávan*, another to destroy *Kans*, &c. Christ alone stands before the world as a SAVIOUR. He is not only a *professed* Saviour, but an *actual* Saviour. He has drawn *us* up out of the well of sin, and *millions more*! Again, one man fallen down into a well *cannot save another in the same position and condition.* The *Vedas* and *Shástrás* all declare their gods and *Avatars* to be "*páp-drishu an*," conscious of sin, and "*pap-sammát*," equal in sin. There is not one *pure* god, or goddess, or *Aváter* in the whole Hindú Pantheon. How can one lost sinner save another lost sinner? But even the greatest enemies of

Jesus Christ confessed him to be the only sinless One. Pilate the Roman judge who tried him for his life, declared to the Jewish nation that he found "*no fault in him!*" and the New Testament, or the Life of Christ, shows him to be the *spotless Lamb of God.* Hence not being in the well of sin himself, he can save those "to the uttermost" who are in it; and, therefore, he is the "*Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.*"

These were some of the thoughts we expressed in Hindi to our interested and most attentive assembly, and which were taken up and further illustrated and enforced by personal experience by the other brethren who spoke. When we were about to give our customary invitation a Brahman shouted out, "*We will never become Christians (Kristán).*" We quoted the saying:—

Pandí jí pachtáwenge,
Phir wuhi chane ká khawenge.

A Brahmam's wife gets some chick-pea (*Cicer-arietinum*) ready for her husband's meal, but he turns away in disgust and anger and refuses to eat it, but getting very hungry he comes back and devours it up. Then she repeats to him the above, which in English means: The learned gentleman will repent, and come back to eat the pulse he had rejected. This raised a great laugh from the crowd, but they sobered down again when they saw a *Kurmi*, or husbandman, come forward to be instructed, prayed with, and finally baptized. This man's family was afterwards received and baptized by Brother P. Grey. Our friends, the Native doctor and school-master also seemed much impressed and even convinced, but they valued what they had at stake more than the salvation of their precious souls.

After returning to our tent we found the family we baptized last year at the *Devi Pátana melá*, waiting to have an interview. They brought a *Kabír Panthí* priest with them for a *bhent*, or visit, to their *guru* or teacher. *Kabír* is the Arabic for *great* or *senior*, but is used as the name of a fa-

mous saint who broke away from the gross idolatry of the people, and sought to combine the doctrines of Buddhism with Theism. He flourished about the fifteenth century. He has a large following in the North West and Oudh. His followers are called *Kabir-Panthí*, sect of Kabír. Though not of high caste, they are all a respectable well-to-do people. When in Shahjahanpur in Rohilkhand in 1874 we had the privilege of joining in with a leading *Kabír Panthí* and *zamíndár*, or land-owner, named Piyari who, although not baptized, declared his faith in Christ, in establishing near his village an annual *Khudá-Shinási melá*, or Knowing-God fair. It was widely published, and though no trade of any kind was allowed, for three or four years thousands of Hindus and Moslems, and all the Christians in the District, met regularly at the stated time, and spent a week in discussing, according to certain rules accepted by all parties, which of the three great religions, Hindú, Islám, or Christian, was the true revelation from God. We believe much good was done at this kind of *melá ;* but what became of this purely religious fair after we were transferred to Cawnpore we have not heard. I mention the above to show what earnest theists these *Kabír Panthís* are. Kabír was a poet who wrote to ridicule and expose the errors and faults of idol-worship. In one place he says :—

Duniyá báoli dekhiyè ki páthar púján jáe,
Ghar ki chakki na púje ki jeker pisal kháe ?

Behold the world going mad to worship a stone !
Why not worship the hand-mill that grinds for thee at home ?

But to return to our converts and our friend the Kabír Panthí priest. We prayed with them, and then talked Christ to them—to the one to comfort and strengthen, to the other to convict of sin and to lead into truth by the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. We can only talk, exhort, and preach, *i. e.* sow like Paul and water like Apollos, "but *God* alone can give the increase." The best of us is only an instrument, an agent, a medium, a channel in the power

and grace of the Holy Spirit. "*When I am weak then I am strong*," said the great Apostle. But it is the trembling hand of faith stretched out of this weakness that lays hold on the almighty strength of God. So we realized as we parted from our friends, and retired weary and exhausted to our tent-bed. "One more day's work for Jesus,"—thank the Lord!

Sunday, 11th March.—A quiet day of rest in camp. Although hot in the day, the mornings and evenings are still cool and refreshing. This morning seemed particularly fresh and bright and beautiful. Seated in front of our comfortable Swiss-cottage tent, well pitched under the grateful shade of grand old mango-trees, *(Mangifera Indica)* in all the glory of their young glittering leaves and sweet fragrance of their profuse blossoms, the flecked shadows on the green grass, among which some village cattle quietly move and browse, the Native brethren in their pure white oriental costumes seated here and there peacefully reading some vernacular tract, or book, or, what is better, the word of God, the cartmen under the trees cooking their early morning meal of unleavened bread and pulse, while the smoke from their *gobar*, made (cowdung) fires curl up gracefully among the branches above, the turtle-doves cooing their plaintive and tender notes among the thick foliage of the branches over head, mingled with the distant hum of busy human life in yonder town, with all these pleasant sights and sounds, joined to a glow of grateful thanks to our bountiful Father in heaven for all his unspeakable love and innumerable mercies to us, the rest of the people of God is in our soul this blessed Sabbath morning. But there is the bugle sounding the note of preparation for morning service, and there, coming from the *tahsil*, or taxgather's house, we see the Mahárání's manager with a number of his servants and followers, all in their best array, moving towards our camp, while from the direction of Tulsípúr, decked also in their holiday attire, are coming the Native doctor, the post-master, and the school-

master, each with his own following, for all these are personages of great importance in a place like this. These with our Native preachers and servants made up a good congregation, seated on a carpet spread out in front of our tent. And a cheerful gratifying sight it was to see these orientals with their snow-white turbans, and variously colored dresses, without shoes on their feet, sitting in rows, and reverently bowing their heads as the great common Father is addressed in humble believing prayer. We take for our text Matt. 6 : 24—"*No man can serve two masters*," &c. As most present are educated persons. we preach in *Urdú*, which literally is the *camp* language. We remark in opening that although our friends the Hindus believe in *ten Avatárs*, we can show that, in fact there have been only *two Avatárs* : One in the form of a serpent, called Satan, who came from hell to ruin and destroy ; and the other in the form of a man, named *Jesus*, who came down from heaven to restore and give full salvation. Hence : 1. There are *two* masters. 2. Each master demands his own particular service. 3. All men, in every part of the world, whatever difference there may be in their color, language, or habits, are rendering heart-service to *either one or the other*. 4. What is the nature of the service given ? 5. What are the wages paid and pensions bestowed by each of these masters on their servants ? These five points explained, illustrated, and enforced made up our sermon to these people. A great impression was made, and doubtless many of the subordinates present would have declared themselves, had their superiors been out of the way. After the service many of these lingered about the camp, seemingly lothe to go away, while others went with the Native brethren to their tent to hear more of the Words of Life. The assistant manager of the Maharani's estates in these parts remained behind to converse with us alone. He put a number of interesting questions regarding the person and character of our Lord, which

showed his interest in the truth had been fully awakened. I found him to be a *Kashmírí*, (Cashmere,) *Pandit*, and well up in Persian, as well as a fair scholar in Arabic. He asked how I could prove there actually existed two such master personalities as I had described. I answered him by putting the question, "Do you believe in the existence of two such master principles as *nekí*, righteousness, and *badí*, wickedness?" He at once promptly replied from the Persian verse:

Harí kí nikúí kunad ánash rasíd:
Wa harí kí badíe kard ziyánash rasíd.

Whoever does *good*, that shall come to him: and whoever shall do *evil*, destruction shall overtake him.

So then, we said, *good* and *evil* are facts. Now as these two principles could not create or come of themselves, much less could the one produce the other, therefore, they must have their *bání*, or authors. He then quoted the well-known Arabic saying:

Khairahi wa Sharrahi min Allah Táalá.
Good and evil both come from God.

Of course what is here meant by *sharr*, evil, is *wickedness*.

We answered that if he could prove that bitter water could come out of sweet, or that darkness could come out of light, then might he prove that sin or moral deformity came out of the infinite perfection of Purity. Besides, we say, "How can you call God an infinitely *just* God, who strictly renders to every man what is his due, when he creates a man a *káfir*, or a sinner, and then punishes him both in this world and the next for being a *káfir* or a sinner?" He confessed he was convinced that all *evil* came from Satan and man's bad heart given up to Satan; and that all *good* came from God and from man's saved heart devoted to God. He said this was true religion, as it humbled man, and gave all the glory to God. When I urged him to decide for the Lord Jesus Christ openly, he rather shrank back and declined. We reminded him of the Arabic proverb,

Álimun bila amalin kasahábin bila matarin.

i. e. A wiseman without practice or decision, is like a cloud without rain.

He left us promising to see us on our return either in Balrámpúr or Gonda. We believe this Pundit will yet determine to confess Christ openly, and so take up his cross. It is something to bring a mind like this to form a definite opinion in favour of Christ ; but to bring it to the point of terminating the controversy by giving up name, position, family, caste, probable wealth, all for Christ, the Great Master, is the work alone of Him who bent the blue-arch of heaven, and turned the savage persecutor's soul into the loving preacher Paul. So we commit this dear soul in prayer to God.

In the evening we all assembled in the centre of the Tulsípúr market place, and began our usual service. Brother Peter Gray led the preaching, and Brother W. Fisk closed with the customary invitation for those who are undecided, to come to a conclusion to accept and confess Christ for the salvation of their souls. One great advantage of giving such a direct invitation is that it brings your preaching down out of the region of airy abstract, and makes it a living reality and intensely practical thing. If it were not so serious, it would be really amusing to watch the faces of a crowd when such an earnest invitation is being given. On some you see astonishment visibly traced at the presumption of the inviter ; on others you observe the unmistakable lines of disgust that any one should think it possible that *they* should become *Kristan*, or Christians ; on a few you notice a ripple of fun playing that all the seriousness of the occasion cannot repress, such are ready for any joke the event may call forth ; but on many countenances you heed the marks of a troubled conscience struggling to blot out the fear of accepting the invitation. For these your silent prayers go up to God that they may be brought to a speedy determination to decide for Christ. It is a *power* not human that will bring these convinced souls out before such a mixed assembly to kneel with us, and seek pardon of sin and peace of conscience ; yet some did come out under the influnce of this

master power; and though they were seized on, and carried off by their so-called friends, still that wonderful power remained with them to work out its own will and pleasure.

Camp, Janakpúr, 12th March.—The last time we visited the Thárús we marched from Tulsípur by way of Bhagwanpúr, No. 1.; but wishing to see the forest more to the east, and preach the gospel in new places, we have taken this route. When we reached the end of the Tulsipur bazar we turned obliquely to the right and crossed the *Naki Nadi*, or water-way. Our road then ran along the jungle through a great sea of waving wheat fields ripening to the harvest. Some say wheat will not grow so near the forest, but finer wheat than this, both in ear and stalk, we have seldom if ever seen, It was cloudy all the way, so had a cool and comfortable ride of eight miles or more. Reached camp just in time to escape a severe thunderstorm. We found our tents pitched on rising ground under some *tikwi* trees near where they are building a new Forest-house. Hence though the rain poured in torrents and the hail fell in pieces as big as do ves' eggs, we were dry and safe. The storm raged nearly all day, rooting up trees or cutting off branches, and flooding the park and surrounding country with shining water. The only inconvenience we were put to was confinement to our tents, and difficulty in getting food cooked. With regard to the latter, our old servant managed to rig up a temporary shelter, and being good at *cuisine*, though the thunder leaped and roared, the lightning raged and flashed, and the hail pelted and threatened, yet he had soon a smoking hot breakfast on the table: the fumes of the coffee pleasantly contrasting with the odors the rain and hail were bringing up from a camp previously occupied by hundreds of carts and oxen. One thing a storm like this enables one to do, and that is to study the insect world; at least, that part of it which relates to the *Orthoptera* or straight-winged insects: such as the *mantes*, cockroaches, and earwigs. The first (*Mantis religiosa*) especially is always to me a source of amusement. There is one, which as soon as the tent door was opened, came

in with a spring and a bound, and settled on the carpet near where we are sitting. There it is, its head and thorax raised, and the joints of its front legs clasped together as if in the solemn act of prayer; but you are soon stripped of your delusion when you see that rash fly approach our silently praying friend. As quick as thought it seizes its victim between the sharp spines on its legs, conveys it to its mouth, and devours it. It watches; but it does not pray; except it be, that an incautious fly may come along, so that it might pitilessly destroy it. But there is a hideous creature just started from under the fly of the tent on a voyage of discovery for crumbs of bread or any other kind of food. It is a real specimen of the Indian-cockroach with its red-brown color and repulsive smell. *Blatta orientalis* will go and give notice to his neighbors and kinsmen, and when night has fallen on us, and the lights are out, they will come in hundreds to infest our tent, run over our bed, and perhaps over our sleeping person, and greedily devour all the food they can get at. This omnivorous animal is a great pest in our houses—getting into our wardrobes and eating our clothes like moths. I have a kinder feeling towards that earwig (*Forficula auricularia*), which has been driven in by stress of weather to look for some vegetable food to carry to the female, watching over her eggs with such maternal solicitude at home. We have long found out that this *forficula* is a very innocent creature; and that the popular belief about its getting into the ear and penetrating to the brain, is sheer nonsense. This harmless animal is a strict vegetarian, and is besides fond of flowers; so it cannot be very bad. But while we have been studying these insects, the rain has ceased, the clouds have rolled away, and what there is left of the afternoon sun has come out to partially dry our tent, and make it possible to go abroad. Before, however, we could take advantage of the lull and temporary break in the storm, we had to construct rough bridges of straw and fagots to reach the higher ground from our tents. When we came out we

found a *kánphatí*, or ear-pierced priest, from the *Devi Pátan* temple at Tulsipur, come to have a *bhent*, or visit, with us. He was seven feet high, and stout and well made in proportion; a perfect giant, and handsome withal. Two heavy wooden rings hanging down in the lobes of his ears greatly disfigured him. He would have made another fortune for Barnum; especially as he told us he claimed direct descent from *Mahádeo*, the ordinary name by which *Síva*, the third person in the Hindu triad, is known. He assured us we could find his story told in the *Mahábhárata*, or great poem relating to the fight between the *Kurus* and *Pándus*. The *Asuras*, or inferior gods, possessed three castles, bestowed on them by *Brahmá*, the supreme, which were indestructible by all except the deity who should be able to overthrow castles by a single arrow. All the other gods grew jealous of this power, and applied to *Brahmá* for superior power to overcome the *Asuras*. *Brahmá* referred them to *Síva*. The latter informed them that they could only storm and take the castle by taking to them *half his strength*. They replied that this would crush them; but they proposed that *Siva* himself should undertake the task aided *by half their strength*. *Síva* consented to this, and so with his strength, added to all that of the other gods, became *Mahádeo*, the great god, or stronger than all the gods. We told him that we could put in the same claim with just as much evidence to support it! Besides, we said, if the *Mahábhárata* declared *Síva* to be greater than all gods in the *Parasuráma*, a legend is also given in which *Vishnu's* superiority to *Síva* is plainly shown. And *Lakshmí* contended that her husband *Vishnu* was more powerful than *Síva*, because the latter had worshipped the former. Moreover we told our ear-pierced friend that to have descended from this, *Bhúteshwara*, the lord of Goblins, as *Mahádeva* is sometimes called, is nothing, from a moral point of view, to be very proud of; for in the "*Síva* Purana" he is named as the "delighter in *gánja* and inebriation;" that nude and drunk he visited a *veshwa*, or woman

of the town ; and that the true character of this god, with the matted hair and ash-smeared body, with the snake-threaded necklace and garland of skulls, is known by the fact that he is universally worshipped, in India, especially in Oudh, by the *Linga*. This foul image may be only a symbol to the minds of a few philosophical Hindús ; but that it is an innocuous thing to the people generally, we know positively to the contrary. The crude image of the reproductive organs, both male and female, is to be found in every Hindú village we pass through ; and it is impossible for these people to hear at the *Holi* festival the legends which account for its being the recognised symbol of *Síva* without impure thoughts being suggested by it. At the great Hindú *melás* held in Oudh there is always a place set apart to the honor (?) of this god,—at least so the people understand it,—similar to the "*Succoth-Benoth*" we read of in 2 Kings, 17 : 30, i. e., *tents of young women*, places of prostitution, built by the Babylonians in Samaria. This latter, of course, was not mentioned to our *Kánphatí* visitor, but is given for the information of the reader. Our friend, however, with regard to *Síva's* character, only remarked that,

"*Jitne man, utne mat.*"

So many men, so many opinions ;

meaning, that *they* had their opinion of things, and *we* had ours. We told him there were such things in this world as *right* and *wrong*, as well as a Holy God and Supreme Judge, to make a difference between them. Even in this world

Páp ko dukh, puṉya ko sukh,

To vice pain, to virtue gain,

is a doctrine we all more or less accept and act on. He assented to this ; and then we preached Christ, the *Nishkalaṅk Avatár*, the pure and spotless Incarnation, to him. He asked why our *Avatár*, Jesus Christ, did not mix with the people and do more what they did. We answered he did mix with the poor and suffering people, but only to do them good and set them a right and safe example. Shall he

who punishes sin himself commit or cause sin to be committed? We then translated the Persian proverb:

Sháhás bishikár magase namiáyad,

An eagle does not hunt a fly;

meaning thereby, that a man of a truly great mind cannot trifle. There were a number of people from the adjacent village who had gathered round us while speaking, and who when leaving cried, "*Satyá! Satyá!*" the truth! the truth! Our descendant from the greatest of the gods thought he would make an apology for his divine ancestor before he left us, so he said the reason the gods went wrong was *máyá*, or taking upon them this delusive flesh. We answered with a trite but forcible saying: "*Sánch ko ánch kyá?*" What! can fire injure pure gold? He said, that was true; and that he would try and remember what we had told him of the only real Saviour Jesus Christ. So the giant left us, to be, we pray and hope, a wiser and better man.

Camp, Janakpúr, 13th March.—Could not march this morning on account of rain, and the wet sodden condition of our tents. The storm raged furiously all night. Our *khalási*, giver of salvation, *i. e.* tent-pitcher, was up most of the night with mallet in hand, to keep the pegs deeper down as the ground softened, and so prevent the tent flying off or collapsing over us. The tent shook and strained and trembled so much at one time that we thought every thing was going. Outside was darker than the darkeness of common night, and the awfully vivid flashes of lightning, which preceded the terror-exciting burst of heaven's artillery, made the darkness blacker. The blessed consciousness that the God of the stormy elements is "Our Father" in Christ Jesus, calmed our minds and made happy our hearts. We were glad when the day broke and the sun shined forth; but we must defer our marching till the afternoon. An *ahír*, cowherd, came from the village near, to tell us that a tiger had carried off one of his cows. It must have strayed away and got into the jungle, and there the cruel pitiless watcher must have pounced upon

it. We told him, and the others who came with him, that was the way man strayed from the true and living God, and put himself in the path of the great destroyer, Satan. But unlike the cow, we had been persevered even in our wickedness; not that we might presume, but repent of our sins, and receive and believe the good news of a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. "Silver and gold" we had none to give this man, but such as we had we gave him. We then had an old fashioned class-meeting with the dear native brethren in our tent, while the outside was drying in the heat of the sun. In this meeting we took our bearings and learned our latitude and longitude on the ocean of spiritual life, and were all greatly comforted and blessed with new strength and hope. The brethren seemed led out in prayer—specially for the Thárús, and for those among them whom we had expected would oppose us. Then we marched into a village of cowherds, to call them in the name of Christ to repentance and faith; but we found the cholera last year had made terrible havoc among them. Where there were ten in a house, now there is only one! We told the few who gathered about us that there was a more fatal disease than this deadly scourge of cholera abroad, killing its thousands and tens of thousands daily, and that was SIN! But unlike cholera, sin was not remediless. Thank God, we were able, through his mercy, to bring the remedy to their hearts and homes in the ever-present almighty person of the Lord Jesus; and that we were living witnesses of his love and power to save. They asked what they should do. In answer we used our favorite illustration of the man fallen into the well. There was only one thing to do, and that was *to lay hold* of the rope thrown him. The rope we throw is the rope *that saved us.* It can never grow old; for it is as ancient as God himself. It can never fail; for it has God at the other end. There is something as mysterious about it as God himself; for the sinner in the well of darkness and trouble and death has only to clutch it and, as quick as the lightning, he is

up out of the well, saved, in a sphere of light and love and life! The Lord blessed and owned his word, and all came out as professed inquirers. We should have baptized them that afternoon, but as their village belongs to the priests of the *Devi*, goddess, temple at Tulsipur, it would have greatly complicated matters; and the converts themselves were of the opinion they had better wait. So teaching them how to pray night and morning in the name of Jesus, and not to fear the supposed *bhúts* and *prets*, demons and goblins, about them at night, but when afraid, to repeat the name of Christ, we had to leave them for work in camp.

After *tiffin*, midday meal, we had our tents thrown down and packed on the carts. This was no easy matter, as the tents were thoroughly saturated with the heavy rain, and so took all our combined strength to pack and load them. But we felt very thankful for their protection during the height of the storm last night, as they saved us from probable serious physical injuries, and enabled us to do the work the Great Master had given us without distraction of mind. It was still cloudy when we started, but it cleared up on the road, and the sinking sun tried to make up by his parting heat and brightness for having clouded and shrouded himself all the morning time. Our way lay through deep water-courses, over very rugged undulating ground, and through forests of the *karaundá* bush *(carissa carandas)*. These bushes bear a berry-fruit, of which the natives are very fond, and of which English ladies, who know its virtue, make a delicious jam. Just now these large bushes are all covered with blossoms, which fill the air with a sweet perfume, that repay us amply for the labour of getting through the *kulas*, or ravines, and over the broken ground, to reach them. From these bushes we started a number of jackals, called by the Tharús, *kolá*, or *srigál*. These carnivorous animals supply the natives with a number of witty sayings and apt idioms. Where we would say of a wicked rascal who had narrowly escaped death, "He has robbed the gallows," the na-

tives would say *Usne kolon ko dagha diyá*, " he has *cheated the jackals.*" And certainly these scavangers of the towns and villages make very short work of a dead body. A bullock falls down dead from old age or cruelty at night, and in the morning you see the skeleton picked as clean as ivory, bleaching in the rays of the burning sun, and fit to set up in a museum. Before reaching camp we passed through a beautiful grove of *babúl* trees *(Arabica, Rox.)*, or acacia trees. These are the most useful trees of their kind in India. They produce a valuable gum, and the bark, being a powerful astringent, is used in tanning by the *chumárs*, or shoemakers. These trees also are in full blossom, and emit a most delicate odour, very pleasant to the senses. We owed much of our safety in the storm last night to this kind of tree ; for the pegs in the ground which bore the strain, were made of the hard wood of this species of *mimosa*. But what particularly attracted our attention to this *babúl* tree was the number of birds' nests pendant from the branches. These weaver-birds, (or passerine birds of the family of finches, species *Ploceinæ*,) are remarkable for their skill in interweaving small twigs and blades of dry grass to form their nests, each nest hanging to a branch of the above tree by a single thread, and in shape like the bottle gourd. The natives call this bird *baíyá*, which they instruct to fetch and carry, and which the Hindus specially teach to snatch the ormamental patch or wafer from the foreheads of their mistresses. Like the pretty crested *bulbul*, or nightingale, it is a bird of good omen, and imitating the Persian poets, the natives are fond of singing their praises. The Poet Sádi says of the nightingale :—

Bulbula, muzhda-e-bahár biyár ; khabar-i-bad babúm báz biguzár ; Bring, O Nightingale, the tidings of spring ; leave the bad news to the *owl.*

There is no animal that annoys us more at night in camp than this latter, the *búm*, or small owl Perched on the branch of a mango tree right over your tent, you hear the unpleasant monotonous sound of *boom*, BOOM ! re-

peated till you become so utterly wearied by the dull tiresome tone that you must get up to pelt it away. The name of this ill-omened bird exactly represents the sound it makes. This owlet is a great contrast to yonder *Nil-kanṭh*, blue-necked jay (*Coracias Bengalensis*), sitting on the end of a branch, and looking at us so complacently and knowingly as we ride by. The Hindus worship this bird because their favorite god, *Mahadeo*, is named after it. And this god is called by this name because his throat was stained blue' by swallowing the poison produced by overchurning the ocean with the mountain *Mandara* by the *surs* and *asurs*, (demons) to procure the *amrita*, or water of life, which gives final emancipation. Thank God, the true *amrita* we have in Chirst. "*Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him* SHALL NEVER THIRST; *but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water* SPRINGING UP UNTO ETERNAL LIFE." (John 4 : 14).

But there are the pleasant welcome sounds coming from yonder park of teak trees, and the smoke curling up from the fires, which tell us we are close to our camp, to food, and needful rest. The *pesh-ḳhaima*, or tent sent on ahead over night, had, on account of the storm and great difficulties of the march, only arrived an hour or so before; but there is sturdy, rough, but willing dear old *Bhujan*, who has been our faithful honest tent-pitcher (*khalási*) and general servant for 25 years, dexterously handling mallet and peg and rope, so that we shall soon have a comfortable and cheerful canvas-covering over us; and there comes another dear old servant, *Ḳhán Mohammed*, of thirty long years standing, with a cup of hot coffee, his skill and use know how to make exactly to our taste. And why should not a missionary have such comforts on such an itinerating tour as this? I am sure if our fastidious friends, who object to a missionary enjoying any creature comforts at all, could be in our place just now, they would be very glad and thankful to take that same cup of coffee, and to seek the rest and protection our tent can

give them. In fact I have found, how much soever these squeamishly critical friends object to missionaries having bungalows, and servants, and carriages, and tents, they are only too ready themselves to visit at these bungalows, to make use of these servants, to ride in these carriages, and to enjoy these tents. And we ask, why should they not enjoy the hospitalities of the missionaries?—especially when without any worry or the least trouble to themselves, they obtain all these comforts *gratis*. We would ask our over-nice friends, however, the meaning of the Christian word, *charity*. The Persians have a proverb which they apply to persons who, delicate to a point, yet who by no means avoid that point when it costs them nothing: *Khudrá fazíhat, wa dígarerá nasíhat, i. e.*, To self, license, to another preaching: Don't do as I do, but do as I tell you! Of course, we do not strictly apply this to our punctilious friends. No, it is not by "might nor by power,"—neither by the power and might of monasticism, nor by the might and power of a married life of moderate comfort and decency, but by the *Spirit of the living God* this country is to be won for the Lord Jesus Christ. Of course, the Spirit of God will work through those means which are most in accordance with the teachings of His own word, and most infused with the spirit of living faith and holy expectancy: at least, this is what church history teaches us.

But there, I hear the welcome sound of a *bhajan* or hymn vibrating the air and acting on our soul as the war clarion's shrill note on the spirit and courage of the soldier, bringing us off our seat, and from our coffee, and out of our tent, to join in the blessed work of saving souls. Our brethren had collected about thirty Thárús in front of their tent, and were singing and praying for, and preaching to these sons of the forest. These Thárús did not belong to Chandanpur, but came from another part of the forest, and were employed carrying wood for the Forest Department, this (*Mansúrwa*) being a station of the latter. So we join the service, and then urge on this simple people the claims of the Lord Jesus, and invite them

to throw in their lot with their brethren of Chandanpur. They said they could do nothing without the *chaudri*, or headman, of their village. But they promised to come with their *chaudri* to our camp when we arrived at the end of our march. Many prayers went up that night for this *chaudri* and his people. Our tents here are quite near the thickest part of the forest, and as the darkness of night began to creep over the camp, and the stars to shine out above, and the fires to gleam out below, we could hear both far and near the ominous sounds of the savage beasts out prowling and seeking what they may devour. All the brethren were seated inside their tent, the door of which was open to the north, or the forest side. Near this door a brother was sitting looking out into the darkness, and watching the numberless fire-flies dancing and dodging about among the umbrageous branches of the dark forest trees ; all was as quiet as the calm after a storm. Suddenly this brother became conscious of some strange animal cautiously and slowly approaching him. He could see the dark form coming nearer and nearer ; and was so fascinated by it, or paralyzed by fear, one or the other, that he could not cry out. But just as the animal seemed to crouch for the final spring, he recovered his power of speech, and with a cry of terror he threw himself on the brethren sitting in the centre of the tent, "*Sher !* SHER !! (*A tiger !* A TIGER !!) went the cry from the tent out into the camp, bringing every one to his feet to seize stick, or club, or whatever weapon came to hand for self-defence ; but before the brethren could escape from the opposite door, the beast was among them barking and wagging his bushy tail ; for he was the big black dog which had followed the brethren from the last camping ground ! Poor fellow !—he did not live long after that ; for soon after we reached Chandanpur, a leopard seized and carried him off into the forest. What a glorious night it was, as after all the excitement of the preceding event had subsided, we sat in front of our tent and looked up into the serene blue heavens. Who could believe

that only a few hours ago all was black and thunder-riven up there?—that lightning bolts were falling from those very skies to sear and blacken and strike with death, to split the stoutest tree in the forest, and blast the hardest boulder in the bed of the river! Now observe the peaceful, innocent looking heavens. There, sweeping across the southern sky to sink behind the Sun, Pleiades, followed so surely by bright Aldebaran, leader of grand Orion, flanked on the left by Canis Major and Canis Minor, and on the right by Eridanus. Draw two oblique lines from Rigel and Betelgeux in Orion, and you strike Pollux and Castor. Continue the line to the right from the latter, and you touch Capella, the brightest star in the heavens—the star Adam and Abraham and our Blessed Lord often looked up to. What generations of men have this and fierce Algol in Perseus to the north, looked down upon passing on to death and judgment! Who can comprehend the distance that stretches from our tent door up to glowing Capella, and from thence past the greater and minor Bears up by the Polar Star to the unscaled heights of the Godhead? Yet when "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," that was the distance he travelled down to the lowly breast of Mary! Swifter to the rescue than Perseus yonder to save pure and fair Andromeda, chained in all her beauty to the glassy rock, from the scaly shiny monster Draco, came the Lord of Glory and the constellations to save our poor humanity from the ravishing destroying power of the old subtle serpent, Satan. Sweep on in all your magnificent grandeur, ye Southern constellations—roll on ye Northern groups around your glorious centre, in all your brilliant pomp and splendour, for the Eternal Word made flesh, who in "the beginning" spoke you all from dark chaos into bright cosmos, came down from the death of the cross and up from the gloom of the grave "*to reconcile all things unto himself, having made peace through the blood of the cross; through him I say,* WHETHER THINGS UPON THE EARTH, OR THINGS IN THE HEAVENS." (Col. 1: 20).

Camp Mansúrwa, 14th March.—We were aroused from sleep this morning by *Bhujún* to tell us a "*dáli*" had come from Gonda. This is a basket of presents of heterogeneous articles—bread, butter, fruit, vegetables of various kinds, meat, newspapers, a bundle of letters, in fact all that a thoughtful loving wife thinks necessary for the physical comfort and intellectual welfare of her lonely spouse in camp. Monkish and ascetic missionaries may preach as they like, but there is nothing like having a solid base of supplies in the shape of a dear affectionate wife in the station mission home we have left so many miles behind. We are quite sure the letters from our dear ones we read this morning before starting on another march, lessened not in the least our sympathy for the men, women, and children about us, nor in the slightest degree decreased our faith and courage in the blessed work in which we are engaged : much less did the good creature comforts received diminish that physical strength so necessary for this kind of work. We did not start till after noon to-day, as we allowed our tents, baggage, carpets, and other things, to dry and sweeten in the *ghám*, or sunshine. The first time we encamped in this place two years ago, we started direct for Chandanpúr through the heart of the forest, and made only one march of it; but then we had the pleasant guidance and assuring presence of the Forest Officer with us ; now we have only his *chaprási*, or messenger, so called from his wearing a *chaprás*, or breast-plate. Hence we do not risk a direct march through the thickest and most dangerous part of the forest, but follow a road that skirts the latter, and winds about up and down till we reach *Siswá*, ten miles from *Mansúrwá*, and another station of the Forest Department. On the road we met a number of our male Thárús, not troubled with much wearing apparel, with their nets fastened to long poles, going on a fishing excursion of some days. They each and all acknowledged our claims upon them as their religious teachers. When we asked them in their *patois*, "*Tum ne áshish pá'i ?*"—they answered at once with a nod of assent,

and a "*Hán, hán.*" We asked them in whose name they prayed to God; they promptly replied, "*Prabhú Yishú Masíh,*" in the name of Jesus Christ. We were much encouraged by this; especially as when we arrived at camp we found a number more Thárús, whom we had baptized, waiting to welcome us. We reached *Siswá* at four o'clock p.m., and found our tents pitched in a regular timber-yard belonging to the Forest station here. To-morrow the timber will be auctioned off; and hence the presence of so many carts and oxen. This gave us a good opportunity of preaching to the drivers. *Siswá* is a Musalmán village of about 200 houses. We had scarcely got settled in our tents when we were besieged by sick of all kind from this place. The people here imagine that every European is a born doctor who can treat any manner of disease at a moment's notice; and that he carries about with him every kind of medicine mentioned in the Pharmacopœia. Here were spleen, fever, opthalmic, cutaneous, elephantiasis, leprous and numerous other diseases which would puzzle the most clever physician and most skilled pharmacologist in Christendom, let alone a layman novice like me. We do what we can with the simple medicines at hand, and earn the thanks, loud enough expressed, of these poor people. But they do not leave us before they learn to know something of the disease of sin and God's wonderful remedy to meet it. In the evening, after the sun had disappeared, and the twilight was dying out, we all went into the village, and took up our position in front of the *Zamindár's* house. This native gentleman brought out bedsteads for us to sit on, and had a woodfire lit for us to see by. A good number gathered about us, sitting here and there to listen to the *bhajans,* and prayers, and preaching. We asked the landholder where their *masjid,* or mosque, was. He replied we have put up a stone as our *Qibla,* that part to which Mohammedans turn their faces when at prayer, and which is supposed to point to Mecca. Every respectable Musalmán has his *Qibla-numá,* or kind of astrolabe used for finding the

bearings of Mecca. This headman I found acted as *Moulvi* and *Peshnamáz* to his village, that is, teacher and leader in prayer. He apologized for not having a *Masjid* in his village by quoting the well-known saying of Musalmáns under the circumstances: "*Ab na dída, taiyammum barkhást*," when we can't procure water, then we use sand; or we must make the best of every thing. If we can't have a mosque, then we must be satisfied with a stone. This man listened very attentively as long as we kept to the points of agreement, but when we began to show who the true worshipper was, he and his followers got up and respectfully retired. One Musalmán, however, was very much impressed, and remained throughout our service. Our subject was, "*Who are God's true worshippers?*" And we took for the basis of our remarks our Lord's parable of "*Two men went up to the temple to pray.*" The points of agreement were, 1. *Prayer* is necessary. 2. Prayer to *one God* is necessary. 3. *A proper place* in which to worship God is necessary. The points of disagreement were, 1. The true worshipper is he *who has taken his right bearings*; the publican took his right bearings and was *humble;* the Pharisee did not have a correct estimate of himself, and so was *proud*; *a self-righteous man can never be acceptable to God in prayer.* 2. The true worshipper of God is he who comes to him *through the medium He himself has established.* "*I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no one cometh unto the Father, but by me.*"—Jesus Christ (John 14-6). "*He is able also to save to the uttermost them who come unto God through him,*" Jesus Christ (Heb. 7 : 95). 3. Gods' true worshipper is he who having his heart made new by the Holy Spirit, "*worships him in spirit and in truth.*" (John 4 : 24). The Musalmán who listened so attentively and earnestly throughout, was a contractor, who had come to take *muzábanat*, i. e. purchase corn in the field as it stands, without weighing or measuring. He had a large contract on these *rabbí*, or spring crops. Hence when he came with us to our tents, and expressed himself thoroughly convinced that Christ alone was the true Savi-

our, and we urged on him the necessity of confessing this Saviour openly in baptism, he urged as his excuse for putting this latter off, that he would be ruined financially ; but would come to us in Gonda when the spring harvest was cut and gathered and garnered in, and then throw in his lot among us. We believe this man is in earnest, and will come some day to redeem his promise. This man was convinced by the preaching, but he was drawn out in the above way by the invitation given at the end. We believe more and more in *striking the iron while it is hot ;* for if you give time to let it cool, it will become harder than ever before ; and we know from the parable of the sower, that if you give any time, the devil will take advantage of it to "*immediately*" step in and destroy the good seed sown ! How much precious seed, sown all over the land this past season, has been lost by not imitating our great enemy and "*immediately*" following it up, not as he does by destroying, but by loving invitation, and after prayer and instruction be the means of quickening it into taking root downwards and springing upwards to the air and light in blade and ear and rich harvest. If you preach the truth to a man, you ought, at least, *to give him the opportunity of acting upon it* : otherwise, why preach to him ? People will believe our preaching when they see us anxious and in earnest that the impressions our sermons make should there and then deepen into honest decision, if not real conversion. Having written so much in our journal, we step out into the cooler air outside our tent, to take another look at our friends the grand constellations above us, and to wonder at those millions of lesser, yea, comparatively infinitesimal lesser lights which set the whole forest aglow at this time. These *jugnú*, or fire-flies, (lampyris) are believed by the poor people about here to be the spirits of past generations who are allowed out of their prison-house at night by the lord of *Pátál*, or hades, to wander and flicker among the leaves of the trees till the gray dawn of the morning. But the moon moving up the heavens like an eastern queen in all her beauty of mellow light

and power of subtle influence, will hide the stars and the fire-flies alike from our view, and relegate them to the region of fancy. Poets in all lands have had much to say about the queenly moon. An old Sanscrit writer says,

Ekashchandrastamo hanti na cha tárágaṇairapi,

The one moon dispels darkness, and not even star heaps can withstand her. But she herself will be eclipsed and wholly obscured when the glorious orb of day shall appear. So when the "*Sun of* RIGHTEOUSNESS" *arose* "*with healing in his wings*," (Mal. 4 : 2.) He surpassed in glory all other dispensations and ministrations, and darkened every pretended revelation; "*For if that which passeth away was with glory, much more that which remaineth is in glory.*" It is very significant that the emblem of Islamism is the crescent moon, so it is borne in the Turkish standard. The moon thus in her first quarter, part in light and part in shadow, partakes of the nature of the sun and of the earth. But it is the glory of Christianity that it has for its grand emblem, not only the Cross, but the "SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS" that strikes into obscuration star-heaps and moons! It is the "Cross" that suffers; but it is the "Sun" which rules and reigns. Musing thus, we withdraw to our tent, and betake ourselves to prayer and rest—if indeed our tormentors, the mosquitoes, will let us enjoy the last.

Camp Siswá, 15th March.—The early beams of dawn soon break up our short eastern night; so if our insect enemies should have been busy with us, puncturing our skin and sucking our blood, during the night, then much quiet rest and sleep could not have been ours. This was our experience as we were roused this morning from a late and deep sleep; for the *machchars*, gnats *(culicida)* with their sword-in-miniature stings, had raised wounded bumps on our hands and face which were most irritating and painful. The presence of a pool of water near our tent accounted for the visit of these culicida to our tent, and the lamp we always keep burning must have attracted these dangerous companions to us. We found the above pool filled with the *larvæ* and

pupa of these human blood-suckers, and watched with interest the gnats emerging from their boat-like sheaths. We might have brought mosquito-curtains with us ; but even those we find are no remedy, unless you can devise a plan for getting in and out of bed without lifting said curtains; for the very moment you do so lift them these waiting cunning little creatures rush in to prevent any possibility of sleeping, as much by their buzzing as their stinging. *Diptera* insect-life serve the natives for a number of idioms and proverbs. One is : *Machchar kí jhúl ká chor*," a thief who steals the housing of a gnat! *i. e.* a petty pilferer, or a mean fellow. But our brethren are ready to visit a village to the north, so standing in front of our tent, with bare heads, we implore a blessing on our morning's work, and then start through the wheat fields. The herdsmen are all astir driving their long lines of cattle forth to their several grazing grounds on the borders of the forest. This is a pausing time for the villages. The last watering of their fields has taken place, and now they are waiting for the sunbeams to ripen and prepare the corn for the harvest and the gathering in to the threshing-floors. So we find all the people in the village we are visiting, and soon have a goodly number of men, women, and children listening to our service of song and preaching. In a village like this we do not stand up and formally preach, but we take the seat offered us, and thus seated with the people we sing, and pray, and preach : or rather we *talk* to the villagers in familiar language. One *banyá*, or corn chándler, was much impressed by the word spoken, and came out on invitation and declared himself a disciple of this great *Guru*, or teacher. Some others would have come out, but they were ashamed to do so before their friends. We found afterwards that these people had an idea that we wanted to take them away from their village and their home to form a kind of colony elsewhere. We sent them word that we wanted them to remain where the Lord called them ; to give up all idolatrous practices, and to worship God in the name alone of Jesus Christ. We hope to hear more from

this village. We returned to camp to have breakfast, strike our tent, and start for Chandanpúr, the centre of our Thárú work. We left at two o'clock p.m., having divided ourselves into two parties, so as to take different routes and visit as many of our baptized villages as possible on the journey. Both bands met a number of Thárús on the road and in their villages who gladly acknowledge them, and confessed themselves still disciples of the Great Saviour in whose name they had been baptized. We all reached camp much encouraged with what we had seen and heard and done on this march. We found our camping place to the east of a small hamlet, under the shade of a few mango and teak trees. The forest *kothí*, house, to our right, where we stayed two years ago and began our wonderful work in these jungles, is now gleaming out in its whiteness, all lifeless and lonely; for the dear friends who occupied it last year, and entertained us so hospitably, are far away in another district; and as we think of them, their kindness, and cheering presence, the pain of the loneliness of separation creeps over us, and we long to see their pleasant faces and hear their cheery voices once again. When this dreary cheerless feeling comes on, as it does sometimes in the loneliness of camp life, especially the first day away from all the beloved ones, nothing restores the soul to lively joy and hearty cheerfulness more than a few moments of prayer and communion with an ever-present sympathizing Jesus. Thank God for this blessed privilege. We had not been long in camp before dear old *Jurás'* brother came to see us. He told us of his brother's death from fever; that when conscious he said he was going to Jesus; and exhorted his family and those about him to remain faithful to their Saviour. Then after him came one and another of our old friends, till we had a goodly number to join us in our evening service in our tent. They were all eager to have us visit their several villages on the morrow; and we were as earnest in promising, *Deo volente*, to surely come and see them. Alas, we found death had been busy among these poor forest people since we were last in this place.

Not only *Jura*, the first we baptized, but *Rámá-Bábá*, and some twenty others of our converts, had passed away, we trust, to the Better Land. Had our work here two years ago only ended in giving these dear departed ones *hope* in life and in death, it would have paid us for coming among the Ṭhárús at that time. After these dear visitors had left us for their several village homes, we had a special meeting with the brethren to arrange our plan of working, and how to make the best use of the time we have at hand, as it is fast getting too hot for tents, and then have a season of praise and thanksgiving for all God's mercies to us and protecting care over each and all of us, since we left Gonda, on a very trying and difficult, and sometimes dangerous march ; as well as to intreat His gracions favour and blessing upon us and our work during our stay in these unhealthy, tiger-infested jungles. Thus ended our first half day in our revisit to the Ṭhárú converts.

Camp, Chandanpúr, 16th March.—Noticed a greater change in the temperature of the tent last night and this morning than we had yet experienced. We fear we must bid farewell to any more cool nights and mornings for this season, and brace ourselves up for enduring the closeness of the tent or of the open outside the tent, at night time, and the active heat of the tent all through the day. To the end of this month, however, both the closeness by night and the heat of day are bearable in tents ; after that, we had better be in Nebuchadnezzar's " burning fiery furnace " ! And yet, from the end of March to the 15th June, is the very best time for itinerating : that is, as far as the natives are concerned ; and we have often wished we had the consitution to stand and endure this dry-hot season of the year. But after over 30 years' mission work, with only eighteen months as an interval of leave and so-called rest in our birth-land, we somehow miss the *stamina*, or strength to endure this part of the season, we possessed the first 25 years of our service for the Great Master. Thank God for the measure of physical strength still vouch-

safed to us ; and that from the 15th of October to the 15th of April of the year, the Lord condescends to help us to labor for him in spreading his glorious Gospel throughout this "Garden of India." And when obliged, by nervous prostration to beat a retreat to the restoring invigorating climate of Naini Tal, we by no means live an idle-life ; for, besides gathering new physical strength, and renewed mental vigor, and brightened spiritual hope for our winter compaign, we help all we can in the work of the Lord going on in the station, freshen up our studies, and store in knowledge of various kinds, and do a reasonable amount of translating and composing work for the Press. Of course, we say nothing of our regular correspondence with the dear brethren in Gonda, and its seven out-stations. When the Great Captain lifted us out of the military saddle, after the stress and danger of the sepoy-war were over, and gave us a better warfare to accomplish, even the "*Good fight of faith*, in mission work, he enlisted us in this work *for life ;* so we intend, by the grace and strength of God, to fight on till we finally fall into *an Indian grave.* Our motto here on Indian soil is that of the Roman general, "*Aut vincere aut mori.*" Our kind readers will pardon the above form of "boasting," but they will understand it has nothing to do *whatever* with the question of *merit* on our part. "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,*" by which my soul alone is saved, and save in "*mine infirmities,*" in which is displayed the *exceeding richness* of the grace of God.

But there is sounding the bugle note of morning prayer and preparation for our day's work ; so like a "good soldier," we must be ready at our post and on the *qui vive* for the Master's service to-day. After a blessed season of waiting on the Lord in prayer, and the study of a portion of His word, one band under brother Peter Gray, and another under ourselves, leave the camp for visiting our Thárú villages to the north of the forest. We made our way to *Bhaunrisál.* On the way we met here and there many of our Thárús cutting their patches of wheat and barley. We stopped at each place, called them

together, and had service with them. They all seemed glad to see us, and expressed a hope we were going to stay among them permanently. *Bhojú*, choudri of *Bhaunrisál*, and his son came out to meet us. The father threw his arms round us, and cried with joy to see us. When we had crossed the bed of the River Bhámbar, then a deep watercourse, and had entered the village, we found all the men, women, and children of the place ready for our service. There were also some Nepalese soldiers from the *chauki*, station, who had come from curiosity to see us. We had our service of song, and prayer, and exhortation; and then we questioned and instructed each present. After we had finished this work, *Bhoju* and his son brought us out rice and milk and plantains to eat, while the women brought us water for our hands, &c. We were greatly encouraged by this morning's work. When we were leaving, *Bhojú's* wife brought us out a number of baskets of different sizes, which they had made from various colored rushes, and the outside of which they had covered with stringed seeds and small shells. The seeds thus strung together with shells are named *gumchi* (*Abrus precatorius*). The plant is a species of wild liquorice which grows in the jungles. The Natives also call these seeds *rati*. These baskets, the Thárús call *moni*, or *mauni*, because they converge to a point, make very unique drawing-room ornaments for the corners and walls. The shells on these baskets are also worn by the Thárú women as necklaces. Sometimes you will see a Thárú woman with a series of these threaded-shells hanging from her neck to her shoulders. Our other party had gone to *Phúngi*, and were as successful there as we had been in our village. The Thárús every where gladly received and welcomed them. When we returned to camp we found *Lakshman*, the choudri's brother of *Bushahr* had brought his mother suffering very badly from rheumatism in her limbs. We prayed with them, and then applied some "Jacob's Oil" to the sick mother in the name of Jesus. The Lord blessed this simple means for this woman came walking with her son

next morning quite cured. The news of this spread all over the place, and every day while we remained here we had thus to treat one or two cases of this painful disease. The wife of *Jura's* brother was as quickly and wonderfully cured of this inflammation affecting her knee joints, as Laksbman's mother. In the evening we all divided into parties of threes, and went in as many different directions to visit as many Thárús as posible. Ourselves and two other brethren went to *Bhágwanpúr* No. 2, four miles from camp. This is where we had our best work two years ago, where two of our best workers died of fever. When we arrived at the village we found the women and girls all at work constructing *maṭkas*, or large earthern jars, in which, when smeared with cowdung and baked and dried in the sun, the Thárús store away their food and seed and rice and wheat and other grains. *Jurá's* widow was so employed, but when she saw us she came and threw herself weeping at our feet. We said what we could to comfort her? She then rose and took us to her house, and brought all her children out. In the mean time all the other women had collected about us, and the men and boys coming out of the harvest fields, brothers Gray and Downey and ourselves had prayer with them, and then addressed words of instruction and comfort to them alternately. We then went visiting, as far as the custom of the people would allow, from house to house. We have two bright lads in training from this village. It was late when we left the village, but by the help of our lamp and a guide, and the special care of the Lord over us, we arrived in camp to meet the other brethren without any misadventure. All the prayers offered up before leaving Gonda, and every day on the march to this place, for God to open the way into the hearts and homes of this people, have been fully answered, and our faith has been greatly strengthened and our spirits inspired thereby.

Camp Chandanpúr, 17th March.—Went this morning to see a sick *Paháṛin* or hill-woman in Bushahr. Both she and her husband were baptized two years ago, and both have remained

faithful since. We baptized their sister; and others from among the cowherds coming in, we had service for them. Brother Joseph Downey speaking from his heart was greatly blessed in addressing them. The wife of one of these *ahírs*, or cowherds, had her heart touched, and with a child in her arms, and leading another by the hand, she came to where we were sitting, and said she wanted to give herself and children to the great Saviour she had just heard of. Her husband, however, would not allow her to be baptized. That evening she came with her two children to the service we had in our tent, and continued to come every day as long as we remained here. Five of those we baptized two years ago died of cholera in this hamlet. We heard from these *Paháŕí* Christians about the Nepalese *guru*, or teacher, whom we baptized also when last here. How he went among the villages in *Deokár* and the Rapti valley, breaking and casting out their idols, and telling them to serve and worship only Christ. He is still going among them speaking of Christ as the only Saviour. When we returned to our tent we found the forest *Bábú*, or Assistant Conservator of Forests, waiting to see us. This Bengali gentleman we found to be very intelligent, and though not a Christian, very much in favor of Christianity. He was anxious to know all about our Thárú work; so we began *de novo* and explained it all to him. He seemed greatly interested in our narrative, and promised to help us all he possibly could: which, as an officer in charge of the Government part of the forest, he is able to do. This gentleman was of great service to us afterwards in putting up our two schoolhouses and Native Preacher's residence. We owe much to his kindness and substantial aid. We saw him often, and I hope the conversation we had on religious subjects, and the books we gave him, will be helpful in leading him to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. We had also a visit from Lakshman and his father from *Bushahr;* and we settled the question respecting having a school in

their village. This school is to begin on the 1st proximo. We are more and more encouraged regarding our work here. If we can only establish good *Hindi* schools all through these jungles, and get a number of the youth under our care and instruction, all, with God's blessing, will go well. This evening, too, we brought up in the meeting the important subject of who among the brethren present were to remain here and labor among the Thárus till the beginning of the rains. After prayer we called for two volunteers, and brothers Joseph Downey and Kanhai Lal offered themselves for this special service. These two devoted brethren were duly appointed by Rev. T. S. Johnson, M. D., our Presiding Elder; and both labored faithfully in this difficult work up to the end of June, when they were driven in to Balrámpúr by the malaria of the jungle.

Camp Chandanpúr, 18th March.—Another holy Sabbath morning has dawned upon us. We had special service for the brethren, and we preached from Jeremiah 9: 23—

I. *What men are not to glory in.* 1. In their wisdom. 2. In their riches. 3. In their strength.

II. *What men are to glory in.* 1. In understanding Gôd's *righteous* character:—The punishment of sin a necessity, &c. 2. In understanding God's *loving kindness*:—The redemption from sin and its punishment in Christ a glorious certainty. 3. The cross of Christ an expression both of the righteousness and loving kindness of God. 4. Men's wisdom, riches, and strength can have no place here. 5. When men's hearts are touched by the life-giving Spirit of God, then they delight only in things which God delights in—righteousness, judgment, and loving kindness. These thoughts expanded, illustrated, and applied were greatly blessed by God to each of our souls. After this special service we had a meeting for all the Thárús who were able to come to our camp. We had singing and prayer, and then we explained the nature, purpose, and proper use of the *Sabbath-day*. The Sabbath was, of course, an institution they had never heard

of before we came among them; and for generations, how many who can tell? they have never rested from their daily hard labour, except on their religious festivals; so it is not surprising they should at first be very slow to understand its claims upon them. It was only when we urged the facts that the great God had *commanded* us to keep the Sabbath as a day of rest; and that by obeying this command we could do *more* and *better* work, besides saving a greater amount of money, than by not keeping it, that they seemed to understand it. We remember two years ago, after our return from this Thárú work, a gentleman asking us, if these new converts kept the Sabbath day or not. His question showed that he had in his mind a number of converted *nominal* Christians, who for generations had been trained to the knowledge and outward observance of this Holy-day, and not the poor benighted souls just wrested out of heathenism! *Knowledge* and *habit* are necessary to the attentive performance of any duty—especially this act of external worship, the keeping holy the Lord's day. No ignorant people like the Thárús can attain to this knowledge and form this habit in a few days or weeks. If it was necessary for the *Jews* to have instruction on the plan of "*precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, there a little.*" (Isaiah 28 : 10). How much more is such a system needed for these poor Thárús?—especially when they have to receive such teaching from "*men of strange lips and with another tongue.*" The fault is not in setting up a standard six feet high, but in expecting a man only four feet in height to measure up to it. Compared to that cut and polished stone in the plastic hand of the master-mason, that piece of rough rock, just blasted out from the parent bed, is a very unsightly thing; yet the former would be impossible without the latter. We would respectfully say to our critics, "Go and learn what this meaneth," "*Omnium rerum principia parva sunt.*" The French have also a saying, "*Pas a pas on va bien loin,*" step by step one goes a long way; but

there must be the *first* step, these poor people have been blasted out of their parent bed of heathenism ; they are very small in their beginnings ; but they have taken the *first* step. Christian brothers, with two thousand years of Christian teaching and practice at your backs, do not take these poor defaulters by the throat, but have patience with them, and they will pay you all!

It is well to practice what we preach; so we do not go to visit any villages this afternoon, but make it a time of rest and quiet thought: though at night we have a good experience meeting on the old Methodist lines.

Camp Chandanpúr, 19th March.—"*Sáhib, ḍák ái.*" Sir, the post (has) come! These are the words which wake us up, and call us back to full consciousness this morning. But, please, mark the difference, *ḍák*, not *ḍálí*. Letters are acceptable at all times—when not with *insufficient* stamped on them—when they come from dear ones at home, or from lively racy correspondents ; but would not a nice piece of gram-fed mutton, a pot of *home*-made butter, a bottle of gooseberry jam, some fresh vegetables, and a few newly baked loaves have also been acceptable this Monday morning, eh? No, alas! Two fatal things turn all such luxurious realities into idle fancies and make them as unsubstantial as castles built in air—*distance* and *climate*. The Arabs have a saying:—"*Ithá nazal-ul-qadaru batal-ulhatharu*," when fate has descended, caution has become vain. And what caution can provide the above dainty delicate edibles from the fate that distance and climate bring about. Meat would come with a "loud" odour; butter would be running oil; gooseberry jam would become a fermented mass ; vegetables would be limp and spoilt ; and the bread so hard it would take a Thárú's hatchet to split it! so for some days we have given up all idea of a *ḍálí*, and trust to the limited *rasad*, or provision, brought us by a *banyá* from *Pachperwá*: which consists of flour, pulse, rice, *ghí*, or clarified butter, and salt. This kind of grocer and general dealer sits under a tree in camp with a hempen rug under him to keep out

the damp, and a sheet spread over him to protect from the burning rays of the sun, and his open sacks before him full of the above eatables ; while by his sides, to the right and left, you see his scales and weights and account book, with pen and ink-bottle. He prefers to give us all, servants, native brethren and ourselves, credit for the time we are in camp rather than take cash ; because he has a better chance of overreaching us in the one than in the others. He is a pious man for all that, since he carries a rosary ; so when he is not serving out his groceries, he is running over his beads. Hence the clever bit of irony, *Rám Rám japná, paráe mál apná*, i. e. He repeats Rám Rám with one hand, and appropriates other people's property with the other !

So we are *nolens volens* vegetarians, except when a successful Thárú hunter brings us in a *jangli* cock or a fish ; but as a native brother remarked, "*galí pare bajáe sidh*," when there is a weight round the neck (trouble), then we begin to pray, i. e. *we make a virtue of necessity*. But we must leave our friend with his trade in esculents, and esoteric dealings, and turn to more important business. So with earnest prayer outside our tent, we start most of our brethren on their morning's work of visiting to the north-west of the forest, and instructing all the Thárú converts they meet or can gather in their villages or on their threshing-floors. Taking Brothers J. Downey and P. Gray with us we left for a visit to *Vishnpúr*. *Ramcharn* (the feet of Ram) is the *choudrí*, or headman of this village. Instructed by his Brahman friends, this poor man opposed us *pugnis et calcibus ;* but, as we have already mentioned, we made him a special subject of prayer for many weeks ; in fact we have never ceased praying for him privately. Hence we were not surprised, when last evening his son *Rám-ratn* (the pupil of the eye of *Rám)* came with a message from his father to say that he wished to see us. This young man remained an hour with us, and seemed much interested in the instruction we gave him. Two years ago neither this young man nor his father, nor any of the people in their village were baptized ; they were the

only Thárús in this part of the jungle who stood out against the gracious influence of the Spirit, and opposed us with all their might; but the Lord has heard and answered our prayers, and made even these our "*enemies to be at peace with us.*" This is the reason of our journey this morning. On the road we came on a party of Ṭhárús from *Bankatwa*, the first village we baptized when we began our work here, who were on their way to help in marking out the boundary line separating the Government forest from the Máháraní's. We stopped them and had an hour's service with them. They all confessed they had been baptized but had been persuaded by *Rámcharn* to believe that the certificates we had given them were to enlist them for service in the army; and they were all to be sent far away from their families and forest homes. Hence when any official asked them if they had been baptized, they denied it from very fear, and so we found the cause of the report which spread about that none of the Thárús had even been baptized! They had proved the whole of what *Rámcharn* had told them to be false, and were glad we had come among them again to teach them. They acknowledged us as their religious teachers and promised to pray to God in the name of Jesus Christ, and do every thing in his name. These people went on to their work, and we went on to *Vishnpúr* to ours. *Rámcharn* and his people received us very courteously, gave us beds to sit on, and a good breakfast of fresh milk, rice, and *chapátis*, thin cakes of unleavened bread. Then we had service with them. The Lord blessed the word to them. A number asked for the "*ashish*," the name they have given to baptism, which, of course, we are always ready to give when we are assured that those who asked for it are really in earnest, and have been touched and influenced by the word spoken to them. In this case we baptized three families of *Pahári Thárus*, who had settled down here and become a part of *Ramcharn's* community. The rest we thought had better wait till we came that way again. *Ramcharn* and his son were very earnest in asking for a school to be established in his village. This was after-

wards done. The Agent of the Balrámpúr estates, Major A., sent us a *parwána*, or order, for wood and grass of which to build a school-house. As soon as this written order came, *Ramcharn* turned all his men out to level off a piece of ground just on the outskirts of his village ; to cut wood and grass and twigs in the forests, and then erect the building. This was all done in three days ; and our school became an accomplished fact. This school will be for all the Thárú boys to the south of the forest. We returned to camp by another route, and on the way through a part of the forest we saw an old and very high *bansatí*, composed of sticks, straw, leaves, and rags, to keep away the goblins and spirits from annoying and injuring you as you go through the forests. But though we had no fear of demon or spirit, we did meet with something as we emerged from the forest, which, though it did not fill us with terror, it did with dust and sand and leaves—and that was a good sized "*bagúlá*," or whirlwind. It nearly carried us off our legs, turned our umbrellas inside out, and sent our solar-hats spinning to a distance. Ordinarily we like these whirlwinds at a respectable point back from the view. Then they look grand, with their progressive motions, moving in a circle round an axis, and winding upwards to a point like a screw. The hot weather is on us in earnest. Even with our adjusted umbrellas, and newly settled solar-hats, and taking advantage of all the shade we possibly could, still we suffered from the heat on returning to camp ; and thus warned to be home in our tents earlier in the day.

We found a number of our rheumatic friends waiting patiently for our return, in order to be unprofessionally treated. But all our "Jacob's oil" is exhausted, so we have recourse to kerosine oil : which is really a good counter irritant. But of this, too, we must be chary, or we shall be left to the light of the late rising moon. But in this land the queen of night reflects a brighter and clearer light than in colder climes ; so that, when in her full glory, we have often been able to read a page of ordinary print by her light. The Natives think the

chánd-got or moon-beam, is a very subtle, dangerous thing. Hence they will never sit or sleep in it if they can possibly avoid doing so. They believe, too, in *chandmárá*, or in one being moon-struck, causing *rataundhá*, or *nyctalopia*, night-blindness. The *moonstone* is believed in by both Hindús and Musalmáns. The latter name is *hajar-ulqamar*, and the former call it *chandra-kántá;* and both believe it to be formed of the congelation of the rays of the moon. Like the Persian, the Native poets are fond of comparing their beautiful women to it. For a woman to be called *chandra-mukhí*, having a face beautiful as the moon, is to be paid a very handsome compliment. *Sadí* says of a handsome lady,

Máh nekúst wale rúe tu zebatar azúst,

i. e. The moon is beautiful, but thy face is more becoming than it. Solomon speaks of the church as "*fair as the moon*," because of her brightness and splendour which she derives from Christ, the "Sun of Righteousness," as the moon does her light from the orb of day. We were reminded of all the above by a visit we had to-night from the *mukhtár*, or manager of the *Mahárání's* forest in these parts. He is out here to superintend the cutting of a boundary line in the forest, so as to avoid disputes between the *Mahárání's* chaprásís, messengers, and the Government peons. We found him a very affable and in many things an intelligent Hindú gentleman, and a Brahman by caste. As it was exceedingly close in the tent, the heat from the lamp making it closer, we proposed we should sit outside in the mellow moon-light. Our visitor said, he had no objection to sit outside if we would sit in the shadow of a tree, so that the moon-beams should not strike him, and gave as his reason that he was afraid of becoming *rataundhá*, or blind at night. He also declared that it was not so much the moon herself he was afraid of as of the *yoginí*, or the malignant invisible being who constantly moves in a circular orbit round the world. On certain days in the lunar month he is at certain stations in the east, west, north, and south, and all other points of the compass. Thus on

the 4th, 12th, 19th, and 27th, he is in the south-west. "Now," he said "your camp is in this direction, and this is the 19th day; so I have to take care I don't sit in his direction, or place him on my right hand." And just here we may remark that the *Islams* also believe in this invisible man, whom they call *Rijál-ulghaib*, the invisible *man*; the latter out of respect. Even in the "glorious land" the supposed deleterious influence of the moon on those who sleep in its beams was believed in. Hence the promise: "*The sun shall not smite thee by day*, NOR THE MOON BY NIGHT." (Psalm 121: 6). We tried to convince our *mukhtár* friend, however, that whatever power for good or evil God had bestowed upon his creatures the rulers of day and night, He, in his justice and goodness, would never leave his highest creature, man, the acme of creation, to the malignant caprice of such a being as the *yoginí*, or rijál-ulgaib. But, we said, this might possibly be a corruption of a true doctrine, that there is a great enemy of the whole human race called in Divine revelation *Satan*, or *Sathan*, i. e., *Dusht-átmá*, or the evil spirit, "who goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," (1. Peter 5: 8); that God has placed this rebellious wicked world under his power more or less, just as a righteous king puts rebellious subjects in prison under a *darogha*, or a jail-keeper, for purposes of severe discipline; and, hence, that he, by God's permission, exercises a kind of government over the nations of men. He it is who tempts men to draw out all the badness in their fallen natures, and to commit all manner of moral evil, so that through this evil he might work out his malignant purpose to rob God of his glory, and men of their souls. Then we preached Chirst to him: that from the beginning he was the *Nishkalank ávatár*, the Pure Incarnation, who was to bruise the "*head*" of this "old serpent" (Gen. 3: 14); and to destroy the *works of the devil* (1 John 3: 8); (Heb 2: 14); and that from the time of the first promise till the coming of this great Saviour, a copious stream of prophecy, broader and more abundant, as men

were capable of receiving it, flowed from God through his inspired people. The grand purpose of this Saviour is to redeem and save the *whole* world from this devil. He did not come to save a few poor cowherds about *Brindában* (forest of *tulsí* trees, or sacred basil) from the power of *Kaṇs*, a wicked tyrant; nor to save a single island, *Lanka*, or Ceylon, from the ravishing hand of another wicked enemy, *Raván*, but to save *the peoples of all the nations on the earth* from the power of the universal foe, Satan. Such a Saviour could alone be worthy of that God who "*maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust*," (Matt. 5: 45); so that the rays of the sun and the drops of rain should read us a lesson of our heavenly Father's *universal* love and care for his creatures. We dwelt specially on the *oneness* of the Saviour of our race, and the confusion and misunderstanding, as well as the inconvenience of having more than *one* to redeem and save. That on the principle that "*no man can serve two masters*," so no man can trust and hope in two or more Saviours. Our friend caught the idea at once; for he said, "If a man were to be seized by a tiger out of these jungles, and he called on *Brahmá* for assistance, and when this god came, he cried for *Vishnú*, the first would refuse to give any aid; and when he implored *Siva* to come, *Vishnú* also would depart; so, by calling on one after another of the gods, the others deny him their help; and through the jealousy of the gods the poor wretch is finally left to perish. Thus we sat far into the night, while our friend forgot all about the supposed baneful influence of the moon, and the calamity a wrong treatment of *yoginí* might bring upon him, so interested had he become in the history, person, and character of our Lord Jesus Christ. On taking leave of us he remarked that, if that was the Saviour we had preached to the *Thárús*, and in whose name they had received the "*chinh*" and "*áshísh*," the sign and the blessing, then he for one was glad; and would certainly aid us in this good work all

he possibly could. This gentleman has since helped us very much in carrying out our plans of labor among our people of the forest. We hope some day to see him a true Christian.

Camp Chandanpúr, 20th March.—While most of the brethren were out visiting, instructing and encouraging our Thárú converts to the south-east of the forest, we remained at the tents to receive another visit from *Karná Nídhán Mookerjee*, the Government Forest Officer of the Gonda District. He came to say goodbye, as he is leaving for another part of his District. Since coming here he has been very helpful to us, especially in aiding us to put up our large *chhappar*, grass-roofed, school-house at *Bushahr*, for our Thárú boys to the north. We had another very interesting conversation on the "National Congress" question. We contended that great possibilities of future national life were open to the educated Natives of India if they would only break through the iron circle of caste prejudices, give up the worship of idols, and accept the religion of Jesus Christ in heart, in home, and in every day life; but they must not expect to grow into a great national existence like Christian countries until they had fulfilled all the conditions necessary. It is only the *truth* as it in Jesus can make us really free. May this dear Native friend be soon led into the light and saving power of this truth. When this forest officer left us we went into some fields near camp where some *jogi Thárús*, men and women, were cutting and gathering in the ripe *chaná*, or vetches. This pulse or gram is very much used by the people. They roast it in a vessel, and eat it as a great luxury. At every *chaukí*, or station, the traveller finds a *bhar-bhúnjá*, or man who parches gram; with his fire of dry leaves and earthenware pan. For a pice he will roast you all the grain you need. In this country horses too, are chiefly fed on this nutritive food. The men are cutting and tying the vetches in bundles, while the women are carrying them away to the threshing-floor. The latter is a cleanly swept place under some large mango

trees. These *jogí Thárús* supply the *kánphatí*, or ear-pierced priests for the goddess's temple of sacrifice at Tulsípúr, as they are adepts in striking off by a single blow the heads of the goats and buffaloes brought for offering at the altar of the blood-thirsty *Devi*, or goddess. As they are harvesting an unusually large crop of every kind this year, we found these *jogís* in good humour, and ready to receive the word of exhortation. Not one of this tribe was baptized when the other Thárús joined us two years ago. The headman among them promised to send all the children of his village to our school at *Bushahr*. On returning to camp we started a large flock of sand-pipers, called by the Natives *ṭaṭihrí* (*Tringa goensis*). This is a bird of good omen, and thought very much of by the Hindús. It is said to sleep with its legs extended upwards, as if to prop the firmament; and so the proverb:—"*Ṭaṭihrí se ásmán thámá jáegá?*" *i. e.* will the sky be supported by the sand-piper? This applies to a person who undertakes an enterprise far above his strength.

In the evening half our band went to Bhagwánpur, and half to Bushahr. Successful services were held in both villages. We went to the latter, and were hospitably entertained by the parents of Lukshman. These good people told us that every day they prayed in the name of Jesus for their children, their cattle, and their crops. "This year," they said, "we have lost none of our cattle from tigers or leopards, our children have all been spared to us, and we have an abundant harvest." We rejoiced with them in their prosperity, and encouraged them to go on praying in this blessed and holy Name.

To-day our dear family leave Gonda for Naini Tal. We feel assured the Great Master will give his holy angels charge concerning them; and under such an escort they are as safe crossing rivers, travelling in trains, or ascending mountains, as we are here in these jungles. With this confidence in God as our "Sun and Shield," we sleep in peace and safety.

Camp Chandanpúr, 21st March.—This morning early, after our customary service, we all started for *Narewa*, the most dangerous and difficult of all our Thárú villages to reach. The journey made to this interesting place was described two years ago in our narrative of the Thárú work. None of its characteristic features however have changed since then. The shelving road, cut and seamed with abrupt gullies, with its deep break-neck hollows formed of rough stones and slippery clay, is, if any thing, worse than ever; and the tiger, the bear, and the leopard are just as numerous, near, and fierce as when we last cautiously moved along this forest line; but all the difficulties we meet with, together with nearness of danger, are amply compensated for by the rich grand foliage of the giant trees, the sweet odor from the creepers and orchids, the pleasant hum from the insect world, the delightful songs of the birds, and the hearty welcome we met with from our converts. Soon the cheerful sound of praise and prayer and persuasive speech goes out through the village waking up the echoing voice of hope in these long silent forests. As we cannot at present have a day-school opened for this distant village, we have arranged for brothers Downey and Kanhái Lal to visit it, at least twice a month, and hold a kind of Sabbath-school for old and young. After partaking of the simple hospitality of our poor people, and committing them to the care of our Heavenly Father, we make our way back over the same laborious way. Providentially the trees on either side completely shade the road, so we have protection from the rays of the sun, more dangerous than the savage beasts prowling about, nearly all the journey. In traversing the open cleared space from the forest to our camp, we met a company of *mazdúrs*, or men who come into the jungle to hire themselves out for labor in the harvest fields. For every twenty sheaves they cut and bind, they get one for themselves; and thus are they paid for their work. How vividly this gang of workers brought to our mind the words of the great Master:—

"*The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth labourers into his harvest.*" (Matt. 9: 37, 38). Thank this great Lord of the harvest, that like the above harvesters, we are not paid in money, "as silver and gold," *but in kind.* The gains of our harvesting are the precious sheaves the Lord gives us for the joyous songs of the last Harvest-Home.

This evening as a number of Thárús were coming to visit us, they were met by a Government peon and taunted by him with, "*Kyá, nám likháne játe ho?*" Are you going to have your names written down? *i. e.*, for foreign service. They complained to us about it, and so we sent for this *chaprási*, or peon. In looking into the case we found this man had been in the habit, for the last year, of going through the Thárú villages, and trying to frighten and discourage them in this way. The words used by this Brahman servant of Government are simple enough, but they mean much more than appears on the surface. They mean not only that the Thárús are to be sent away for the army, of which they have a great dread, but that they are to be fed with *cow's flesh*, a still more awful thing to them than being sent as soldiers. When we intimated to him that we would hand the case up to the Deputy Conservator of Forests, on a charge of intimidation, he fell at our feet and asked for pardon, as well as promised eagerly never to do the like again. Yes; we might cut his nose off, separate both ears from his head, and amputate both his feet, if ever he was found intimidating a Thárú again! Of course, we knew how much these exaggerated expressions were worth; still, as we did not want to get the man into any serious trouble, we thought a good scaring was sufficient; besides wanting to keep something *in terrorem* over him.

Camp Chandanpúr, 22nd March.—The Lord graciously met with us in our early morning meeting, and gave each of us a special blessing and earnest of victory for the day. Most of

the brethren, headed by brother W. Fisk, then went out to visit our villages to the north-east, while three others of us went over to *Bushahr*. First we had service in front of Lakhsman's house. Most of the women were employed in their household duties, some bringing water on their heads from the adjacent well, others constructing *matkás*, or big jars for containing the thrashed out grain, and others cooking the morning meal of rice. So we had not many of the women and girls at our service; but the men and boys were there, and seemed to seriously relish and enjoy our prayers, and singing, and exhortations. When this simple worship was ended, we partook of some refreshments we had brought with us, which consisted of a bottle of soda water each (*pure*, we do assure you) and some biscuits. The former is absolutely necessary in these jungles; for we dare not drink the water from these village wells, so full is it of sand and so swarming with *animalculæ!* These wells are all *kachá*, not brick built, and are kept from falling in by the sides being shored up with planks; and these planks rotting in the water gives it anything but a pleasant odour. After this we called for volunteers to go with us to our piece of land, on which we are putting up a Native Preacher's house, to help us construct a rough bridge over a deep ravine that runs near it. Four stalwart fellows step out to the front, who, provided their fashion of dressing *a la fig-leaf* were slightly altered, if photographed, would present splendid specimens of the Thárú physique. We go through the partially reaped fields of *gram* and wheat, where we notice numerous bleached skulls of oxen set upon poles as scare crows, which present a most ghostly and weird appearance even in the day; but passing through these scare-crows on a moon-light night, is to make one believe in goblins and fleshless spirits and shadowless sprites all the days of one's life afterwards. But here we are at the *kulá*, or deep gully with a current of clear water, and here too is the timber, provided for us by the kindness of the Forest Officer, with which to form our

bridge. Our Thárús set to work, and the timber is soon placed across from bank to bank, covered with reeds and earth from the channel, and we have a safe mode of intercourse with our property. In the rains this bridge will be a great convenience and comfort for our Native Preachers. In one corner of our land is a fine grove of trees, and in visiting it this morning we found a "kill," a deer which a tiger or leopard had killed and left till evening, when it would come and drag it into the forest near for a good quiet feed. How naturally this habit of these savage brutes is described by Hosea the prophet: "*For I will be unto Ephraim as a lion—I, even I, will tear and go away; I will carry off, and there shall be none to deliver.*" (Hos. 5 : 14) That is just what these beasts of prey do in these forests; they first "*tear*" their prey, then "*go away*" till evening; then they come out cautiously and "*carry*" it off. Coming back to camp we had a taste of the hot winds, which have just commenced to blow. Though not so dangerous as the Arabian simoom *(samúm)*, or the hot dry wind which blows from the interior deserts, yet they are sufficiently annoying and prostrating as to make us wish ourselves back in our house in Gonda, where the *pankhas*, or wings, *i. e.* fans, are swinging from the ceilings of the rooms, and the *khas khas ṭaṭṭis*, the wet door-screens made of the scented root of a grass (*Andropogon muricata*), filling the house with aromatic coolness. But we have to endure another week or so of this hot-wind camp life before we can seek the shelter of our bungalow.

Camp Chandanpúr, 24th March.—A terrible storm of wind all last night, blowing as if it were determined to root up the trees around us and involve us all in common ruin. Then at midnight, amid the howling of the wind and other strange noises, which seemed in that weird place to come out of the jungles, the cry of "*fire! fire!!*" was heard; and there, away on the horizon was *Bhoṇrísál*, one of our Thárú villages, in flames, destroying houses, house-hold goods such

furniture as Thárús may have, cattle, poultry, every thing that fire can burn, and making the forest round it glare and flare in all its unearthliness. Of course, a whole village constructed from end to end with nothing but wood and sticks and grass, is a poor protection against a fire breaking out in any one place, especially with a high wind blowing. We found this morning that all the other Thárús in Chandanpúr had turned out to render what assistance they could, taking from their respective villages, bedsteads, pots and pans, rice and pulse, clothing for the women, &c.; so that except their houses, the burnt-out people of *Bhoṇrísál* had all their more needy wants supplied. *Mahabír*, the choudri's son, came over to our tent crying. We sympathized with him, and taught him to look up to the great heavenly Father for strength and comfort. We then wrote to the Forest officer telling him of the calamity, and asking him to help them in getting wood and grass to reconstruct their village. He very promptly sent the *parwáná*, or order, for wood and grass; and in less than a week from the burning down of the old the new village was up and the people going about their usual business. After doing what we thus could for *Mahabír*, we went over to our grant of land to have a boundary ditch dug round it. At one corner, in the grove we spoke of, we found a very large mound of earth near a cotton-tree. The Thárús whom we had to dig out the marked ground, told us that years ago a rich old Hindú had all his treasures of gold and silver and precious jewels buried under this mound; but before having the earth heaped over them, the fairest and most beautiful boy to be found in all these parts was taken from his mother and cruelly sacrificed over the buried riches, so that his spirit ever afterward should safe-guard the hidden wealth. Thus, said our Thárú informers in the most artless manner, this place continues to be haunted by the *bhút*, or demon-spirit, of the murdered boy. We inquired of them whether if in digging through this tragical mound they came upon the long hidden

treasures what they would do? They answered, as soon as they saw them they would run away as far as possible from them. We told our friends that if they should discover wealth of any kind to let us know at once, as we certainly had no superstitious scruples on the subject. On the way back to camp we met a number of *Khaírí* women, the wives of those who had come into the jungles to collect *catechu*. They had each very long gold rings in their noses. It is by these rings you can generally tell the means and *status* of Hindu women. If they wear the nose-ring in the right nostril, they have money and children; if they wear it in the left, they are in some great sorrow; and if they wear no nose-ring they are *santiyá*, or rival wives. The first are called *násá-dakshaná-vart*, or right-nostril-ringed; and the second, *násá-vámá-vart*, or left-nostril-ringed; and the last, or *sautiyá-ḍáh*, is a synonym for malice of the most virulent kind. There is a verse in Hindustáni which contains undeniable truth, and which would be very *apropos* to quote against a man keeping more than one wife:

"*Kahe haiṉ is ḷlam meṉ bihtar hai maut,*
Walekin na ho sámhne uskí saut."
They say in this world better is death's strife,
Than endure in one's presence a rival wife.

On arriving at our tent we found our friend the Mahárání's *muḳhtár*, or manager, come for another conversation on religious subjects. He asked us what we believed *pavitratá or purity*, to really be. We answered that it was a thing of the heart, or inner life, and meant freedom from the taint and power of sin, and likeness to the holy God. He again inquired if we did not believe in *Sauch*. This is a delicate word which may be found in a dictionary, but can hardly be literally translated here. In a general way it means a freer use of water to the person on particular occasions than is allowed by Europeans. We have often been attacked by Hindus in the *bázár* on this very point. We were able, however, to assure him we did practice this

kind of ablution; and that we were not exactly like the Chinese who use *paper* for their noses, instead of pocket-handkerchiefs! But we quoted the words of the Great Teacher: "*Not that which entereth into the mouth defileth the man; but that which proceedeth out of the mouth, this defileth the man.*" (Matt. 15: 11). He was very much struck at these words; for they turned his ideas of purity upside down. He began to see there was such a thing as *heart-purity* as well as *body-purity*; and that the former must come first, if the latter was to be worth anything. We urged on him the necessity of believing on Jesus Christ, and accepting him as his future High Priest and spiritual guide, in order to really possess, not only ceremonial, but true *heart-purity*. He asked our opinion on a number of important things such as "*mukti*," salvation, "*pâp*," sin, &c. Time and space would not allow of our giving all the answers to his earnest questions; but he seemed startled when we told him that sin was sacrificing the rights of God and *any* of our fellow-creatures for selfish purposes. On taking leave he again promised to try and see us in Gonda.

Camp Chandanpúr, 25th March.—Another holy Sabbath in camp. It is not like a Sunday morning in western lands at this season of the year, where the beautiful spring time, cool and bracing, and all the outward scenes of nature seem to harmonize with the inward feelings of peace and rest in the believer. Here we have to depend nearly altogether upon the blessed experience and resources of the inner man, as a smiling expression of the rest that remains to the people of God; for there is not much agreement between heat and a murky atmosphere and a melting temperature and irritating gnats and teasing flies, and this rest of the Sabbath day. Yet this foretaste rest of Heaven is a grand compensation for all these flesh-trials; for it gives the mind steadiness and will-control, and sufficient grace to endure hardness as a soldier of Christ. We can only pity the Missionary who could venture on a work like this, and at such a time, without the

inspiriting consciousness of this "*rest*" which is the blessed privilege of every child of God. The *sine qua non* for missionary work of every form and degree, but especially for *itinerating work*, is "A CLEAN HEART" and a "*right spirit*," and steady growth "*in the grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Chirst.*" (Ps. 51 : 10 ; 2 Peter 3 : 18). We had service in front of our tent for our Thárú people who were able to come in from the different villages ; these, together with our dear brethren and camp followers, made up a good large congregation. The "*Lord of the harvest*" was present to work with his humble "laborers" in the use of the flashing sickle, and in binding the precious sheaves for his garner. After this special service, the Thárú converts remained all the morning till noon with the brethren, listening to and joining in with the *bhajans* sung and the prayers at intervals offered. As we sat under the front fly of our tent quietly reading, we noticed our old servant, the *khalási*, cooking his midday meal under a tree. Before him is the *chúlá*, or rude fire-place made of three hard lumps of earth, in which a fire of dry sticks and leaves is burning. On this is the *tavá*, or convex round plate of iron, heating and getting ready for the unleavened cake of well kneaded dough Bhujan is patting between the palms of his hands. He has just laid one of these patted soft round cakes of dough on the *tavá*, so heated that it will bake without burning ; but see how careful he is to turn the cake just in time to give the other side a chance of being baked, and made fit for eating. In reading through the prophet Hosea, we are wonderfully struck with the numerous touches of natural oriental life we see in his writings. Speaking of the condition of Ephraim, the prophet uses a figure with which he must have been daily acquainted, for probably he cooked his own food then precisely as Bhujan is now cooking his ; he says, "*Ephraim is a cake not turned.*" Nothing could denote the inconsistency of the Israelites in connecting themselves with heathen nations more than this. As a cake not turned in baking

would be half bread and half dough, so their religion was a confused mixture of gentile abominations, and of something which resembled true worship We have a very expressive word which exactly represents this condition : *kachá Isái*, an unbaked Christian. We fear that, like most new converts from Hinduism and Islámism—particularly if they are unlearned and of low caste, our poor Thárús are of this unripe and crude form. But the thought that you can only bake a cake one *side at a time*, and that if you have the patience to keep turning it, it will become *pakká*, or properly cooked on both sides, *i. e.* mature and perfect, gives us great hope and comfort.

In the evening we went with a party to *Bhushahr*, while the rest of the brethren went to *Bankatwá*. Both parties were much encouraged, and realized the fact that the "Lord of the harvest" is working with us. In the former we witnessed a religious ceremony they call *dáridr-khedná*, or driving out poverty. Doubtless the Thárús have borrowed this custom from the Hindus. In every house the eldest daughter or wife takes the sieve or winnowing basket from the thrashing floor, and beating it in every corner and behind every large jar, exclaims, "*Ishwar paitho, dáridr niklo!*" *i. e.* Enter, O God ! depart, O Poverty ! We saw no harm in such a pious observance ; but rather a rite to be properly directed and encouraged. After this we had a regular preaching service, in which we put special emphasis on the fact that, "*godliness is profitable unto* ALL things," (1. Tim 4 : 8). It is true "*godliness*," belief in God and his son Jesus Christ ; observance of the laws of God in Christ ; and a religious life of love arising out of this belief and observance, which gives prosperity and drives out poverty from our hearts and homes. All this, and much more spoken in simple language, made a good impression upon all present.

Camp, Siswa, 26th March.—Finding we had accomplished all we had prayed for in bringing back our Thárú converts, and in confirming and strengthening them in the things they

had learned and had attained unto; and finding the heat had increased to such a degree that it would be dangerous to risk it longer in the forest, we determined to strike tents this morning and march slowly back to Balrampúr via *Pachperwa*, the latter as large and important a town as Tulsípúr. Having helped Brothers J. Downey and Kanhai Lál over to the house put up for them near Bhushahr, and committing them to the tender mercy and watchful care of our heavenly Father, we started for *Siswá*. As we were riding quietly along on our hill-pony we were met by *Rám-Ratn*, who asked us to make a detour and visit his father. When we reached his village we found the old man had got ready the *chhappar*, grass-roofed school-house, and had collected a number of boys as the nucleus of a flourishing school. The old man seemed now as eagerly to please us as he was before to oppose us. But the particular reason for his sending for us was, to say that he had been visited by some of the leading men of *Dumrí*, a Thárú village to the east, and which we had not visited two years ago; and that they wanted to know what they had done that the "Sáhib" should not visit them, and give the *chinh* and the *áshish*, the sign and the blessing, *i.e.* baptism, as he had given to all the other Thárús. We replied we were quite ready to go at once, though out of our way, and the sun already well up in the sky, and have service among them. *Rám-Ratn* offered to go with us to act as our guide, as we had to travel through a part of the forest. After a ride of three miles along a broken road we came to *Dumrí*. Not knowing we were coming, most of the people were away reaping their fields, but *Rám-Ratn* gathered the few there were left in the village, and we had service with them. They said they were ready to be baptized, but as their headman was absent they would wait till his return. So we arranged for Brothers J. Downey and Kanhái Lal to visit and instruct them, till we could come that way again. On our way to camp, just on the edge of one part of the forest, we saw a *sanyási*, or a supposed religious mendicant, who in

the abandonment of all worldly things is looked upon by the people as a very holy man. But he must be sincere, either by having made great sacrifices to become a *sanyási*, or by doing real penance and suffering real self-denial. If he has become a *tapasurin*, or devotee, from necessity, then the people say:

Nar marí, ghar abánási,
Múṇh múṇre bháe sanyási!

i.e. the wife dead, the house in safety (or secured to him), his head shaved, behold our brother the devotee! If he is only playing at religious austerities, they say:

Dekhá-dekhí kíje jog,
Chhíje káyá bárhe rog.

i.e. they who only imitate others in austerities, waste away, and their diseases increase. Our friend was sitting in his *kutí*, or grass roof supported on four poles, in all the glory of his nude simplicity. We talked of *Him* who "*came into the world to save sinners*," and who for our sakes became the poorest of the poor, that we "*through his poverty might become rich.*" (2. Cor 8-9). He promised to come on to *Siswá* and hear more of this wonderful Saviour. Suffered somewhat from the heat before reaching our tents. Camped in the same timber-yard as we did when going. The forest ranger in charge of this station very kindly supplied us with wood, milk, *ghí*, and flour. He is a Musalman, and an old faithful servant of Government. He and the *dih-khudá*, or head-man of the village, came in the evening: and to them, and to those who came with them, we preached the "*Name*" of Christ Jesus, as the only means of approach to God for eternal life and salvation. The head-man of the village made objection that we Christians were divided into so many sects that it was impossible to know which to believe for the truth. We answered that this was no more an objection against Christianity than the fact of *one hundred* sects among Mohamedans (see *Aíná-e-Islám*, Mission Press, Lucknow) is an objection against *Islámism*. The objection

against Islámism is much greater; for this reason that the Moslem sects all differ on *essential points*, which put each outside the pale of salvation. Among the Christian sects very few differ on essentials; while all the great Protestant denominations agree as to the vital doctrines of the Bible, and only agree to disagree on non-important points; in fact they are like the Queen's army which has three distinct arms of the service, these again divided into many parts each with its own uniform and name; but all owing and giving loyal allegiance to Her Majesty the Empress-Queen. This argument seemed to silence our friend; for after displaying his Musalmán courtesy, he took his leave. After the sun had gone down we all went to a small hamlet of cowherds, and gathering a few together and seating them near us, we discoursed of that God who claims that "*the cattle upon a thousand hills are mine*;" and that "*he causeth the grass to grow for the cattle*," (Ps. 50-10; 104-14). Then we showed how much more valuable they were than cattle; and how much more the great God had done for them in Christ Jesus. These hungry souls followed us to our tents, where the native brethren took them in hand, singing to them and instructing them further till it was time to retire. Some of these dear souls we hope to meet in the happy land far away.

Camp, Pachperwá, 27th March.—Started with a guide at five o'clock this morning, to avoid the heat of the sun. It was a fresh pleasant ride through the harvest fields in which men, women, and children were already out cutting the wheat and binding the sheaves, and carrying the latter to the thrashing floors. Here and there you see a Musalman contractor standing watching the busy laborers, contrasting very vividly by his full white native suit of clothes with the almost naked dusky forms of the harvesters. These contractors had previously bought up the whole standing crops, and now were the lords of the harvest. We stopped to tell them of the true "*Lord of the Harvest*," who bought

"*with a price*" all the standing human crops of the world, including themselves; and sent us with the sickle of his word among them to reap. Many a poor villager that morning, paused from his cutting or binding for a moment, to listen more attentively to the "wonderful words of life"; and we believe those words were not spoken in vain. A few miles from camp we met a *káyath*, a Hindú, proceeding from a *kshatriya* father and a *Súdra* mother, who turned out to be quite a genius in his way. As he was going to *Pachperwá*, we entered into conversation with him. Little did we know when we asked him, if he was "*parhe húe*," i. e. well read, what a flood-gate of poetry we should open! He gave us at least two miles of it. We found he was a great admirer of *Bihárí Lál*, the *Goáliár* (Gwalior) poet, who wrote a book containing 700 *dohás*, or distichs, in the *Braj-bháshá*, or common language. This book is named the *Satsaiyá*. Another Hindustáni poet writes of this work:—

Braj-bháshá barni kabin bahu bidh buddhi bilás, Sab kan bhúkhan Satsaiyá karí Bihárí Dás. The meaning of which is:—The poets, each according to his capacity, have displayed the beauties of the *braj-bháshá*, but *Bihárí Lál* composed the *Satsaiyá*, which is the jewel of the whole. We said to our loquacious friend, that while we wondered at his capacious memory, we could not admire the theology of his poet, especially what he writes in favor of *fate* ("*hotabyatá*"). If every thing that happens was preordained, then what is the meaning of heaven and hell, rewards and punishments; and why do you perform *dán-punya*, charity and virtue, to escape the one and gain the other? He was greatly puzzled at these questions; so the remaining part of the journey we preached man as a *responsible sinner*; and Jesus Christ *man's Great Saviour*. Found our tents pitched in a magnificent park of mango trees. There is only one other *bágh*, or park, like this in the whole district, and that is the grand one near the "*nílkothi*," or blue-house, in Balrámpúr. These *ám* trees (*magnifera Indica*) are ever green; and as soon

as the young shining leaves appear the old dry ones fall; so that the ground all over the park is covered with these fallen leaves ancle-deep. Spaces round the tents have been swept clean, and now the *bhújwás*, parchers of corn, are carrying away the heaped up leaves in their wicker baskets to burn and roast their grain with. The ripe fruit of these prolific trees is called *ám;* and the small unripe mango is named *ambiyá*. From this latter is made a most delicious custard which in mongrel language is named "mango-fool" but the right name of which is *ámphal*, mango-fruit. These dry leaves are useful at night for indicating the approach of snakes, wolves, thieves, *et hoc genus omne;* and then heaped together and set fire to: they help to purify the air. Sometimes you see these leaves packed up into great heaps like hay stacks, kept for future use. We are well protected in this place, for only a few yards away to the south is a police station; and there to the north the native Collector's house, and a traveller's bungalow. To the south-west of us is also a large bázár with a post office in it; so that we find ourselves in quite a civilized place. We had not been long in camp before a messenger came to ask if we could see the *Thánádár*, or police officer in charge. And soon this pompous officer was offering the hilt of his sword to touch, always a sign of submission, and seated talking to us of our Thárú work. As he was a Musalmán, we were not surprised to hear him say that he approved of our work among these people. We noticed fastened on his right arm, just above the elbow, the *Imám Zámin ká rúpiyá*, a piece of coin dedicated to *Imám Zámin*, or guardian saint. It is always fastened on the arm of a person about to leave home, as a charm for averting evil: if in great want, he may spend it, not otherwise. Our friend had not spent his, so he could not have been in want; indeed his whole person and appearance indicated that he had always lived in clover: or as a Native would express it, with his five fingers in clarified butter. Referring to the silver charm upon his arm,

we asked him how he reconciled it with his belief in the universal presence of an all-protecting God? He laughed, and said it was one of the ways of the world he had fallen into. We were then led on to speak of Christ and his supreme claims upon us. We quoted from the *Qurán* to show that Mohammed spoke of Christ as *born of the Virgin (Ibna Mariyam yauma walidatú)* as *dying (yauma amautú)* and *as rising from the dead (yauma abasu hayaṇ)* (see Arabic Qurán, Súrat-Mariyam, 422 page, 4th line). And also that, in this same *súrat* or chapter, Mohammed put in claims for Christ, he nowhere puts in for himself. For instance, Mohammed calls special attention *(innamá)* to Christ as the *Prophet of God (Rasúl-ullah);* the *Word of God ("Kalamat-ullah");* and the *Spirit of God which (came) from him ("wa Rúh mina hú.")* Our friend, who knew something of his *Qurán*, tried to explain the last phrase, by saying that we are all the spirits of God come from him. We answered that was to make his prophet trifle on a most important subject, by making a distinction without a difference. This kind of trifling is expressed in Native common idiom by, *wuh makhí mártá hai," i. e.* he is killing flies! He did not want his prophet to kill flies; so he had to acknowledge that his prophet meant something by these phrases. We also dwelt particularly on the fact that nowhere in the Qurán does Mohammed speak of himself *as a Saviour.* All the Qurán says of this supposed prophet is: *Fáinnamá ala rasúl-nalbilághul mubiṇu, i. e.* Verily the duty incumbent upon our apostle (*is*) *only public-preaching,* (see chapter on Deceit, 12th verse). But this is just what the poor sinner needs; not a sword at his throat; but a Saviour to atone and save. This is just what Jesus Christ claims to be—A SAVIOUR. *He is a Saviour, Christ the Lord.* (Luke 2: 11; Math. 1: 21, &c.). This dear man seemed very much impressed in the end. We invited him to our service in the evening, and he promised to come. In the afternoon we also received a visit from *Jai Govind,* the *Tahsíldár* of Pachpeṛwá. He is a Hindu in the service of the Mahárání and has the

whole management of the Thárú country, under the general manager, Major A—. We had been very anxious to see this gentleman, so as fully to explain to him our relation to the Thárús; so we were glad of this opportunity granted us. We found him very affable and most agreeable in conversation. Though a Hindu, we found him a good Urdú and Persian scholar, and quite at home with Sadí and Háfiz. It was a great pleasure to hear him talk. We were soon on good terms; and we had the privilege of not only explaining our Thárú work *ab novo usque ad mala*, or as the *Bágh-o-Bahár* would say, *az sar-o-pá*, from head to foot, but also of explaining to him the leading principles of our Holy Religion. He seemed much interested in our brief account of the promise of a Saviour; His wonderful appearance and still more wonderful life; his death for the atonement of sin; and his resurrection and ascension for the justification and eternal life of all who will believe on, and accept him as their Saviour. He confessed on leaving that these were the greatest truths he had ever listened to, and promised to think and pray over them. We told him if he would sincerely ask God every night and morning for a week for light on these subjects, and for grace to act up to that light, that at the end of that time he could not help becoming a disciple of Jesus Christ. We look upon this man as an inquirer, and shall so pray for him. In the mean time our brethren were out in the hamlets and bázár fishing for men. They found two *Bunyás* who had been baptized two years ago among the Thárús. They acknowledged this, and said, they were *chelás*, or disciples of Jesus Christ. Brother J. Downey has since reported well of these men. So it was worth itinerating to this place to find these two dear souls.

In the evening we all went into the large bázár where we found about fifty *Gosainyás*, a class of Hindús who claim direct descent from the deity, smeared with ashes, and *in puris naturalibis*. We took some seats they gave us, and seating ourselves among them, began our service of song, and prayer,

and exhortation. We dwelt especially on the words, "*All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.*" (Rom. 3:23). To convince of sin we laid particular stress on two points: 1. The universality of sin: 2. The special effects of sin; it separates from God; and it sets up self in his place. To show the necessity of a Saviour we insisted, 1. No man in this condition can save himself: 2. No man in this state can save another man: 3. God alone must save man. Hence man's true Saviour is the sinless *Gosaiṉyá*, who by his spotless life and resurrection from the dead proved his direct descent from the one Godhead. This *Gosaiṉyá* is Jesus Christ, in whose name we have authority to offer pardon of sin, peace of conscience, and eternal life. These poor souls were so impressed by the truth thus presented in simple idiom to their minds, that with one accord they arose and greeted us with, "*Satya! Satya!*" This is true! This is true! We invited them over to our tents; but a rich Hindú in the place had prepared a special dinner for them, and so they could not come then. But they promised to come after the "*baṛá khána*," big dinner. We waited till ten o'clock at night, and then, as we had to march next morning, we all retired. About one o'clock that night the quiet and rest of the whole Camp were stirred and disturbed by these fifty would-be *Gosaiṉyas* coming into camp and crying:—"*We want to hear more of the truth!*" We were obliged, even at that hour, to arise and say something that would encourage them to come at a more reasonable time on another occasion. We pointed out our line of march, and gave them our address in Gonda. We hope to hear more of some of these men after our return, to our home-station.

Camp, Garsœri, 28th March.—We were awakened early this morning by *Bhuján* calling and telling us that Brothers J. Downey and Kanháí Lál, whom we had left at Chandanpúr, had come into camp and wished to see us. As soon as they came into the tent they had a long story to tell us of one *Faiz Ḳhán*, lord of grace, a *riyásat-chaprási*, peon of

the Native Government; that he had been giving them a great amount of trouble; had taken the axes from the Thárús working for us; and had, on his own authority, stopped the working of our school at Vishnpúr. We went at once to Jai Govind, our courteous and friendly Tahsíldár; and after the Brethren had stated their case to him, he at once had a *parwáná*, or order, written out for this "lord of grace" to make his instant appearance at Pachperwa, and answer for the above transactions. He then answered our brethren that they should have no more trouble from the "lord of grace," or from any one else over whom he had any authority. Being satisfied, the brethren returned to camp for rest and refreshment, and then back to their work at Chandanpúr. The Tahsíldár then requested us to see his garden. He kindly took us all round a good, well-kept fruit and flower garden. We saw a number of *papaiyá* fruit trees (*carica papaya*). He had a number of these *papaiyás* and limes collected and sent to camp for us. He alse showed us a climbing plant the Natives call "*chhoṭá chánd*," the little moon, *(ophioxylon serpentinum)*, the roots of which, he assured us, were an excellent remedy for snake bites. These roots, dried and powdered, are applied externally to the bitten part, while a decoction of them is given to the poisoned person to drink. We fear, however, in the case of a bite from a *cobra* or *karait*, these roots would be no remedy at all; at least we should be sorry to neglect more effectual means to try them. It was quite late when we had our tents struck, our carts loaded, and we had started for the next camp. There was a strong east wind blowing, and that greatly modified the fore-noon heat. The first few miles of the road was covered with rich green as soft and smooth as velvet, and we were deluded into the idea that we should have this kind of pleasant road all the way. But we were soon stripped of this happy delusion. The first obstacle we met was a deep gully with precipitous sides and three feet of mud in the bottom. We had to dismount and get our pony down as best we could, and then remounting

had to struggle through the soft sticky mud. All our carts came to grief in this glutinous mass. Never did tents, bedding and furniture present such a torn, broken, mud-lark appearance as ours did when they came into camp! and then the tenaciousness of that clay was something that seemed to withstand all the water that was brought from the well, and all the strength there was in Bhujan's arms. The worse part of it was one of the *gaṛiwáns*, cartman, when his cart tilted over, received some severe injuries. We had the poor fellow attended to, with what remedies we could command, and then had him put into an empty cart, and sent to his village, which was only a few miles off. The other impediments we met with were another deep water-course, and the wide sandy bed of the river Bhámbar; but these hindrances were as nothing compared to the first difficulty. The delightful alternate parts of the road, however, made up amply for all obstacles we met with. The soft verdure at our feet, the reapers at work in the harvest fields on either side, and the cool east wind bringing the scent of the newly cut wheat, like the sweet odour of freshly mown hay, all made the march cheery and bright as we rode along. In fact we had only to shut our eyes and imagine we heard the mowers sharpening their scythes for cutting down the rich grass mixed with the cowslips, bluebells, and daisies, to fancy ourselves in merry old England. But the sound of music makes us open our eyes, and there to our left a large Musalman village, with a number of ruined mosques in and about it, and round this village on every side, the standing ripe crops rustling in the wind waiting for the *hasíyás*, sickles, and the binding throngs. In a large field touching on the road, some thirty reapers were harvesting in a line, while on their right stood two men playing with all their might and main, the one a tambourine and the other a flute. Never did we see sickles flash, and backs bend, and sheaves fall as quickly and regularly as those we stood watching. The music inspired and encouraged them to work in a way no threats nor bribery possibly could. The contractor, who hit

on this plan, was a wise and subtle man in his generation. And as we thus left them working away to the sound of this simple music, we thought, if we Gospel harvesters in the fields, ripe for sickle and garner, could only have the ear of faith to catch the rapturous tones of the angels' songs and the sweet melody from the Mediatorial Throne, with how much more courage and energy and spirit should we reap for the great *Lord* of the harvest!" And yet the songs and the melody are all about us, if we had only "*ears to hear*." "*Lord increase our faith*," is the prayer that should be continually going up from our hearts and lips.

After we had cleaned up and partially repaired our soiled and damaged things, we divided our party, one going into the village *Gisarí*, near, and the other to a village two miles distant to the south. We went with the latter, and found a hamlet of 150 houses, mostly Brahmans. There were a few houses of *jogí* Hindús; not the ascetic class, but a tribe of weavers. The people of this class do not burn but bury their dead; and when they can do it with impunity, they bury the widow alive with her husband's corpse, to avoid the trouble and expense of keeping her. The headman, well on in years, came out to meet us, and procuring some bedsteads, he had them placed on a grass-covered piece of high ground near the village well, and courteously invited us to be seated. With the exception of one or two *jogi* weavers, all the rest who gathered round us, some thirty in all, wore the *janeo*, or Brahmanical thread, so we knew with whom we had to deal. We found these sons of *Brahmá*, or the highest, were nearly all *Vaishnavs*, or followers of *Vishnu*: indeed the marks of the trident and the lotus-flower stamped upon their foreheads, breasts and arms, proclaimed who they were. The book these Brahmans read and study most is the *Vishnu-purána*, one of the sacred and poetical works of the Hindus, supposed to have been compiled and composed by the poet Vyása, and comprising the whole body of Hindú theology. Of the eighteen *puránas*, the last, or the *Bhágwat*, or life of *Krishna* the black

god, is the most popular next to the above, and that part of the *Bhágvat* called the *Premságar*, or Ocean of Love, is the most familiar to common people. We commenced by singing a *bhájan*, and offering prayer; and then we addressed them on the *three universal realities*, *God*, *Man*, and the *Mediator* between God and man; and then, on the *Oneness* in nature of each. We had finished our subject, and seeing the good impression made thereby, was about to give our usual invitation to accept this "*One Mediator*," and become his disciples, when a young enthusiastic *Vaisnava*, came just then from an adjacent village, and without having heard a word of our discourse or being acquainted with its subject, began quoting from the *Bhágwut*, that *Shrí Krishna* was the only true incarnation, and that they wanted no new religion. It was too late to begin and go over the points of our lecture again; so we were driven by sheer necessity to show up the true character of their favorite god. Before doing so however, we were particular in stating that, what we had to say regarding the "black god" was not something evolved out of our own consciousness, but what we actually found written in their own books. In the *Bhágvat* he is called *Kaṇs-hatyá*, the murderer of Kans; "*mákhan-chor*," the butter stealer; and it is related of him that he went one day to the river *Jumná* where the *gopís*, or cowherds' wives, were bathing, and stealing all their clothes, carried them up to a "*kadam*" *tree (Nauclea Orientalis)*, and then made them come before him *in puris naturalibis*. He then had *kríṛá*, or sport, with them; and hence was named "*gopí-kríṛá-wat*," or sportive with the the *gopís*. Now, we asked, was such a character worthy of being the Incarnation of a just, holy, and pure God? Surely when the true *Avátar* comes into the world he will have some "*upamá*" or likeness to the Supreme Being, whose nature he is supposed to possess? Then we pressed home the blessed fact that Jesus Christ was and is proved to be, a High Priest which "*became us, holy, guileless, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens*," (Heb. 7 : 26);

and that he is the "*effulgence of his*" (God's) "*glory, and the very image of his substance.*" (Heb. 1 : 3). Finally, we urged: When you can show us from the 18 puráṇs any god, goddess, or incarnation that can in the faintest represent what we believe the great Creator and Preserver of all things in heaven and earth to be—an almighty, omnipresent, omniscient, just, good, holy, and pure God, then we shall have something to say about the claims of such. This silenced our young *Vaishnava*, and we gave our invitation to believe on Christ and accept him as their present Saviour and future High Priest and spiritual guide. Three or four were very visibly affected, and would, doubtless, have declared themselves on our side, were it not for the fear they seemed to be in of this young Brahman. We fancy he was the *zamíndár*, or headman's, son. However, a good impression was made, and we believe many hearts present acknowledged Jesus Christ to be the true Saviour of their souls.

Camp, Tulsípúr, 29th March.—Riding along the smooth grassy road this morning our heart was all aglow with thankfulness for the rich standing corn we could see, stretching in waving beauty as far as the eye could reach on every side. God has indeed crowned this year with his goodness. What an awful calamity when the harvest season comes round and there are no standing crops. In speaking of one of the evils that should fall on Ephraim for his departure from God, the prophet says: "*He hath no standing corn; the blade shall yield no meal.*" Only those who are acquainted with Oriental life can fully realize the misery to every household this implies. In the early dawn every house is alive with the sounds of the grindstone and the songs of the two women urning the same. But now all is silent as death, for there is no corn thus to grind into meal, and gaunt hungry wolfish famine is abroad in the land. Thank God, there is no fear of famine now! Saw a big whirlwind, but in the distance this time, and how it went careering on in wonderful rapidity of motion catching up every thing in its vortex, until it seemed to spend itself and die away on the

horizon. We thought of the prophet's words : "*For they sow the wind, and they shall reap the whirl-wind.*" Met a man on the road with his wife trudging behind him, (a native woman never walks *alongside* of her husband,) with all the property they possessed in the world upon her head. He seemed out of spirits and in no very good temper. Still, after a time he began to talk, and let us know he was travelling on to Balrámpúr to seek for service in the *Ráj*, or Native Government, there. He had been a contractor for supplying wood for building, etc., and had miserably failed, when he thought he was confident of success, then his troubles came upon him.

He used a very striking idiom to express his condition :— "*Kuryál meṇ ghulelá lagá*;" literally, while trimming its wings it is struck by a pellet. To understand the force of this idiom you must see a bird sitting at ease on a branch and in its security trimming its wing with its beak, when suddenly a stone from a sling comes and strikes it to the ground. Hence it means, that he fell into misfortune when sure of success. We tried to comfort him by directing his attention to that Saviour who said : "*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" (Matt. 11 : 28). Found camp pitched in the old place, and that the *Tahsíldár* of Tulsipur had sent us a good *rasad*, or necessary provisions for camp. This gentleman paid us a visit now as he paid us one on our way to the Thárús. He was anxious to know how we succeeded among them. He seemed glad when we informed him that we had started schools among them. He promised to help us all he could as Tahsildár of this place, whenever any of our brethren passed to or from the Thárú country. Like his brother collector of Pachpeṛwá, he is a scholar, but on the Sanscrit side of literature. In the course of conversation he inquired what was the difference between our doctrine of the Trinity and the belief of the Hindús. We answered that our doctrine was based upon the teachings of a book which the wisest and most learned and the best of mankind had logically

proved to be a revelation from God; and that this book taught that our Trinity was in the Unity of the Godhead—not *three Gods*, but three persons in *one God-nature*. Whereas their belief was based upon writings which could not by any mode or process of reasoning, be proved a divine revelation; and that these writings taught *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Shiva*, to be three distinct Gods *without any unity*. This is proved from the "*guṇ*" or quality of disposition ascribed to each. In *Brahma* "*rája*," or love of sensual enjoyments, prevails; in *Vishnu*, "*satya*," or benevolence; and in *Shiva*, "*tama*," or irascibility, or promptitude to the vindictive passions. How can there be *unity* of thought, purpose, or action in three Gods with three such totally opposite characters and dispositions? And were not the 1*st*, 5*th*, and 8*th puráṇs* written to show the superiority of *Brahma* over *Vishnu* and of the latter over *Shiva*? Now, as there cannot be a *triangle* without the *unity* of three lines and three angles, so there cannot be a true trinity without the *unity* of the three persons in it; but the Hindu trinity lacks this essential unity; therefore it is not a true trinity: and must not claim comparison with the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. He confessed that he had received new light on the subject, and thanked us for our patience in explaining the difference to him. He also told us he had not forgotten the discourse we gave when last in this place; and that he hoped to visit us in Gonda. Our prayers went with him on leaving us, that he might soon be brought to decide for the Lord Jesus, and give himself up to the worship and service of God through him.

Camp, Balrámpúr, 31*st March*.—We skip over yesterday, because it was simply occupied in marching to this our old camping ground. We remained over at Rámnagar for the night, visiting our inquirers there, and then came on here this morning. Soon after our arrival we were called to visit a sick Christian family in the city. Here we had prayer and reading of the scriptures, which the Lord greatly owned and

blessed. Then we visited Nathá, a bandsman of the Mahárani, and his family. Nathá had been baptized in Lucknow, but his wife and children we baptized here a few months ago. He and his wife have both been earnest workers for the Great Master in the *mohalla*, or parish in which they reside. A number of their Hindú neighbors came in and we had a short service for them. The Lord was in our midst speaking through his own blessed word. The wife of the Nepalese blacksmith, whom we baptized on our way to the Thárús, was present with her child. She had been instructed by Nathá's wife during our absence, but the Lord opened her heart fully in this meeting, and coming forward and putting her child at our feet, asked to be made a disciple of Jesus, as her husband had been made, so we gladly baptized her and her child. Then we paid a visit to the Bandmaster and his family. The *Mahárání* keeps up a good band of music, which practices every morning under the able teaching of Mr. A., an old pensioned Band-master of a Native Regiment. This Band accompanies the *bará Mahárání*, or great queen, as there are two queen widows, whenever she pays official visits to the Government authorities in Lucknow or Gonda or elsewhere. The great queen widow always courteously lends this Band for any *fête* there may be carried on in Bahraich or Gonda or Faizabad. Our visit to the Band Master was a welcome one, for these dear people only see a minister at long intervals. The Agent, Major A., and his lady always have service once on the Sabbath day for the few Christians in the station ; so that these "sheep" in the wilderness are not altogether neglected. In fact Major A. and Mrs. A. are both a very great help and blessing to the Christian families, and to our work in general in this capital of a Native State. After this pleasant pastoral and social visit, we returned and had service at our tent. The Native Doctor and his assistants came to it, so that there was a goodly number present, and we had a successful meeting. From this time the Native Doctor has been a sincere in-

quirer, and exchanges visits with our Native preachers continually. From a medical point of view, too, he has been of great disinterested service to our Native Christian families in Balrámpúr. We believe the Lord has enlightened his mind and touched his heart, and all that remains for him to do is to openly acknowledge Christ in baptism; and this we hope and pray he may soon be led to do.

In the evening we had the pleasure of visiting the Agent, Major A., to represent our work among the Thárús, and solicit such aid as he could legitimately give us. While there at the *níl koṭhí*, the blue house, "*chánd múrat*," moon-faced, the largest elephant in Balrámpúr, if not in India, was brought to be inspected by and to pay his respects (by making a *salám*, or peace-motion, with his giant trunk) to the Agent. He is kept principally for the "*khedá*," or hunting wild elephants in the forest. A large open trap or enclosure is formed of strong palisades, into which the trained tame elephants drive the wild ones. This enclosure is called a *khedá*; and the work of our monster pachyderm, with his enormous proboscis and marvellously large tusks, is to work the largest and fiercest wild elephant into this training trap. The *maháwat* (commonly written *mahout*) or driver and keeper, has to drive this abnormal brute ten or twelve miles every morning, when not out hunting elephants and tigers, to keep his otherwise unmanageable temper calm and smooth. When an animal like this becomes *mast*, or intoxicated with passion, which it sometimes does, it will spread terror for miles around. In this drunken condition it has sometimes to be shot. We remember an elephant of this kind getting loose from his chains and keepers in Sítapúr during the cold season of 1872, and trumpeting, careering through the civil station, tore down the verandahs (barámda) of houses and the roofs of stables, uprooted young trees, kicked and trampled some poor natives and a number of dogs and donkeys to death, and spread general consternation and an

awful feeling of insecurity and dread all through the city and station. All our children were out as usual "eating the air," as the natives call it, and on the very road where this mad creature was working destruction! Providentially Mr. Gibson, then Assistant Commissioner, was out taking his morning ride, and had just passed our children on his way home, when he was warned of the approach of the cruel, pitiless monster by the people running in every direction crying, "*mastání háthí!*" Remembering our dear ones, with great presence of mind, he at once turned his horse's head and galloped back to where they were coming along, all unconscious of such near danger to their lives, and had them put, much to their surprise, in the "*havalát*," or police lock-up, for safety. No tongue can tell our gratitude to God when we saw Mr. Gibson, having made a long detour for the purpose, galloping into our compound shouting, "*Your children are safe!*" We only had such feelings once before, when in Meerut on the evening of the 10th May 1857, dear wife and self with our first-born struggling through the heavy sand, and trying to avoid the pinging of the sepoys' bullets, and trying to escape the keen edge of the 3rd Cavalry swords, we reached the lines of the Carbineers, and saw the blessed European faces of these light horsemen coming swift to our rescue. Strange to say this gentleman, who, humanly speaking, saved our children, was intimately associated with us in the Mutiny; fought knee to knee; and was with us at *Núrpúr*, city of light, as tent-comrade, when the letter came from Rev. Dr. Butler which called us to this mission work.

Camp, Balrámpúr, 1st April.—Had service this quiet, (though trying on account of the increased heat,) Sabbath morning. The preachers, the Native Christian families of the place, the Native Doctor and his friends, together with our camp servants and followers, all made up a congregation to whom any minister, notwithstanding the high state of the temperature, would be inspired to preach. The "Lord of the har-

vest" remembered us in this meeting, and gave both preacher and people a present rich blessing. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we conducted service in English at Major A.'s *kothí*, or house, and preached from Luke 7 : 50. Simple and unpretending as the service was, many in it realized the truth that, *Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;* that he still speaks to every suppliant for saving mercy: "*Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.*" After returning to our camp from this service we found a messenger from the "*Chhoṭí Mahárání*, or minor queen, to go and visit her. Mrs. Knowles had visited this young queen before, and we also had the pleasure of paying our respects to her once last year when encamped in the other park; so we were not strangers to each other. There was a law-suit pending between the major and minor widows of the late *Mahárája*, Debbajai Singh, regarding the will of the latter, whether the vast estates he left should be equally divided between the widows in question, or whether the whole property should go to an adopted heir with the senior queen as his guardian, and an annual allowance of 22,000 rupees made to the junior queen. The Privy Council in England had just decided in favour of the Major Mahárání; and so the *Chhoṭí Mahárání*, as the junior queen is called, was in great grief in consequence. But there is the queen's carriage at the door, and the driver and horses are becoming impatient, so we must jump in and away to the palace. We were met by the manager, and taken into a court yard, and then into a verandah room, where we found a chair and a round table. On the latter was a large vase filled with beautiful flowers. Seating ourselves and looking about, we noticed to our right a richly embroidered curtain hung on brass rings; and presently a pleasant voice came from behind the screen: "*Salám, Sáhib!*" Peace, Sir! *i.e.*, how do you do, Sir, "*Mazáj sharíf?*" Is your honorable temper (in good condition)? *i. e.*, I hope your honor is well. We replied in suitable language; and then began a general conversation. She asked why we were out camping so late in the season, and this question gave us an oppor-

tunity of telling her about our Thárú work. She was very much interested in our narrative. This of course led us to speak more directly of the claims of Jesus ; and we hope, from the favorable responses she returned, that she had received some good from what we were able to say. A servant then brought in some English scent and sprinkled it over us, and also some cardamom seeds for us to chew. So, what with the odour of kiss-me-quick, and the warm aromatic flavour of the spice-plant, we were quite ready to take our leave of her native Majesty. Mutual "*saláms*," or peace be on you, closed the intercourse ; we can't say interview, for we were hid the one from the other by the *parda*, or curtain, stretched between. This *Parda-nashín*, or one who sits hid from the vulgar eye, is intelligent, and for a native lady of rank, very well read. She uses very good idiomatic Urdu. It was to further this younger wife's education the late Mahárája applied to us for a lady missionary to reside on a good salary in the palace with her. A suitable lady had been corresponded with on the subject, and had not the Mahárája met with his almost tragic death, this lady missionary would most probably have been appointed to teach this minor queen English, and instruct her in music and other accomplishments. When in Gonda in 1865-6 we had the privilege of often visiting the late Mahárája, or great king, and speaking on the subject of religion. We always sent him a copy of any tract we had printed and published, which he always acknowledged. We presented him also with a copy of the Holy Scriptures in Urdu ; in connection with which we have much pleasure in here recalling a very encouraging incident. When the Imperial Assembly at Delhi in 1879 took place we were stationed in *Sháhjahánpúr*, the city of the king of the world. We were informed one day that the Mahárája of Balrámpúr was passing through on his way to Delhi for the above occasion, and was staying for the night at a small bungalow in *Lodipúr*. We at once went to visit him, and he very kindly received us. In talking of the time when we last paid him a visit at his palace in Balrámpúr,

city of the mighty Rám, his eyes brightened, and he said: "Yes, I remember that well, for you then gave me a copy of the Holy Book." And then calling his servant he told him to bring the two sacred volumes out. When the servant had brought and laid them on the table near, the Mahárája laying his hand on them said: I often have my Munshi read to me out of these books, and the words I hear are "*ajíb báten*," wonderful words. We had then a conversation on the subject of "*Nishkalank avatár*," the pure incarnation, which made, I remember, a great impression on him. Being present with Revs. Bishop Andrews and Dr. Waugh at this Imperial Assembly, we tried to have another interview with him; but there was so much "*dhúm-dhám*," pomp and parade, bustle and noise; besides mutual visitings between the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, and the Native kings, princes, nobles, and chiefs assembled, that it was impossible to obtain it. It was not till five or six years afterwards, on our re-appointment to Gonda, and being invited to Balrámpúr in common with the other residents, to witness the opening of a new hospital, that we had the pleasure and sorrow combined of seeing him. Pleasure in conversing with an old respected friend; and sorrow to see the great physical weakness which had come upon his once strong wiry frame. The terrible accident which reduced him to his then feeble condition had taken place. Out hunting tigers in the Nepal jungles on an elephant's back in a large *houda*, or litter with cane sides and seats in it for one or more persons, he saw, and wounded a tigress. The savage brute in an instant sprang on the elephant, tearing it frightfully, when the latter became so frightened that it bolted straight before it into the forest of large trees, while the tigress still clung with its claws and teeth on to the poor scared brute. The moment this swiftly moving ponderous mass came in contact with the thick strong branches of the trees, the *houda* with all in it was swept from the elephant's back and went crashing to the earth. The Mahárája was picked up senseless only a few yards from the fatally wounded tigress, which had caused all

the mischief. The Mahárája never recovered from the injuries received in this accident. When he died our mission in Gonda lost a good friend. As the mind in its wonderful volition goes swift as the lightning's flash from one subject to another, so all these reminiscences were recalled by our visit to the *Chhoṭí Mahárání*, and passed before our memory as we drove from her palace to the *nílkoṭhí* to dine that night with the Agent, Major A. The next morning found our camp broken up; the Native brethren gone to their several stations; and we on our way back to Gonda as fast as the post-horses of the minor queen could carry us. A kind greeting and hospitable reception at the Mission bungalow from Misses Phœbe Rowe and Boyd, make us for a time forget that our family were away at Naini Tal.

5. Remarks and Questions called forth in the *Indian Witness* on the work done in our Itinerating Tours, with our answers to the same, which we sincerely hope will help to explain many misunderstood points, as well as be of some interest to the reader.

(1)—The first is prefaced by a note written by the Editor.

"As we fully expected, the letter of Mr. Knowles, recently published by us, has attracted a great deal of attention. The *Bombay Guardian* is mistaken in supposing that there are a good many Christians in the region where these conversions occur. So far from it, there had been very few conversions in that region until recently. The mission at Gonda was established in 1865, and for many years it made very little progress. The only peculiarity about the present movement that we know of is that stated by the *Guardian*:

"It is to be particularly observed that before thus going forth, they wait upon the Lord until one and all have the faith of expectation, the assurance that God will work with them; refusing to go forth so long as any one of their number has any doubts about it."

It is the rule, not of three, but of two or three, illustrated. Few Christians sufficiently realize the power of united

faith. It is not enough that we believe but that we unite in believing the same word of promise."

THE GOSPEL IN GONDA.

SIR,—I have read with deep interest, in your issue of the 8th instant, the notes of an itinerating tour in the Gonda District, by Mr. Knowles. May I ask the writer, through your columns, on behalf both of myself and of others who are interested in the subject, for information on the following points?

1. What musical instruments does he use in his processions; who are the musicians, and how are they trained?

2. How does he contrive to collect a force of ten preachers to accompany him on his tours?

3. What afterwards became of the six converts who were baptized on this occasion?

4. Does he know whether they have hitherto continued steadfast, and whether they are living exemplary Christian lives?

5. Have the inquirers continued to show the interest they did, and have any of them since visited Gonda for baptism or for further instruction?

6. Has Mr. Knowles in his experience found that, as a rule, those who are baptized off-hand in the manner described, are as firm in their attachment to Christianity, and as satisfactory Christians generally, as those who have been tested for a time before receiving the rite?

Chamkaur, 12th Dec. E. N.

THE GONDA CONVERTS AND INQUIRERS.

SIR,—I have read, in your issue of the 22nd instant, the questions propounded by E. N., with regard to our Gospel work in Gonda, and am glad of the opportunity of answering them.

1. "The musical instruments" we use are of two kinds. The first consists of a big English drum, a cornet, and a large pair of cymbals; and the second of two *sitars*, two *dhols* and a triangle. The former we use to collect a crowd and call

attention, and the latter we use in our religious services after we have collected and seated the crowd.

The "musicians" are the native preachers, who have trained themselves to play to the tune of some of our most popular bhajans: such as, "*Jai Prabhú Yisú*," "*Yá jaga meṉ*," &c. Before making a tour we all meet in Gonda, and spend a week in prayer and study, and practising our musical instruments to the tunes of the above hymns. Of course, we all play by *ear*, and not by note. It is true we have not the skill of Orpheus to entrance the rocks, and trees, and animals around us; but our sounds are modulated and trained enough to please the native ear. At any rate, God has graciously and forbearingly borne with and abundantly blessed these feeble means of reaching the ear and heart and mind of the native.

2. We easily "contrive to collect a force of ten preachers," to accompany us on our tours, by simply calling in our preachers from the out-stations in our district, and inviting the native preachers in the Bahraich district to join us. When we started on the tour in question, our force was made up of two ordained Native preachers, three local preachers, three exhorters, and two colporteurs; later on we were joined at Nawabgunge by one ordained Native minister, and two exhorters from Bahraich.

3. Four of the "six converts who were baptized on this occasion," went back to live and work in their villages as usual; and the *Parmhans*, an ascetic, or one who is supposed to have subdued all his senses, and *Mahadeo* faqirs have become unpaid travelling preachers of the new Saviour in whom they have believed. The first are under the care of our Native preachers in Nawabgunge and Colonelgunge, who visit them regularly and teach them more perfectly in the knowledge and practice of Christ's religion; and the second are to report to us every month of their work, and receive the instruction they need. These faqirs, and another we baptized in the month of March last, go among their former disciples and try to gain

them over to Christ, and are supported by what they collect in food and money in their peregrinations in the district. I need hardly remark that this plan plainly tends to solve the difficult question of the self-support of Native converts, and how to create an indigenous Christianity in the country; for every convert after his baptism who can live and work in his village and act up to the light and knowledge he has received, must become the "leaven" that will ultimately "leaven the whole lump." It may excite fermentation in the village society, but it will surely tend to turn many hearts to "the bread of life." At least, I think we have gained a great advantage when we can get the minds of the natives familiar with the fact that, it is not necessary for a man, in order to become a Christian, to tear himself away from all the old relationships of life, and dress and eat and live in a compound, like the missionary; but that the new disciple of Jesus Christ can abide in the same calling wherein he was called.

4. We can readily answer the first part of this question, for we know that the six converts referred to have continued steadfast in their new faith up to the present; but we cannot so easily answer the second part. "Whether they are living exemplary Christian lives" or not. This would be a difficult question to answer, even if put with respect to young converts from among European nominal Christians, who have all their lives had a Christian home and Church training; how much more difficult does it become when put in regard to Hindú and Musalmán converts, just lifted up out of the depths of the darkness and superstition and vice of idolatry? The present advice we give these three-weeks-old heathen converts is as simple as that given by the Jerusalam Church in A. D. 51, to the Gentle converts— "That ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication: from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well." This counsel we have literally to give our *Korí* converts, as they live mostly on the meat of animals which have died only a natural death, or have been offered in sacrifice to

the idol *Kalí*. But the simple teaching we give our converts at first is, to pray night and morning in the name of Jesus Christ, instead of in the name of *Rám Sítá;* to abstain from all idolatrous acts especially in times of sickness, or in seasons of festivity ; and to drink and smoke no intoxicating liquor or drug. From the reports of our Native preachers who have spiritual charge over them, these new converts are living up to this simple teaching ; and here we may be allowed to remark that in dealing with a new Native convert, the missionary must not grasp him by the throat saying, "Pay me that thou owest,"—measure up to the perfect standard of an exemplary Christian life, or I will cast thee out ; but must have a measure of that infinite love and forbearance our Great Father has always exercised towards himself.

5. Most of the enquirers have continued to show the interest they did when first awakened. Numbers of them have already been to our Native preachers in Nawabgunge and Colonelgunge for further instruction, and some of them are soon to be baptized. A few have come to us in Gonda, to gain more knowledge of Christ ; and two, a *Káyath* and a Brahman *faqír*, are also soon to be received among us by baptism. The Brahman faqir who heard us preach at Durjanpur Ghat, and has been going among the villages ever since, declaring that Christ is the only Saviour and Judge of mankind.

6. In my experience I have found that those who have been "baptized off-hand" are as firm in their attachment to Christianity, and as satisfactory Christians generally, as those who have been tested for a time before receiving the rite ; for the simple reason that *faith in Christ* is the only condition attached to baptism, and that we know requires no length of time for its exercise. The moment a man believes on Christ, that moment he is fit for baptism, without being tested for even an hour of time ; and the man who starts in his religious course with faith in Christ, by hearing the Word preached in all its simplicity in his village, is more likely to be much firmer in his attachment to Christ, than the man who is brought

into a missionary's compound to be tested by learning the complicated formula of some particular Church. And, then, the test of a man overcoming his shame, and conquering the fear of an on-looking crowd of his own relations and caste, and coming forward before the eyes of all, and receiving baptism from a stranger's hand, is far greater and more reliable than the doubtful test of keeping an enquirer for a certain length of time, and then baptizing him in a church before an assembly of sympathising Christians.

Let me give an example. Last April a letter of ours was published in the WITNESS, giving an account of a preaching tour to the *Devi Páthan melá*. In that letter we mentioned the baptism of a *kánphati*, or one of the officiating priests at this *melá* of blood. I think I see him now, with his long white beard reaching to his waist, the heavy wooden rings in his ears, and his hands still wet with the blood of sacrifice, kneeling before us in the midst of an excited blood-sprinkled crowd of five hundred people, and receiving the rite of baptism, on an open confession of his faith in "the Lamb of God" that washed away all his sins in His own blood. This new convert showed the sincerity of his faith by refusing to receive his legal share of the money collected at the idol temple of animal sacrifice, which must have been a large sum, by continually protesting against the idea that the blood of 22,000 sucking pigs, goats, and buffaloes, annually offered, could cleanse and wash away the sins of the soul; by preaching that God had provided a true and sin-expiating sacrifice in His own Son for the whole of the human race; and by giving his life at last for Christ. For, one day last July, he was found dead in his temple cell, and we have strong moral reason, and some substantial evidence to prove, that he was treacherously poisoned by some of his former brother *jogís*, devotees, out of hatred to the name of Christ, and for fear of his influence on the people constantly coming to this sacrificial fair. We have made many inquiries on the subject of poisoning, and are thoroughly convinced that under the name of "*haizá*," or

cholera, many an obnoxious person is poisoned, and thus easily and safely disposed of. A few seeds of the *dhatúrá*, or thorn-apple plant, ground to flour and mixed with the meal for making cakes, and the tragic business is accomplished. The poor victim is reported to the police as having died of cholera, and there the murderous story generally ends. But to come back to our ear-pierced friend, whom we believed was thus cruelly made away with; now we question whether an inquirer fondled and coaxed into becoming a Christian in a Mission compound by the test of time, and a seven-foot standard, to which even the Missionary himself does not reach, would ever become so true and faithful a soldier of Christ as this once officiating idolatrous ear-ringed priest, baptized "off-hand" in the midst of a very pandemonium of animal cruelty and blood. This poor man with his heavy wooden rings had no systematic knowledge of historical Christianity, but his mind and heart rested on the published fact that, "*The blood of Jesus Christ, his* (God's) *Son, cleanseth us from all sin,*" (1 John 1: 7); and that faith and simple trust were sufficient for him to witness a good confession, and to find a happy entrance into the light and joy of that dear Lord who said: "*Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out,*" (John 6: 37)—"*To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*" (Luke 23: 43.)

Gonda, 24th December. S. KNOWLES.

2. The second letter is on the faithfulness and stability of our "immediately" baptized converts.

THE GONDA CONVERTS.

SIR,—Mr. Knowles made an itineration last year, very similar to the one recently made, a narative of which appeared in the WITNESS. May I ask (1) Have those baptized on the tour a year ago remained faithful? (2) Have they remained in their villages or former homes? (3) Have any of them been employed by the mission or missionaries? (4) How many Native Christians does Mr

K. know who received Christ as their Saviour, and were baptized the *first* time he was held up to them as the Saviour? Does Mr. K. baptize without making any enquiries concerning the character and antecedents of the person presenting himself? I think an answer to the above questions will be looked for with interest by not a few.

December 26th. J. J. L.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in answering J. J. L.'s questions in your issue of the 5th instant regarding our itinerating work last year.

1. "Have those baptized on the tour a year ago remained faithful?" Out of the fourteen persons we baptized on our first tour last year, nine have remained faithful to the light and knowledge received. The remaining five held on for a month or six weeks, and then, from sheer force of persecution from their *Thákúr* (a chief among Rájpúts, the sons of kings,) they backslid into their old ways. Still we have some hope of even these coming to the front again as renewed believers; for they are still followed by earnest prayer and sought by faithful loving workers. Of the nine persons baptized at the *Devi Pathan melá*, six have remained faithful; two have died of the terrible scourge of the Oudh villages—small-pox; and one has become a martyr, who in his death bore faithful witness to the truth of the Gospel. (See last letter.)

2. All the above, who have remained faithful to their convictions and the truth accepted, are still living in their villages or towns, and following their former trades or occupations. Four of these are in Balrámpúr, where we have a Native preacher, and the rest are living in villages not far from that town. They are mostly agriculturists and weavers, and we have used our influence in the district to impress upon their *zamíndárs*, master landholders, that the interests of these brother Christians will be carefully looked after.

3. None of these persons have been employed by the mission or missionary, but three baptized *faqírs*, religious mendi-

cants, are employed, without pay, to go among their former disciples and try and win them over for Christ. And here I may be permitted to mention that these *faqírs* are simply instructed to publish in the villages the fact that Jesus Christ is the *Nish-kalank Avatár*, or pure Incarnation, that was to come into the world, not to destroy, but to *save* sinners, and that he who repents of sin and believes on Him will be saved from the power of sin in this present birth, and from the fear of *awágáwan*, or transmigration, in the future. *Awágáwan* is the great night-mare dread of the Hindu's whole life, and he never yet has had a Saviour presented to him, who could now give him release and rest from the burden of the sins of his many supposed births in the past, and from the terrible fear of innumerable other assumed births in the future. These *faqírs* are instructed to make a great specialty of the truth that, the gift of Jesus Christ to all who believe and accept him, is a present assurance of *anant jíwan*, or eternal life, and the real possession of it the moment the soul leaves the body. Indeed, this is the burden of our own preaching, and we have seen its happy effects upon the minds and hearts of our hearers. Of course there is not yet time to test the efficacy of this means of spreading the knowledge of Jesus Christ among the people.

4. We had every reason to conclude that the persons we baptized on our tours last year had never heard of Christ, till we presented Him to their minds as a *present* Saviour; or if they had in any way or place heard of him before we preached him to them, they had certainly never heard of Him as a Saviour who could take the sting of the fear of *áwágawan* from their hearts, and give them a present salvation. But my experience of men believing on Jesus Christ, and coming forward for baptism before a large crowd, the *first* time Christ is presented to them, is new and altogether belongs to the past year. We always supposed before last year that just as the optic nerve is necessary to receive and appreciate the light, so acquired knowledge was necessary in

the mind before the Holy Spirit could work upon the heart, and that many years of the labour of spreading this historical knowledge of religion must elapse, ere the Spirit of God could reasonably be expected to work upon the hearts of the people. But the Lord clearly taught me that the *Word*, then and there intelligently preached, was to the soul what the optic nerve is to the eye; and that, then and there, the Spirit of God could apply that *Word* to create conviction of sin and an earnest desire for present salvation. Hence, before last year I never expected *present* results from preaching to *bonâ fide* Natives. We could expect fruit from preaching to nominal Christians, but not from preaching to "raw Natives;" but now we can look for present results, believing that the *Word*, then and there faithfully preached, is the only medium required by the Holy Spirit to convince of sin and reveal the things of Christ to the soul.

And, therefore, we baptize *at once* a convinced sinner who accepts Christ as his Saviour, "without making any inquiries concerning character or antecedents." For if it is true that every man's "character and antecedents" are implied in these awful words of Scripture: "The whole world lieth in wickedness," and "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," then all we need to know about a man is whether he repents of sin and is willing to receive Jesus Christ as his Saviour or not. And here we may say that we never baptized a man who came forward out of the crowd by invitation, without first taking the consensus of opinion of the brethren working with us as to whether he was fit for baptism or not. Some came forward whom we did not baptize, because they gave unmistakable signs that they were not truly impressed; but when a man showed clear signs that the Holy Spirit had touched his heart and given him a desire for salvation, then we gave him the *chinh* and the *parshád*, that he might be unmistakably identified with, and become one of us as a disciple of Jesus Christ.

Gonda, 7th January. S. KNOWLES.

3. The third letter is on the use of the *Parshád.* The word *Parshád*, or *Prashád*, literally means favour or kindness; but it is used by Hindú religious teachers to express the food or sweetmeats they distribute to their hearers after they have delivered a *kathá*, or discourse from any of the 18 puráṇs, or Hindú writings; and especially the few grains of rice or pieces of sweetmeats they give to a new convert. We have simply appropriated and adapted this well-known custom of the Hindús to our work in making disciples for Jesus Christ, as the ensuing letters will show. The idea of thus using this habitual practice of the Hindús was suggested to us at the close of a week's revival services in Gonda, when a number of Hindú friends, who had attended every night, met us with the question:—"*Kyá áp prashád ab na bánṭeṉ?*" Is your honor not now going to distribute *prashád?* They thought that we having finished our *kathá*, ought to follow the practice of their *Pandits*, and divide sweetmeats among them. Of course, as we mention below, we are not despotic in the use of the *prashád.*

THE PARSHÁD.

Sir,—Recently I have baptized two Hindús, and given them the *parshád.* I wish to call out an expression of opinion from your readers as to the propriety of giving the *parshád* to Hindús upon their baptism. The objections to it are: (1) Is there not ground for fear that the people may think this a religious ordinance of equal authority and binding force with baptism? (2) Does it not convey a wrong idea? The *parshad* is given by the *guru* to his disciple. The Lord's Supper is the true *parshád.* (3) Will not this new rite keep away some who would otherwise be baptized? They are thus confirmed in their error that to accept Christ consists chiefly in a willingness to eat with Christians and everyone. (4) Are we not introducing a test of discipleship which our Lord has not authorized? Can we do this and look for his blessing? I state these objections to call forth replies from Bro. Knowles and other brethern who believe that it is wise to

give the *parshád* at baptism. There is much to be said in favour of it. The above objections have suggested themselves to me since I gave the *parshád*. I should like to see the pros and cons of this subject stated. L.

SIR,—In your issue of the 26th instant, "L" expresses a wish to call forth replies from some of your correspondents to certain objections he suggests with respect to giving the *parshád* to Hindú converts. With your kind permission I will try to answer, as briefly as I can, "L's" suggested objections.

1. "Is there not ground for fear that the people may think this religious ordinance of equal authority and binding force with baptism?" Yes, of course they will, if we so explain it; but that is what we are very careful not to do. Baptism is explained by us to mean the Divinely authorized outward sign of discipleship; while the *parshád* is explained to be the simple sign of fellowship: answering to the apostles' "breaking of bread from house to house," or our own Methodist love feast. If I may be allowed the use of the expression, baptism drives in the nail, and the *parshád* clinches it on the other side. Those who know how easily a Hindú convert can go back to his village and *appear* to be still a Hindú, will understand the force of this. The one gives the convert a grand opportunity of making an open confession of his faith in Christ, while the other puts him into an unmistakable position that at once identifies him with us, and enables him to make a bold stand when he returns to his village or to his *muhalla* or parish in the city.

2. "Does it not convey a wrong idea? The *parshád* is given by the *guru* to his disciple. The Lord's Supper is the true *parshád*." It conveys no more wrong idea than the Methodist love feast does. We, too, may say: The plate of bread and the glass of water are given by the minister in the love feast. The Lord's Supper is the true love feast. Shall we, therefore, conclude that the love feast, a copy of the ancient *agapé*, is wrong? And granted that "the Lord's Supper

is the true *parshád:*" what then? If the religious rite we call the Sacrament, which was enjoined by Christ to be sacredly observed by his disciples, is not a *sacrificial*, but a *memorial*, service where is the wrong, in considering the giving of the *parshád* this sacrament? But we do not so consider it in practice. It is simply the sign of Christian fellowship; and has no more to do with the regular service of the Lord's Supper than has the love feast.

3. "Will not this *new rite* (?) keep away some who would otherwise be baptized? They are thus confirmed in their error that to accept Christ consists chiefly in a willingness to eat with Christians." This "new rite" as it is called, will certainly keep away those who want to play a double game—be Christians among us, and Hindús among their friends! Such shuffling evasion and playing the hypocrite are made impossible when a man partakes of the *parshád* before a mixed crowd of people. It will also keep away those who think our persons so unclean and our food so foul, that to touch the one or taste the other, would be to taint and pollute themselves so irredeemably that all the waters of the *Gungá* could never make them pure and clean again. Those who possess this error and an "unwillingness to eat with Christians," plainly declare that they have not believed on and accepted Christ, and are therefore not fit subjects for baptism. But the simple villagers we have had to deal with are those who knew so little about us that they happily possessed no such "error" in which to be confirmed. They simply took the *parshád* as a means of identifying themselves with us as disciples of Jesus Christ. Our experience has been that those whose hearts the Spirit of God has touched, and to whom He has given courage to come out and confess Christ before friends and foes, never hesitate in taking the *parshád* when explained and offered to them. Of course we never offer them anything as *parshád* that would shock their feelings or offend their prejudices. It is always some *vegetable* substance, as a few grains of rice, a piece of

English bread, or part of a Native cake. Sometimes we divide Native sweet-meats among ourselves and the new converts.

4. "Are we not introducing a test of discipleship which our Lord has not authorized? Can we do this and look for his blessing?" We never made it a "*test of discipleship*," but a simple test of sincerity leading to true *Christian fellowship*. It is something that follows the inward and outward "test of discipleship," and destroys the barrier to Christian association, and is therefore something we may legitimately do and look for the Lord's blessing upon. But in giving the *parshád* we are not arbitrary. It is only in our itinerating work, when we baptize men, who must return to their villages, that we give the *parshád*, to try and cut off every means of their retreating back to Hinduism, and save them from living a life of deceit and hyprocrisy.

Gonda, 28th April. S. KNOWLES.

CHAPTER III.

PREACHING IN MELÁS, OR RELIGIOUS FAIRS.

1.—THE SAIYID SALAR MELÁ AT BAHRAICH.

The account of this religious fair was given in the May number of "The Indian Witness," for 1884. Of this narrative the respected Editor was pleased to remark :

"Mr. Knowles's letter in this paper will be read with interest wherever it is seen. It is worthy of a "special correspondent" at any famous spectacle in the world."

Saiyid Salar was a pretended descendant of the prophet Muhammad, through his son-in-law Áli, and his daughter Fatima; and so he set up as a kind of tenth-century Mahdi. He came to India with the conquering army of Mahmúd of Ghazni, whose ambitious nephew, Mahmúd's sister's son, he was. With a strong force of Musalmán fanatics, let loose from Mahmúd's army, he destroyed the opulent city of Delhi, or Sháhjahánábád, and crossing the Ghográ he levelled Sahet Mahet, one of Oudh's most ancient and magnificent cities with the ground. He soon penetrated to Bahraich, then nearer to the jungle home of the tiger and the bear than now, and met his match in the Hindú Raís, or noblemen, of the district, who defeated and slew him. On the spot where he fell a military martyr, was an ancient altar dedicated to the worship of the sun, and called *Súrajkund*. On this old shrine, 600 years ago, his tomb was erected, which became the centre of a strange influence stretching out into every part of Oudh, as well as into the regions beyond. This has been a most popular religious fair, not only for Musalmáns, but also for Hindús. Here in the burning month of May, 100,000 people of both monotheistic and polytheistic creeds mass together to worship the bones of a dead saint, so-called.

Here the *Korán* is confounded with the *Purána*, and the Moslem vies with the Brahman in being the first to prostrate himself before an idol the most pagan. A few years ago this tomb, with its surrounding cloistered buildings, was in charge of a number of dissipated *mulas;* but their dissolute course of life, their incessant quarrels and ceaseless disputations over the money annually fleeced from the poor deluded pilgrims, forced the authorities to place the whole management of the fair in the hands of a special committee, with the Deputy Commissioner of the district as chairman. And though these pensioned *mulas* live a cat-and-dog life among themselves even now, yet their old gladiatorial litigations and open wrangling feuds have long since ceased to disturb the peace and unanimity of the local official minds.

One striking peculiarity of this reeking *melá* is the multitude of its flaunting glittering banners. Every district and tribe represented come marching into the fair with a flourish of trumpets and beat of drum, bearing their gaudy flags fiercely vibrating in the hot west wind. Every emblem that mythology can feign, every animal and memorial connected with the stories of poor dead Saiyad Sálár's former life, serpents, wolves, lions, horses, gods, genii, stars, moons, and suns, with other cabalistic signs, in all the colours of the rainbow, were emblazoned upon these waving crowds of dashing pennants and proud ensigns. And what gives these banners a more impressive appearance is that each is surmounted by a black, shaggy yak's tail; and the whole gives one the idea of a cruel victorious army proudly displaying the scalps of their fallen foes. Under each yak's tail is hidden the gift to be made at the summit of the dome of the tomb, where a pensioned *mulá* stands to take it off as the top of the long flag-pole is lifted up towards him. This gift varies from Re. 1 to Rs. 100. Two years ago a *mahájan*, they say, thus presented gifts to the agregate value of Rs. 10,000. When all these communities and tribes, with their ten thousand dancing banners, their line of crashing

music, and alternate shouts, are marching across the Jhingá Ghât, over the sandy plain, on the main road that leads through the city to the *melá*, with the morning rays of the sun scintillating from streamer and standard, and flashing upon the enthusiastic crowds, they present as showy and stirring a pageant of idolatrous life as can be found or seen in any land. But this and every other pompous spectacle becomes, in the eye of the believer, dull and colourless to the crowded splendour of that Church of the living God which is "*terrible as an army with banners.*" Feebly representing that Church, we had but *one* flag to unfurl and but *one* blessed emblem to display—Heaven's grand escutcheon, and the glorious symbol of the death of Christ and the world-subduing Gospel of the Son of God—*The cross of Jesus!* But "in the name of our God we set up our banner," and displayed our royal signal; and taking up our position under it, we achieved a bloodless and peaceful victory over the boasting ranks and proud insignia of the enemy.

There are three points of much interest at this *mela.* The first is the massive chain that stretches quadruplicated across the heavily arched gateway leading into the square-shaped interior. The devotee, before he can enter this quadrilateral, must lay hold of the fourfold chain in gymnastic style, and then fondle and kiss it, while a contractor stands by to receive his pice. This man had contracted for the quadruple chain for the fixed sum of Rs. 60, which amount he told the writer he had paid the Secretary of the Special Committee mentioned above. This seizing hold of the chain is supposed to confer innumerable blessings of different kinds, especially power over ghostly and human enemies. In the centre of the parallelogram stands a square of heavily built, battlemented walls, in the middle of which rises the dome-figured tomb of Saiyad Salar. Outside of this enchanted Sepulchre are also the three long graves of Saiyad Salâr's most faithful followers, which are also objects of superstitious worship. And here, at any time during the

fair, a sight may be seen that baffles description, while it makes the heart grow very sad indeed. Through a low and narrow doorway, leading into the interior of the dome covering the tomb, hundreds of men, women, and children are shoutingly crushing their way to walk round the red cloth-covered sarcophagus, and to scatter their offerings of rice and flowers, and fill the collection plates of the three *mulás* who, ever expectant, sit near. At such times this cave-like place becomes like a heated lime-kiln, only not with the same bearable odour. And before the Municipality of Bahraich took over charge of this heathen shrine, and paternally provided one of the newest and most improved style of thermantidotes, and ordered it to be let into one of the thick sides of the dome, and kept going from morning till night, during the Mela, numbers of poor pilgrims entered this fatal place only to find it for themselves the house of death and the destruction of all their hopes and fears in this life for ever! Now only six persons are allowed to file in at one time. The outside court-yard of this domed sepulchre is crowded with a sweltering mass of suffering humanity in all the loathsome stages of ophthalmia, blindness, leprosy, and elephantiasis. Here a supposed supernatural, but in fact a very filthy, stream, supplied from a *bihishti's* water-skin, slowly issues from the tomb inside, and by dipping the hand in this polluted water and letting it drop on the visionless eyes or upon the cutaneous diseases, *one* blind man may hope to receive his sight, and *one* leper may hope to be cleansed during the time the *melá* is held. It made one soul-sick to look at that joyless, melancholy scene. And it was touchingly sad to see a line of blind men dropping the poisoned fluid upon their sightless eyeballs, and turning their poor blank faces up to the light of the sun, anxiously waiting for their sight to be restored; or to see crowds of toeless and fingerless lepers urging their painful way to the muddy stream, each with the hope burning in his breast

that, perhaps, he might be the happy one chosen to exhibit in his cure the power of a dead man to give new life. Oh, that the same amount of faith could be exercised in a living Christ, the true opener of the eyes of the blind, and the true cleanser of lepers! Who can tell what the mighty results would be even *physically* as well as spiritually? The *faith* is there; but the *object* upon which it rests is not God-appointed; nor could such be worthy of His nature, His name, or His moral government.

But we must move on to the third point of interest at this unique fair. And that is an odoriferous white sandal-wood tree spreading out its branches in a corner of the court-yard just outside the Saiyad's mausoleum. To the trunk of this wishing-tree, and to as many of its branches as can be easily reached, you may see, at times, as many as fifty persons of both sexes fastened tightly with cords, hands and feet, so they cannot move. Some hanging by the hair of their heads looking like fugitive Absaloms caught in this tree-trap. These poor deluded creatures have thus had themselves imprisoned, so that their great Muhammadan saint and hero might grant their desires for children, wealth, prosperity, health, power, victory in litigation, or deliverance from some chronic disease. Sometimes a poor enthusiast will remain for days in pain and agony, in this half-crucified position, till he gains the assurance that the special gift he seeks will be granted him. Those whose wishes of the previous year have been fulfilled, come this year to bind a token of some kind for answered prayer to this same tree. Hence the tree is covered with true or pretended answers to prayer. Here our hearts went out again in earnest prayer that this hood-winked, phantom-haunted people might soon be brought to a true knowledge of that God who can "*supply all your* NEED *by Christ Jesus.*" In fact just such texts as this one, together with the simple stories of the healed leper and blind Bartimeus, made up the whole theme of our five days' services at this *melá* of flags.

In addition to the usual noisy bazars filled with traders, hucksters, pedlars, and cheap-Jacks, the usual wonderful sights of bodiless human heads, five-legged cows, and *faqírs* swinging and roasting over large fires, and all the other usually nameless appurtenances of a large fair, there were also, for the Europeans, a considerable cattle-show, an exhibition on a small scale, a great wrestling match for all the Oudh-athletes, and a shameless native *nautch:* all to enhance in the eyes of the Natives the importance, and to swell the triumph, of this madness of idolatry. And so the British flag waves out gracefully from the top of the new Lyall exhibition building, to welcome and encourage the occult banner that floats out near on the summit of the Saiyad's tomb. We cannot say that our beloved flag is thus trailed in the dust before this dreadful mania of superstition, for it is too high up in the air for that; but it certainly did seem to the writer very much out of both place and time where it then was.

On the 16th instant the new railway, crowded with ardent pilgrims, steamed us to Bahraich in three hours and put us down only a few yards from this popular shrine: though two good miles away from the Civil Station. We found Mr. W. Peters had judiciously chosen a central convenient position in the *mela* for our preaching services. Behind this he had pitched a tent for the preachers to stay in during the great heat of the day. The front was covered with matting, with forms arranged on three sides, and above our heads, under the branches of tamarind trees, stretched a canopy of more matting, to protect us from the blinding glare. A seeker's form ran across the remote front, which looked as if the preachers expected to see and experience a blessed work of God at this *melá*. We were saved from the pressure of the crowds by strong bamboo barriers. The services began every morning at 6 and continued till 10 o'clock; and every evening were resumed at 4 o'clock and closed at 7. And thus 15 brethren faithfully and devotedly

laboured for five days, in one of the hottest and most trying months of the year, with most encouraging results. Among the Native preachers was a brother from the Wesleyan mission in Faizabad, who did good service for his great Master. Brother Orange Judd, from Lucknow, was also with us to contribute real efficient aid.

On the first day a great impression was made but no one responded to the earnest call of the brethren. In the second day's morning service three *Narainí pandits*, teachers of the name of *Vishnu*, came out and confessed their faith in Christ; but only one young man of these was then and there baptized. He received the name of Prabhu Das, and news of his baptism spread through the fair and created a great sensation. Of his own accord he took the *mala*, or rosary made from the seed of the *Eleocarpus*, from his neck and handed it to me, and then ate bread and drank water with us. He has since brought in his two brothers from their village to be instructed in our holy religion. At the Sunday evening service an unusual impression was made, and 15 poor souls of all castes remained to be prayed for and further instructed in Gospel truths. From among these we expect five will be baptized. On Monday morning following the Rev. J. Elliot, Wesleyan missionary of Faizabad, opened our services in the *melá*. He has an excellent idiomatic use of the Urdu language, and his appropriate sermon had a very excellent effect upon the minds and hearts of the densely packed crowd of entranced listeners. For three hours, during the whole of our services, this multitude stood as if chained to the ground and held by some unseen power. When the invitation came some ten persons responded, but only four reached the seekers' form; the others were dragged away by their alarmed friends. Of the four who thus came forward and knelt for prayer, only two, a *Brahman* and a *Bunya*, were baptized on the spot; but they were heart and soul in their eagerness and earnestness to be saved and to obtain peace. The other two said they had

received Christ as their Saviour, and that satisfied them without baptism. They have come out since, however, and now know the Lord is faithful to his promises. Of the six deeply convinced persons who were taken away by their anxious friends, two were Musalmans. I never saw the crowds so swayed and moved upon before in any *melá*. There was no confusion or exciting noise, but the conscious presence of a solemn Power that made the heart sink with awe and the body tremble with foreboding fear. It was as if the shock of an earthquake had come among us. The names of 45 inquirers were taken down by the preacher-in-charge of Bahraich.

In the evening a grand black sand storm, darting out flashes of fire, and sending forth rolling peals of thunder, swept over the *melá* and city, and deluged the country round with refreshing rain. Though this timely storm laid the dust, sent up a grateful odour from the earth, and cooled down the fiery atmosphere, it spoilt all our preaching arrangements for the last evening's work at this fair. For the unbroken tide of people has set in the other way, and is rushing by the Mission school house where we are staying, flagless, musicless, moneyless, and spiritless, to divide into small streams at the *ghat* beyond and be lost for ever to us in the great future.

2. THE DAVI PATAN MELÁ OF APRIL, 1884.

In addition to what the editor of "The Indian Witness" writes at the head of the ensuing article, he also kindly remarks on the first page of the same issue. "The letter from Mr. Knowles on our second page is in some respects the most remarkable we have yet published from him. We are surprised that these letters have not attracted more attention at home, for they certainly surpass in interest any thing of the kind which has yet been written from that part of India. There are men still living who can remember the time when missionaries in North India were pelted with clods and mud when they attemped to preach at the

great *melás*, but now we have the spectacle of an enthusiastic crowd at one of these great gatherings bursting out in loud acclamations of "*Jsá ja ith ki jai*," which freely translated, may be taken to mean, "Glory or victory to the faith of Jesus!" None but those who have been in India, and have intimate knowledge of the people, can comprehend what an immense revolution in popular thought and feeling such an event indicates multiply every day that the way of the Lord is being prepared for mighty victory of the Gospel in India."

THE DEVI PÁTAN MELA.

"We surrender our editorial page this week to our well-known contributor, the Rev. S. Knowles, of Gonda, Oudh, who gives the following graphic account of a visit to the Devi Pátan *melá*. We are very sure that nothing from our own pen would be read with as much interest, or afford as much encouragement and profit to friends of the missionary cause, as this letter:"—

The harvest is all gathered and stacked on the threshing-floors, under trees outside the villages; and the people have both time and money to enjoy a holiday, and take a trip to the *Devi Pátan melá*, on the borders of the Nepál jungles. Hence the roads leading to the *melá* are covered with these holiday making rustics, tradesmen and officials. Here we see a crowd of pedestrians, men, women, and children, carrying their sleeping and cooking arrangements, and leading or dragging the doomed he-goats, forcing their onward eager way. There stout self-satisfied officials, on their well-fed, ambling ponies urging their not over courteous way through the dusty groups of travellers. There, too, in the deep ruts the rough, slow-going, country carts, with their screeching wheels that set your teeth on edge, and each filled with a peasant family, including the devoted he-goat, the women singing a monotonous song in praise of *Sítá Rám*, god Rám and his wife, that somehow makes the heart feel sad; it is through these motley crowds, and clouds of ever rising dust, some eight

of us are pressing on our way to the first camping place at Mahárájganj, 16 miles on the Balrámpúr road.

After our usual preparatory services in the afternoon, with united faith, we marched to the front of the shop of a vendor of spirituous liquors, situated at the head of the village. The expressive sign of this reeking, foul-smelling shop was a long pole with a broken bottle hanging by the neck. It is very significant that the word the native uses to express intoxicating drink, viz. *dárú*, is the same he uses for *gunpowder* thus *dárú-síså* (lit.) powder and lead, means *ammunition*. And truly, as far as the effects go, the one is about as dangerous and destructive as the other. We found about twenty men and women sitting on one side of the shop, drinking and quarrelling together. And as far as we could judge, there was not a sober person among them. Of course, they were of the *korí* caste, the tribe our *sáis* or groom, comes from; and I must say that during my long experience in Oudh I have never seen a respectable native of high caste drinking at these shops. We soon collected over a hundred persons. After our customary service of song and prayer and preaching, we gave our invitation for any impressed to come forward and acknowledge it. The *kalwár*, or liquor vendor, himself was the first to respond to our call. He promised he would give up his questionable trade; worship God in and through the name of Jesus Christ; and as far as he knew it, always walk in the way of truth. On this confession we baptized him. He has since separated himself from the liquor business, and gone back to his village to cultivate his land. When we had baptized this liquor dealer, his poor wife came running out to us saying that, "*áp ne mere purakh ki zát ko bharisht kiyá*," i. e. "You have polluted my husband's caste!" We told her only sin, as drunkenness, etc. could pollute and debase; and that we had raised her husband's caste by making him a Christian. After we had received the *kalwár* and pacified his angry wife, a poor blind man cried out: "These men speak the truth, and from this

day I am also a disciple of Jesus Christ." With his sightless eye-balls turned to the setting sun, we received him as a *chelá* or disciple, of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The next day we reached Balrámpúr, ten miles further on our way to the *melá*. Here we found a heterogeneous mass of people crowded into the many parks of mango trees that surround this capital of the first *talluqdár* or landholder in Oudh. For though Deg Biseg Singh is dead, having lost his life two years ago from a severe fall from his elephant, when attacked by a wounded tiger, Balámpúr is still the abode of his two widowed Mahárání's, and called by his name. Here we have a Native preacher, Bihárí Lal, and a number of our new converts baptized last and this year. We had the pleasure of partaking the hospitality of the former, and the delight of seeing and instructing and encouraging the latter. In the evening we marched in full force to the *chauk*, or square in centre of the city, and gathered over five hundred listeners. Ten persons, two Brahmans and eight *koris*, believed the word, were received, and placed under the instruction of Bihárí Lal. Most of these new converts live in villages round about Balrámpúr, so can be easily looked after.

The next day, reinforced by brethren from Balrámpúr, we started for the *mela*, eighteen good miles towards the misty mountains, seen in the distance. After a most trying march in the heat and blinding dust, we reached the refreshing banks of the beautiful Rapti river. Oh, how grateful we felt as we bathed our fevered limbs in its cool, clear waters, and drank in new life! The great Buddha in his peregrinations 600 years B. C. in this kingdom of Oudh, never enjoyed his ablutions in this clear grand old river as we did our bath in it to-day. After tiffin, and a reviving siesta in the acceptable shade of a large *pákar* tree, the citron-leaved Indian fig-tree (*ficus-venosa*), we started again in the dusty track of the devotees, for the *melá*. But just as we crossed the bridge of boats, a number of people stopped us and requested us to preach to them. We were not slow

in holding forth the Word of Life, and pressing our willing hearers to come to Jesus. One Brahman *bairágí's* heart was touched, and he came forward confessing Christ to be the only Saviour of men. We led him down to the river and gave him the Christian sign of discipleship, and then we broke the bread of fellowship, of which he willingly partook. Thirsty, tired, and full of dust, we entered under the grand grove of tamarind trees that surround the gloomy temple of the blood-deluged idol goddess, and in which our camp was pitched, and were soon enjoying an agreeable rest in the cool of the evening.

The *melá* partook more of a migratory character this year than last: still there were never less than twenty-two thousand people present, as long as the *melá* lasted. The first impression you receive as you enter this fair, is that you are entering an immense slaughter house; for the odour and sight of blood are everywhere. We always try and pitch our tents to the north of these shambles, and are thus saved from the horrible effluvium so fiercely carried to the east. But the temple of the female deity and its vicinity are only equalled in butchery and gore by the tomb of Mirza, a few yards off, daily washed with pig's blood. Both form a complete Aceldama. At the former, relays of sanguinary priests keep severing with their sharp, heavy-bladed *kukeries*, or knives, the heads from the quivering bodies of he-goats and male-buffaloes from morning till evening. This sickening carnage takes place over a sand pit, which is emptied and filled with fresh sand every morning. The devotee first takes the animal to be offered to an adjacent tank, and dips it three times in the foul water. The devotee pays two pice for dipping the doomed creature, and two pice for offering it. At the latter, or tomb of Mirza, another awful destruction of animals is witnessed. A number of blood-stained priests stand behind a stone in front of the temple, in readiness to relieve the one, who takes the sucking pig from the devotee, dashes its head upon the stone, and hands it back to the offerer, who rushes with the bleeding ani-

mal into the building to let the blood drop on the dishonoured shrine. In the evening time heaps of dead sucking-pigs, of a thousand each, may be seen, said pigs being sold off at a pice each to *koris* and other low caste Hindus. It may be asked how it comes that *pigs*, the most abominably unclean animal to Moslems, should be offered in sacrifice on a Musalmán's tomb? I have never yet been able to get a satisfactory answer to that question. The legend is, that one Mirza, a Mohommedan prince, was out shooting in the forest, and happened to pass the tank in which the *Devi*, goddess, from the adjacent temple was bathing in all her pristine fatal beauty. He was fascinated and irresistibly allured towards her; when she instantly struck him into immobility, and then offered him two things, either to allow himself to be sacrificed to her vindictive passion, or permit sucking pigs to be immolated over his tomb when he naturally died. Mirza, loving his life more than his religion and honor, accepted the latter alternative. He lived after that for many years in the favor of the bewitching goddess, and then paid the price for his infidelity by having his grave annually desecrated with pig's blood. So runs the story, and there stands the stern fact of the cruel sacrifice of these poor little brutes. Will not some philanthropic *Aryan* brother step this way, and be as enthusiastic in rescuing from his co-religionists' cruel hands these devoted pigs, and goats and buffaloes, as he is in trying to save the cow from the Mohammedan butcher? It was calculated that one animal a minute was sacrificed from sunrise to sunset of every day, for a week; thus not less than 5,040 animals were cruelly and uselessly immolated during the time we were present at this great *Hindú* pandemonium.

Our manner of operation was the same this year as last. We rose in the grey of the morning to our bugle call, and met for prayer and consultation and counsel; then when our hearts were strong and our faith as one man's, we sallied forth with banner flying and music playing, assured of victory. We chose a shady convenient place where we could operate with-

out fear of being molested, and at the same time readily reach the great mass of the people. There we spread our carpet, conducted our services, and invited the worshippers of a gory deity to the loving arms of the Great Father. Sometimes we would march round and through the fair among the crowds, who had come with a view to the worshipping of mammon as well as to the worshipping of the particular deity at the *melá;* then we would be greeted with cries of, "Here come the *padris* that fascinate and then make the people Christians!" Time and space will not permit me to write a detailed account of each day's work. Enough if we say that we had never less than 500 people at any one of our services conducted in the open *mela*, and that perfect order reigned, and the greatest attention was given throughout. We drew the attention of a large crowd by telling them that we had brought them the *páras patthar*, or true philosopher's stone. The Hindu legend tells us this stone was found by a grass-cutter, who, accidentally touching it with his scythe, and was astonished to find that implement turned into gold. It found its way into the hands of a king, who in a fit of generosity gave it to a Brahman. This holy man not knowing the virtue of the gift, and being displeased at receiving a present, apparently so worthless, threw the precious stone into a river. When he was informed of what he had done, struck with shame and remorse he plunged into the rushing waters and was drowned. But this lost *páras patthar* we had brought them! Then we read out in *Hindi* 1 Peter 1 : 18-19. "NOT WITH SILVER OR GOLD, BUT WITH PRECIOUS BLOOD, *as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ*, are your souls "*redeemed!*" This was our preaching subject. At one time the people were so moved that they shouted as one man, with all the enthusiasm of devotees: "*Isa panth ki jai!*" (May the religion of Christ prosper!) and kept prolonging the shout for some time. The women, too, this year found their way into the listening crowds; and after the services would brin their children, place them at

our feet, and ask for our blessing. At the close of every service one or two would respond to our call, come out, and be received before the whole assembly, either as disciples or inquirers. One noted *faqir*, a *Kabír-panthi*, named *Mangal Das*, pressed out of the crowd, threw himself at our feet, and said that he surrendered body and soul to the Lord Jesus Christ. We baptized him, and broke to him the bread of holy fellowship in the midst of the astonished people. Thus we received as disciples of Jesus Christ in this fair seven persons, one *faqir*, two brahmans, and four *koris;* and took the names of over fifty inquirers.

But the most encouraging thing we met with at this *melá* was the visit paid us of the two *pandits* whom we baptized last year. They came from their village, 14 miles from the fair, specially to see us. We found that they had stood firm all through the year, though at times greatly persecuted; that they had intelligently read the books we had given them; and that they were more determined than ever to know the Lord more and more, and serve Him with all their physical and mental powers. They were greatly revived and refreshed by their timely visit, and went back to their village powerfully impressed. If any should ask what was the special theme of our preaching at this *melá* of animal sacrifice, I would answer, simply that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, is the only true atonement and remedy for sin; and this backed up with our own personal experiences, and strong faith in the fact that *souls are won, not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.* Nothing to me showed the power of the Gospel at this *melá* of blood, more than the words of the *Kabír-panthí faqír* whom we baptized and met at Balrámpúr on our way home from the fair. "Sir," he said, "I went to the *melá* a *Hiudu*, I have returned a *Christian*."

3—THE DAVI PATAN MELA OF APRIL 1886.

On a statement made in this narrative, the Editor of the "Indian Witness," Mr. B. Aitkens, remarks in a note as fol

lows: "We call on skeptics of every kind to mark Mr. Knowles's note-worthy assurance that a fair at which 22,000 victims were sacrificed in a few days will soon lose its sacrificial character through the preaching of the Gospel."

Not being able to march in the usual itinerating way to this celebrated sacrificial *melá*, the Native brethren went through by camel-cart to Balrámpúr, while I *dáked* it through to the same place by horse dák. I know of no more pleasant mode of travelling in this country than to drive on a good *pukka* road with a relay of fast-going horses in the cool of the early morning at this time of the year. A friend accommodating me with the loan of two horses—one I send out to Ghilauli, the other to Maharaj-gunge, while with my own I drive from the Gonda Mission House on the morning of the 5th instant at 4 o'clock. The mango trees that shade each side of the road, as you drive along, are all aglow with their new spring foliage, and the air is filled with the music of birds and the sweet odour of the newly cut and stored wheat-stacks. As you pass over the railway line at Bargawn, and get out into the broad open country, the beauty and freshness of the early dawn come on you like a blessed inspiration from Heaven; for the weather is wonderfully cool for this season of the year. On account of the late heavy rains the harvest this year has been put back some weeks; hence as we spin along over the fine metalled road, we see the men, women, and children from the adjacent villages still at work reaping their fields and loading their rough carts with the rich-smelling sheaves. Here and there, too, you see a poor widow and her son following the reapers to glean the ears of corn that have been left upon the ground and to pluck the few stalks of wheat that have been purposely left standing. The crows and minas also are out clamouring for their share of the fallen grain. But now a flush of glory is on the eastern horizon, showing the sun will soon mount up the heavens to cast a flood of more luminous light upon the landscape, fill the groves of trees with refulgent

splendour, and make the sickles of the reapers sparkle with his golden beams. As I drive along all creation seems revived and to burst out into a morning hymn of praise. Thank God for his presence even in creation! And yet what a sad change will soon manifest itself all over the surface of this part of the earth! Where all the fields have been green and beautiful in the sparkling dew and fresh sunlight for months past, will now, from this to the end of June, be dry and parched and hard as flint, with the blast of a heated wind mercilessly sweeping over them. But it is joy to know that after this trying time the laden clouds will gather on a cleared sky, and the refreshing rains will descend, and the burnt-up ground will again soften, and awake once more to life and beauty and song. By the time we change horses at Maharagunge, the wind from the West has risen, and strikes you with unpleasant force on the left, while the sun uncomfortably warms you up on the right; so we are glad of the protection and shade of a portion of the forest we shall now have for a few miles. Here the young sál trees (*shorea robusta*), with their new flush of bright shining leaves, and growing up straight as arrows, with groups of weary pilgrims to the *melá* resting in shady spots on either side of the road, make up a very cheerful picture, though one feels sorry for the little he-goats browsing so unconsciously on the edge of the jungle, knowing their necks will soon be under the sharp blade of the sacrificial knife, and their blood dripping over a goddess that exists not, save in the vain imagination of the idol-worshipers. We soon reach Dulhinpur Ghát, where we cross the clear waters of the river Ku'ar over a wooden bridge, and pass through some of the most beautiful forest scenery on this road. A few miles more, and we are driving past the new memorial gardens of the late Maharajah, on to the splendid mansion he had erected for the use of officials travelling through the district. Here we stay for the day and night, to allow of our sending forward two of our dák horses to put us through from this to Tulsipur and the *melá* on the mor-

row. This magnificent *kothí* is erected on the south side of one of the largest and finest groves of mango trees to be found in any part of "The garden of India;" and at this season of the year this *bágh* or park, is looking its very best, in its new spring dress. In front of the mansion is a fine flower-garden, all aglow with roses and petunias. In the centre of this well-laid out garden rises a bare flag-staff, showing how ready the senior Maháraní would be to welcome at any time H. H. the Lieut.-Governor, or any other high official, and expend plenty of money, too, in her unsparing hospitality. But we are very small fry, and the most we can hope for is the shelter of a room and the luxury of a bath. For the rest I have to look to my own simple commissariat, and the services of my one servant. But one thing more I had the privilege of doing, and that was to sit in a most luxurious chair in the elegantly furnished drawing-room, and study copies of some of the finest pictures in the world of their kind, carrying me back in history to many soul-thrilling scenes. There is a mere boy-regiment of Britishers, on the blood-soaked field of Waterloo, standing the shock and onslaught of the chivalry of France. There is the meeting of Wellington and Blucher, amid smoking homesteads and the mangled corpses of friends and foes, while in the distance the avenging German artillery and cavalry are cruelly pressing on the confused rear of all that is left of Napoleon's grand army. Then there is that wonderfully impressive picture of the Roll-call, where a thin red line of the Guards, after the bloody contest on the heights of Inkerman, is drawn up, to find who those are of that heroic regiment who have answered to the great roll-call above. Even of those left living, every other man is wounded, or faint to falling from fatigue and hunger. The sergeant, who with pencil and book in hand, is marking off the numerous names of those who have fallen or are missing, is himself wounded while the mounted officer is listening, with ineffable pity on his face to the small number of feeble answers that respond

to the calling of so many names. While this soldier's battle was being fought we were stationed in Meerut, and expecting every day to receive telegraphic orders to start for that awful scene of strife and bloodshed; but the Great Captain of salvation had other service in which for us to enlist. There are one or two other pictures representing stirring scenes in the Franco-Prussian War, of which I cannot recall the events.

A visit from Mr. M——belongs to the important incidents of staying at this place. There can be no doubt about his English birth and education; and he is as great an expert in riding or doctoring a horse, as in curing the skin or setting up to life the figure of a tiger. In charge of the late Sir Dig Beseg Singh's fine stud of Arabs, he is most obliging and helpful to any visitor who may wish to see the elephants, the stables, the menagerie, the old rhinoceros, and other lions of Balrampur. This same pachydermatous mammal we remember 23 years ago. Then he was the terror of the 200 elephants in possession of the late "great king"; not on account of the strong horn upon his nose did the ponderous elephants fear him, but by reason of those sharp tusks hid away under his flabby lips, and which he revealed and used with a vengeance when he attacked his foe. At any rate, Mr. M. will help you to pass a very pleasant hour or so in a lonely place like this. Then a visit from our Christian helpers and converts in this city and from Mahadeva, helps us to pass a not uninteresting day.

We are up in the gray dawn of next morning, to start for Tulsipúr *via* Sisaiya Ghát, after a most restless night in combating the Balrámpúr mosquitoes with a towel. Driving by the Maharani's Charitable Hospital, the commanding Lyall College, and the very dumpy Post Office, we innocently turn off on to the high mud road thrown up last rains. We had not driven a mile when we were suddenly brought up by a cut in the road ten feet deep and twenty feet wide. A number of passing coolies helped our buggy down into the

ditch and up on to the other side; but three such cuts in succession afterwards made us wish ourselves back on the pukka or metalled roads of the Empress Queen Victoria; especially when, at the river Rapti, this treacherous road came to an abrupt end, and we were nearly precipitated into a gulf of sand below. Then we returned a few miles and descended with the help of villagers into a deep cart-rut. This rut, with flinty, high sides and full of flinty holes, went winding round in half moon shape, on the sloping bank of the river, which brought the buggy every now and then to an angle that was extremely unpleasant. Thus bumping and thumping along we descend on to a very primitive bridge across the Rapti. This bridge is made of village boats, overlaid with logs of wood and covered with brushwood and straw. By the help of coolies, and guided by a soldier of the Maháráni dressed in the costume of Lord Clive's sepoys, minus the nether garment, we floundered over this apology for a bridge on to the opposite side. Then our troubles really began; for we had to go over a road that had been prepared in the late rains to specially perplex the traveller and try his temper. Given a mud road in the rains, with a thousand carts going backwards and forwards over it, making intersecting deep ruts, then over all this an army of elephants tramping and making hundreds of deep basins with their ponderous feet; let the whole dry and bake in the burning sun, and you will have a road of jagged flints that would require special patience to drive over, and would show in a very marked way the difference between the government of the Sirkar and that of a Maháráni. But it is a long lane that has no turning; so when our buggy has become a jingling mass of loosened screws and bolts and springs and spokes, we scramble up out of a muddy pit called the Balrapti to the pleasant village of Kathai-ki-Dih, and there change our tired horse for a fresh one. And now a paradise of a road, all green with grass, and free from vexing cart *ruts* and elephant *pugs*, stretches out before us,

straight as the crow flies, and only four miles from Tulsipúr and our welcome camp at the *melá*. After the greetings of our brethren, a hearty meal, and a sound night's rest, we are prepared to say something of ourcamp.

Every year we have our camp pitched to the north of the *melá*, as we thus avoid the East or West wind which comes fiercely pregnant with the odour of a hundred unclean shambles from the places near the temple where the sucking-pigs, the he-goats and young buffaloes are sacrificed every hour of the day. Then this is the most convenient place for our work; for the road to the Chandánpúr forests and the Nepal hills runs through this *bágh*, and here we can arrest the attention of the sturdy hill-man, with his rope-woven wallet, filled with thick pieces of the *deodar* tree, which he will sell to the peopleof the *melá* for offerings to the goddess; and the manly-looking, though nude, Thárú who has come to make his simple offering to the Devi's shrine. Thank God, we shall soon have a blessed account to give of these same Thárús, when we have left this *mela*, and gone among them in their village homes.

Our tents are pitched in a most lovely spot under the outspreading branches of large mangoe trees; whose new rich foliage forms a very grateful shade as we sit conversing with the people. To our front are the tents of a Muhammadan gentleman, who has come to purchase horses, and the well-known *tángan*, or hill pony, always brought from Nepal to this fair for sale. He sits in front of his tent in true oriental style, smoking from the long, snake-like pipe attached to a large silver *hukka*; while two shameless courtesans sit before him, chewing the inevitable *pán*, betal leaf (*Piper betal*), and cracking their unseemly jokes. To our rear are the well-ordered tents of the young Rajah of Atraula, who has also come to purchase horses and then go on into the forest at Bhagwanpur (not) to bag a tiger or a bear. He will soon come of age, and be placed in charge of his estates. He is very friendly with us, and will presently come on his baby-elephant,

which he drives himself, make us a visit, and then sit in front of our tent and hear our *bhajans* sung and the word of life preached to the passers-by. He always brings his *pán*-bearer with him, and will not fail to offer you a leaf filled with cloves and cardamoms smeared with catechu. It is a friendly act of courtesy to take one, though you may not eat it. The *pán* is quite an old institution in this country, and gardens of it are grown like hops in Kent: only the gardens here are all covered in with matting to protect them from the fierce heat of the sun.

But we must not forget our view of the fair. To our left you look out under the branches of the trees as far as the eye can reach, over the reaped fields, right up to the Nepal mountains, the sides of which, now on fire, will look at night like a grand illumination. To our right is the village after which the *melá* takes its name, owned by the *mohant*, or abbot, of the Devi Pátan temple. The houses of this village being constructed of jungle-grass and wood, would endanger the whole fair, were they once to take fire. Groups of hill-men are sitting in circles round the trees, with their women and children inside, and their well-stored baskets arranged round the roots of the trees inside of all. A pilgrim family from some distant village on the plains, have just settled themselves under a tree near my tent. The mother is kneading dough in a brass-vessel, to make into unleavened bread; the daughter is going to a well, near, to draw water and fill her two or three brass pots; one boy is busy, gathering dry sticks and leaves for the fire; while another boy is shampooing his father's tired limbs, as the latter lies prone upon a bed of straw arranged at the foot of the tree. When night comes on, and the fires are lit, and you see groups of people seated around them, and figures flitting about here and there in the uncertain light, the whole camp will become a very lively and picturesque scene.

Let us stand under this old pipal tree, where we have often stood and preached in years gone by, on the rising ground

outside the *Devís'* temple ; for from this point you get the best view of the whole *melá*. There, away to the South-East you see the topes of trees under which the *tángans*, or hill ponies, are picketed in circles for sale ; or where a good riding Arab or driving Cape horse or country bred nag, fit for saddle or harness, may be purchased for a reasonable price. There, away to the south, the reaped fields are black with litters of sucking pigs, lines of tethered he-goats, and herds of young buffaloes, waiting to be purchased for the sacrificial knife. Here, immediately under our feet, the crowded, busy, noisy bazar, with its cloth-made shops, forming streets radiating from a centre. There the cloth-merchant, the general dealer, the seller of brass vessels, and especially the vendor of sweet-meats, are driving a roaring trade. There you see a delighted lad blowing away at a newly bought whistle, or a joyful lass dangling an ingenious but not very durable toy. Here a woman with her left hand up, to keep her sheet modestly in its proper place on her head, while in her right hand she holds a piece of coloured cloth which she looks at with admiring eyes, and there her husband, clinking with the silver ring on his finger, a new brass-vessel he has bargained for with many words. Now it is evening time, and the people are not engaged in making their offerings to the blood-thirsty *Devi*, and so are free to wander up and down the transient streets, and gaze and stare and wonder at the gaudy, flaunting shops. Here a dancing girl is making frantic efforts, with clinking hands and feet, to draw a few pice from the listless lookers-on ; there a travelling minstrel is droning a monotonous song to an unsympathizing audience ; and here a sharper is trying to decoy a few simple countrymen, to win all their money in gambling. The morning scene in the *melá* is very different, when, in the early dawn of the morning, the great bells go clanging and the big drums go booming forth from the temple, creating noise enough, one would think, to waken into life even the poor dead stone they call a goddess ! There, as you face the West, you see to your left rows of devotees holding sucking pigs by their

hind legs, waiting to dash their heads on a stone, and then rush with the bleeding victims to let their blood fall on the loathsome idol. These devotees have previously taken their poor pig-offerings to an adjacent tank and dipped them three times in its filthy water, and given their pice to the wood-ring-eared priest at the top of the tank steps. There to your right the struggling mass of men, each with a he-goat he has just dipped in the foul water of the tank, striving to get up to the *jogí* priest, who with hands and feet and heavy bladed knife wet with blood, is fast severing the heads of goats from their bodies. These heads become the property of the priests, and are sold in the evening by auction in great heaps. The headless trunks are removed by the offerers themselves, and divided among friends at a feast. The crows and vultures, too, share in the general havoc and butchery. Then, after *Ratn Náth*, a simple Mahadeo-stone, is brought down from Nepal into the *melá*, with great priestly pomp and glory, the offering of young buffaloes begin, and this heathen altar continues flowing with the blood of these innocent, helpless creatures poured out to propitiate this greedy omnivorous goddess. Thus this *melá* for a week gloats over the blood of 22,000 slaughtered animals, as a propitiatory sacrifice to the black goddess (*kálí*) with her four arms, in the hands of two of which she holds a sword and a blood-dripping human head, the Hecate of the Hindu's wife of *Shiva*, and to whom in days gone by human sacrifices were constantly offered. But this black lady with the protruding tongue, her necklace of skulls, her earrings of dead bodies, and her girdle of dead men's hands, is doomed! Thank God for the One Great Offering of the Cross, which turns men's minds from human and animal sacrifices as insufficient, degrading, and cruel. Oh, from what blood and suffering has not this ineffable tragedy of Calvary saved the nations! For were it not for that grand Remedy, the nations that most boast in their civilization and freedom to-day, would be enacting the same dark scenes of blood, if not even worse, that we see before our eyes in this cruel place. But there is light breaking in upon the thick darkness of the

people even here, as we shall see from our work in this *melá*. We shall understand this better, perhaps, if we quote from our journal.

April 6th.—Gathered our Gonda forces before our tent, and with heads bared and bent, asked our great Master for a special blessing upon our work this evening. Then marched into the centre of the *melá*, and set up our banner in the name of the Lord. A large crowd gathered, and we began our service of prayer and song and preaching. Four Hindus came out and declared themselves on the side of Christ. Another man, a police jamadar, or petty officer, while we were instructing these four inquirers, fell at our feet and said he had found the truth. While we were praying for these dear convinced souls, two priests, *kanphatis*, ear-pierced, from the temple made their way through the crowd, and began to abuse us for drawing their people away from the sacrifices. They said that since we had been coming to this *melá* preaching Jesus Christ, hundreds of people had ceased coming to it; and from an annual receipt of two lakhs of rupees they only now could collect a few thousands. They also informed us that their *mohant*, or abbot, had called a *panchâyat* (Council, of five) which had come to the conclusion to spend Rs. 5,000 in instituting a civil suit against us for destroying their gains. These two poor deluded men failed to see that they were bearing important testimony to the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to overthrow idolatry. However, they hindered our work just then so far that we were unable to baptize the five who came out; but their names were registered as inquirers. These latter also promised to substitute the name of *Isá Masíh* Jesus Christ, for *Rám*, and never to come to this or any other *melá* for idolatrous purposes.

April 7th.—Received a visit from the young Rajah of Atraula, ere he starts for Bhagwanpur (No. I). Though called a Rajah, he is in creed a Musalman. He brought a Hindu *sádhú* with him, and we argued on many vital points of religion. The *sádhú*, or pious man, said he would take the name of Jesus now for everything. When I pressed him to become

his disciple openly, he declined for the present; but he said he would visit me in Gonda and learn more of this way. When these left, the Tahsildar of Utraula and the Native Doctor of Tulsipur made me a visit. A number of people gathered round, in front of our tent. We argued on the necessity of such a sacrifice for sin as would be worthy both of God and of man. Such we showed Jesus Christ to be—"The Lamb *of God*," not *of man*. Then I argued with them against the doctrine of *Pantheism*. I quoted the apostle Paul; "*In Him* we live and move and have our being." I used the simple illustration of a *lota* let down into a well of water. It could not contain *all* the water in the well, but it could be brought up *full* of the well-water. It is absurd to suppose we or any other creature can take in God, either individually or collectively; but God can take us and everything else in. I pressed them both to accept Christ as the only true sacrifice for sin; and the only one who could reveal God to us. This evening we preached near the temple where the deluded devotees dash the heads of the poor little sucking pigs on the stones embedded in sand. A contractor was just putting up a heap of these dead bodies to auction. These bodies were selling at a pice each; and there must have been over five hundred of the sacrificed creatures. The burden of our preaching to the great crowd that gathered round us was: "*Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!*" Two Hindus came out and said they would trust in this Saviour to take away all their sins. One was baptized; the other hesitated to receive the *chinh* before all his friends. He was willing we should register him as an inquirer, however. One of our *kanphati*, or ear-pierced friends of yesterday, came and made a great noise, and tried all he could to get the people away from listening to us. Had it not been for him three more Hindus would have been baptized. They came with us to our tent, however and there we instructed and prayed with them, and wrote them down as inquirers. To night we were aroused from sleep by the cry of fire! When we came out we found the village near all in a

blaze. Soon the whole *melá* was up in alarm. The great volumes of black smoke became columns of forked flames that sprang up in destroying power twenty feet high. The whole air above was filled with rolling smoke and fiery sparks, and the strong east wind drove these in fury over us; and were it not for the precaution we took of wetting our tents, and for the thick foliage of the trees, not a tent would have been left standing in the camp. The heavens were in a fiery-glow from the greatness of the fire for miles round. The whole village was utterly destroyed, and a number of cows, buffaloes, goats, and pigs perished in the all-embracing flames; and I am sorry to say, a poor little girl was burnt to death before her parents and friends could rescue her.

April 8th.—Received a number of inquirers at our tent this morning. The first two were the *mohant* of Atraula and one of his disciples. We soon found the former was too much under the fatal influence of *báng*, an intoxicating plant, to do him any good; but the latter, a sober, intelligent man, was much impressed by what was said. We argued on what was a true *bhakti*, or devotee; not one who abstained from certain meats and drinks; but one who abstained, by the renewing grace of Christ, from *all sin*, *i. e.* from every thing that did not glorify God and work good to our neighbour. The Hindu *bhakti* is like the man who has a priceless jewel in a casket, but who pays all his attention to the casket, while he neglects the gem that no price can purchase. Then three young Hindus came who had heard our preaching the day before. We argued on a true expiatory sacrifice. These three young men confessed they were convinced that only the exalted sacrifice of "The Lamb of God" could atone for sin and wash out its deep-grained guilt and impurity. When we pressed them to confess this openly in baptism, they respectfully declined now; but said when we came to their village then they would receive the *chinh* or sign of baptism. Then a pandit with six bright boys came. This pandit, *Rámcharn*, said he had once entertained a missionary, Mr. B. H. Badley, in his village; and

that he had received instruction and books from him. I found he had read the books (in Hindi) and remembered some points of the instruction. He is a very intelligent young man, and I was glad to argue with him on the subject of who was a true *avatár*, or incarnation. He readily acknowleged that only he who possessed the three attributes of omniscience, almighty-power, and absolute purity, could lay claim to be a true Incarnation of God. He also admitted that none of the Hindu *avatárs* possessed these; and he frankly confessed that, if what was written of Christ was true, then he must be the only one who came out from the God-head, a "*satya avatár*," or true incarnation. He made a very ingenious apology, however, for the animal sacrifices at this *melá*, that the sucking pigs, he-goats, and buffaloes offered, were suffering for sins they had committed in a previous state of existence! We held our services this evening in the place we held them in yesterday. The crowd of listeners was very large, as the brethren from Bahraich, headed by Brother W. Peters, another of our earnest efficient evangelists, held out for their acceptance a Saviour whose precious blood could then, and in that very place, wash away all their guilty stains. Two men—a Brahman and a Kori, responded to the call to come out on the Lord's side. But we only baptized the Kori, while the Brahman was dragged away by his friends. There was a very great impression made, perhaps the greatest made at this *melá*; but the enemy's agents in the crowd were busy, and kept at least twenty precious souls from being saved. Some of these with tears in their eyes, held up their hands and exclaimed, "This is the truth."

April 9th.—Two thieves entered our tent last night, but were more successful in the young Rajah of Atraula's tent; for they carried off all his silver ornaments, of great value. Thus encouraged, they entered our brethren's tent, and very cleverly removed a cloth-bag, with a most intricate lock attached to it, from under a good brother's head, took it out into the fields, cut it open, and went off with all the clothes that were

in it, leaving the poor rifled bag a mockery to its unopened lock. Whether the man who made this intricate lock or the brother who put it on a common cloth-bag, which a sharp knife could open in any part, was the greater wiseacre, it would be difficult to determine. In England he would be called one of the wise men of Gotham; in Scotland wise Willie, but in this country he would be named *Lálbhujhakkar*. This latter person was once consulted respecting the marks of an elephant's feet in mire, when he answered, "Yih to búje Lál bujhakkar aur na búje koe; Páyan chakki bándhkar mat harná kúdá koe;" *i. e.* If Lal bujhakkar cannot explain this no one can; may not an antelope with a mill-stone tied to his feet have bounded here? We had another visit from the *sádhú*, or pious devotee, who came two days ago to inquire. He seemed quite convinced that to become a true *sádhú* you must first become a real disciple of Jesus Christ; yet he hung back from confessing the Saviour's name openly in baptism. He said he would repeat the name of Jesus Christ wherever he went in future. This man is over six feet in height, and proportionately stout, and has the fine face of a *Vedántí* pandit. Oh, how I longed to enlist such a man in the King's service! Preached again in our old place this evening. We find there are not half the people present in the *melá* this year that there were last. The reason of this is, I suppose, the late harvest caused by the heavy rains in February, keeping the people busy at home, reaping and threshing and winnowing their grain. Though I believe, too, hundreds have given up attending such a *melá* through the direct preaching of the Gospel leading them to comprehend a better way of obtaining peace with God and a reasonable hope for the future. We know this to be not merely a theory, but a fact. I believe this *melá* will become, year by year, more of a business fair and horse and pony market; and that it will soon lose its great sacrificial character. Numbers in the crowd this evening, who were convinced by our preaching, declared their intention of never coming to the place again to offer animal sacrifices. Four

Hindus came out openly and stood by our side, and though they were not baptized, they were registered as advanced inquirers. Numbers followed us to our tenting ground where we again exhorted them to give themselves up to Jesus Christ. They left us repeating his blessed name with their lips, and we hope with the convincing and saving power of his grace in their hearts.

Not many did the Lord give us in this place of cruelty and darkness this year; forty inquirers and two baptized converts were all our poor faith could grasp at this time. As dear Brother S. Paul, one of our best and most faithful ordained preachers in this evangelistic work, remarked, "*Our faith was not a united one at this melá.*" It reminded us of the Arabic saying: *Sun ímánka mínash-shakkí finn-ash-shakka yufsid-ul-ímána kamá yufsid-ul-milh-ul-qasala, i. e.*, Preserve thy *faith from doubt;* for doubt destroys faith just as salt destroys the sweetness of honey. And this is true not only of *individual* faith, but also of *collected* faith in a working band. Let one link in the chain that connects our work with the throne of God's power be wanting, and the electric flash of that power will be turned aside from the objective point. Let *one* heart doubt, and the *unity* of faith is destroyed. The words of the Great Master remain *as a law* for all ages eternally true: "*Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask,* IT SHALT BE DONE FOR THEM (not for *him*) *of my father which is in heaven.*" (Matt. 18: 19.) But the Lord was reserving greater triumphs for us on ahead in the Bhagwánpúr and Chandanpúr forests, that would make our hearts greatly rejoice, and convince the world that the blessed Gospel of Christ has lost none of its unique power to touch the lowest and most degraded, and lift them up into the light and peace and joy of God; for it was from this religious fair three of us started for the Tháru country to endeavor to bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ to these poor children of the jungles, and to realize in this nineteenth century the undying promise of the "Lord of the har-

vest:" "*Where two* OR THREE *are gathered together*," (not only *for prayer*, but *for work*) "*in my name, there* AM I in the midst of them." (Matt. 18: 20).

4.—THE AJUDHYA MELA OF NOVEMBER, 1886.

Regarding our record of the evangelistic work done at this great religious fair, and published in "The Indian Witness," the Editor remarks as follows:—

"We have received a long and deeply interesting account of the recent work at the Ajudhiya *melá*, written by the Rev. S. Knowles, the first part of which will appear in our next issue. As a very unusual interest is felt at present in all that pertains to preaching at *melás*, and especially at Ajudhiya, we need hardly say that this report will be awaited with eager expectation. It will not disappoint those who read it."

WITH THE GONDA BAND IN THE AJUDHIYA MELA.

AJUDHYA is to the Hindus what Mecca is to the Moslems, or Jerusalem is to the Jews. It is greater and more important than *Brindábun*, the forest of tulsí (sacred basil) trees, where the black (Krishná) god, eighth avatár, or incarnation, of *Vishnu*, was born of *Vasudevá* and *Devakí*, and hid away in the house of *Nanda* and *Yasodá* from the enmity of the tyrant *Kaṇsa;* where he killed the serpent *Káliya*, and kindled the war described in the *Mahábhárata*, and became the apollo of the Hindús, especially among the *Gopís*. Ajudhya is the cradle alike of the Hindu, Buddhist, and Jain faiths. The great magnificence of this city, as it then stood, the glories of its king, and the virtues, wealth, and loyalty of its people, are the themes sung in the opening chapters of the *Ramáyana*, Válmík's epic poem of the history of Rám Chandra, and to whom Brindábun or Káshí (Benares) in all their pomp and glory as sacred places could bear no comparison. The pandits say the word *Ajudhiya* is derived from *Ajud*, unvanquished, and *Aj*, a name of Brahma:—"The unconquerable city of

the Creator." But I prefer the meaning given by Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, "The city of the fighting Kshhattris," —from *yudh*, to fight. It is said to have been the capital of the Surajbans race of kings, and to have once covered an area of 12 jogan, or 96 miles. This race of kings are said to have reigned in this place through the *Satya*, *Treta* and *Dwápar yugs*, and two thousand years of the *Kali* or present age. *Yug* means an age of the world. The first lasted 1,728,000 years, the second, 1,296,000, the third, 864,000; and the fourth, 432,000, of which 5,000, years have passed away. Rám Chandra was the fifty-seventh in descent from Rája Manu; and according to Hindu chronology lived about 1,600 B. C. The last of this line was Raja Sumintra. With the fall of the last of Rama's line, Ajudhiya became a wilderness. After the Buddhist supremacy under king Asoka, and when Buddhism began to give place again to Brahmanism, the neglected and forest-covered Ajudhiya was restored, and created into a city of temples by Bikramajit, B. C. 57, about the time the Roman soldiers were fighting their way to the capital of Great Britain. This enthusiastic idolater erected temples at three hundred and sixty places, rendered sacred by association with Ráma, the deified son of Dasaratha, and not to be confounded with Parusráma, son of the Muni Jamadagni, or with Bala-ráma, the elder brother of Krishna. Of these temples only forty-two are known to the present generation. There are now 98 Hindu temples, of which 63 are in honour of Vishnu, and 35 in honour of Mahádeo. The oldest shrine in the place is Nageswarnáth, dedicated to the *Ling* worship. The newest and most artistically built temple in modern Oudh, as well as the largest and finest in Ajudhiya, was lately built and finished near the Hanuman Garhi, by the widow of the late celebrated Rája Mán Singh; though the Darshan Singh's temple, erected 31 years ago by Rája Mán Singh himself, is also a very fine temple, built of shapely cut Chunar stone. In this latter temple is an idol made of blood stone from

the Narbada river; and it also contains one of the very finest toned bells in Ajudhiya. There are also six temples of the Jain faith, and one of the Kabir Panthis, dedicated to a great Kabir saint—one Paltu, who taught that Jesus Christ was the greatest faqir that ever lived, and that He died on the cross by one mighty effort of Himself, to disappoint his enemies and show how a faqir should die. In the above we have only spoken of *Rám Chandra* historically, according to Hindu reckoning; but we must say a few words of this Oudh king mythologically. He was the seventh avatár, who descended for the purpose of slaying *Rávana*, the latter having (for his devotion) a promise from Brahmá that he should not suffer death by any of the usual means, became the tyrant and pest of Ceylon and India. The *devatás*, or gods, came in the shape of monkeys, as Rávana had gained no promise of safety from them; hence *Hanúmán*, whose enthroned image in the *garhi*, or fort, is the principal object of worship at this fair, was *Rámás* monkey-god general. It was while Ráma was performing his devotions on the banks of the *Pampá-nadí*, that *Rávana* appeared as a beggar and enticed away *Shítá*, or *Sítá*, Rám's wife, which gave rise to the war detailed in the *Rámáyana*. *Sítá* was daughter of Janaka Rája, who had promised to give her to any person who could break a certain bow, which was done by *Rám Chandra*. When in the forest, he drew a circle round *Sítá*, and forbade her go beyond it, and left his brother Lakchman to take care of her; but Lakchman hearing some noise which alarmed him for his brother, left her to seek him. Then it was that *Rávana* appeared and enticed *Shítá* out of the safe circle (*gandí*) and carried her off in his flying chariot. In the air he was opposed by the bird *Játáyú*, whose wings he cut, and so escaped. Hence all the above temples and following places have reference to these legendary events, closing with *Rávana*, son of *Vishravá* and *Kaikasí*, losing his kingdom of *Lankú*—Ceylon—to *Rám Chandra*. There are four special places of interest connect-

ed with the deified history of Rama, and which draw thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India to worship at their shrines. The *Jannamisthán*, or place where Rama was born; the *Swarg-dwára*, the place where his body was burnt, and from which his soul went up to Paradise; The *Trata-ke Thákur*, or spot on which Rama offered one of his great sacrifices; and the *Hanumán Garhí*, where the image of the monkey-god, in all the barbaric splendour of an Eastern king, rests and is worshipped annually by enthusiastic thousands. This last shrine was set up in a massive fort to commemorate the time when Hanumám helped Ráma to rescue his wife Sita from the hands of the ravisher Ráwan; and it is from this fort 26 maunds of wetted gram are daily issued to feed the screeching, fighting, pampered monkeys, which troop in thousands to the tamarind grove, where the Bairágis stand calling them. With respect to all these places just mentioned, the Muhammadan conquest was a period of deep humiliation for them all. On the temple-ruins of the first the Emperor Bábar, in A. D. 1528, built the mosque that now stands in its massive strength on Ajudhiya's most precious shrine. On the second place as great a spoiler as Babar, Auranjeb, in A. D. 1658, committed the same sacrilege. And the same sovereign profaned the third place by building on it another place of Islám worship; thus declaring to the whole of India the Moslem principle of enforcing their religion on all those whom they conquered. The Hindu sects have always felt the humiliation of having their supposed sacred things violated and profaned by these and other mosques being erected on or near their temples. In 1855 a great fight took place between the Hindus and Musalmans near the Rámkoth; and the *Ganj-i-Shahidán*, or martyr's grave, is pointed out, where seventy-five Muhammadans fell and were buried. Eleven Hindus were also killed in driving back their foe from the Hanumán *Garhí*.

The monastic orders are as rampant all over Ajudhiya as the well-fed troops of fierce monkeys that fill the groves

of shady tamarind trees, cover the walls of the temples, and steal food from the stalls and shops of the bunyas, or from the cooking places of the unwary pilgrims. We remember once visiting this shrine in company with the Revd. H. Jackson, when the Bairágí priest gave us each a leaf-cup full of sweetmeats. We were standing with our hands behind us holding the said sweetmeats, when we suddenly felt our leaf-cup snatched out of our hands. Turning quickly round we discovered the thief was a big dog-monkey, who was sitting on the branch of a tree above our heads, holding our leaf-cup of sweets, and showing us his teeth! There are seven *Akhára*s, or cloisters, of Bairágis, or disciples of Vishnu, each of which is presided over by a *Mahant* or Abbot. The principal and most influential of these sects is the *Nirbání*, or silent ones; though, *en passant*, to hear them trying to disturb our preaching no one would think they possessed the golden gift of silence. There are six hundred of these silent brothers who reside in and about the Hanumán *Garhí*, or fort of the monkey-god. Among these again there are four *ṭhaks*, or parties called after the names of four celebrated saint-disciples: Kishan-dási, Tulsi-dási, Mani-Rámi, Jan-kisarandási. Then there are the special devotees—the void of affection (nirmohi), the naked (digambari), the ash-besmeared (babhuti), the dumb (mahanirban), the patient (santokhi), the povisionless (nirlambhi); but of all these the members of the silent family are the richest, proudest, and most perverse and intractable. The Brahmanical and Kshhattri castes prevail in this order. The anchorite has to make the sacred round of Dwárka, Jagannáth, and Gya, before he can be admitted to the full privilege of brotherhood; but when once admitted as a full Bairagi, he proudly treads the ground as one of the lords of Ajudhia. It was from this branch of ascetics we met with more opposition this year in our preaching than we ever met before from any other class; and yet a *Pandit* from this order was the first fruit the Lord gave us at this *melá*: but I must not anticipate.

The population of Ajudhiya is 7,518; 4,407 are Hindus, and 2,519 are Musalmans. The great fair of each year is the Rámnaumi, held in April, at which 500,000 people assemble; but at the present *melá*, the *Púran-máshí-ashnán*, or the bathing at the full-moon, not more than 300,000 people were assembled. It was to this latter *melá* the Gonda band of preachers came to make known God's proclamation of mercy to these perishing thousands; and to call upon them to have repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus, and make confession of the Son of God in baptism, so as to secure mercy for guilt and grace to help in time of need as well as the gift of eternal life.

Having had a bumper season of rich harvests this year, the Hindus crowded the Ajudhya *melá* for the *Kártik Ashnán*, "bathing at the full-moon in November," as they had never in our time crowded it before. During these days, from the evening of the 9th till the morning of the 13th, 700,000 people filled the streets and lanes, and every available space in and about this ancient city, ready to plunge with a thundering shout into the waters of the old Sárju, the moment the moon swelled out into her propitious fullness. On the morning of this 10th day of November what a sight the long street presents, stretching for two miles from the massive fort of Hanumán down to the glittering sands of the river, and deeply packed in its length and breath with two moving streams of eager human beings going and coming, to and from the meritorious bathing! A ceaseless roaring, like the perpetual noise from the restless traffic and moving multitudes of the London streets, comes up for these three days from this birth-place of the popular Ram, mingled with the frantic tolling of monster bells, the singing of many songs, the beating of big drums, and the part-singing of thousands of women, that deafens and confuses and drives a nervous person nearly crazy. And what a weirdly picturesque view the river gives before the gray dawn of the morning, all agleam with the sheen cast from the full-face of the beautiful queen of

night, and agitated and broken into swelling waves by the mad rush of 700,000 enthusiasts into its supposed healing and cleansing water!

What strange and vivid scenes, too, of long-past barbaric splendour do the banks of this grand old river call up! Before yonder line of compacted, heavily built temples reared their gleaming heads to the calm blue heavens, before Cæsar's conquering hosts had fought their way to the heart of Old England, and ere the Son of God had appeared in the fullness of time to complete the salvation of our race, Rám roamed along these very banks in all the grandeur of an Eastern Prince; and Buddh sat upon them and studied out his godless humanitarianism, and won the haughty Brahmans over to his heartless theories. Then Ajudhiya had an area of ninety-five miles, and was the most populous city in the world. Now it is a city of idol-temples, filled with representatives from all the Hindu orders of ascetics, such as the *silent*, the *void of affection*, the *naked*, the *dumb*, the *patient*, the *provisionless*, the *covered-with-dust* sects, as mentioned above all reaping a rich harvest from the decessive credulity and superstition of the people. Thus the deluded villagers crowd in from town and hamlet to this great annual show of Hindu mythology; and thus the grand opportunity is presented to us of preaching the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ to listening thousands.

Brother Lawson and myself began our first day's work in this place with "*knee drill*" in our tent. With united prayer and faith we pleaded with God to have mercy upon the erring sinful crowds about us, rushing so madly on to ruin; and to give us and our Native brethren special grace and wisdom and power to proclaim to their perishing souls a full, free and *present* salvation on their now repenting of their sins, and accepting Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. After this blessed exercise we both went out with the earnest of victory in our hearts. We went down out of our camp under the outspreading branches of the large tamarind (*Thámar-i-hind*, Arabic for "fruit of India") grove near the *Hanumán* fort, and among

hundreds of sacred monkeys, to where our Native brethren were encamped, and standing in front of their tent we lead in prayer for the Great Master to inspire our hearts with courage and baptize our minds and lips with the fire of His power from on high to preach His word of life to the people. Then we make our way through the pressing crowds of men and women on the main street, till we come to a shady place near a well of water and a little off from the surging, heaving moving mass of people. Here, on a grassy slope, we took our stand, and a vast concourse of Hindus of all castes and forms eagerly gathered round us.

Then began our service of song and prayer and preaching, followed by a warm, earnest invitation for those convinced to "come out" and "receive" Jesus Christ. The blessed saving power of the Holy Spirit was manifested in our midst. About 40 souls were convinced of the truth, and convicted of their sins. Eleven of these received Christ as their Saviour in their hearts, and confessed Him with their mouths before the whole assembly in baptism. Those not baptized were carried off by their friends. Among those baptized was a Brahman *faqír*, aged 26 years. He possesses a fine physique, and was most earnest and sincere in coming out in front of the wondering crowd and confessing Christ as his Saviour. He knows *Sanscrit*, *Hindí*, *Panjábí*, and *Marathi*, and is well acquainted with the *Ramáyan* and other classical books of the Hindus. He has come back with us to Gonda, and is being trained for any work the Master may call him to. The others baptized, among whom was a woman, were *Kurmís*, a respectable tribe of husbandmen living in the *Basti* District. Their addresses were all faithfully taken down and recorded.

We discovered one thing in this morning's service which it may be well to mention. Many of the persons we baptized and others with whom we conversed, claim that they had received peace (*shánti*) in their hearts whenever they bathed in the "holy *Sárjú*," but they afterwards confessed that this peace was not abiding—it lasted only as long as the mist on

the river in which they bathed, and which the rays of the rising sun melted away; so they had to come again and again only to be more and more disappointed. But when we drew their attention to the well, near which we were preaching, and pointed out to them the great Saviour, and what He said to the woman of Samaria: "*He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again*," they soon understood that only *He* could give the "water" that would be "*in them*" a well of water springing up into "*everlasting life*." Then would they have no more need to come despairingly, season after season, to a well or river to "draw" water that could never quench the thirst of the immortal spirit or cleanse from heart-defilement and impurity; for they would have Christ in their very hearts as the grand elixir of life, to transmute their souls into His image of purity and *abiding* peace.

Again, in the afternoon of this first day, after earnest pleading with God in prayer, Brother Lawson with the Native brethren and myself went to another place on the main road, and held our service of song and prayer and of heralding the good tidings. The power of the Holy Spirit was present with the word preached; so many were brought to the feet of Jesus. Five Hindus had been convicted in their hearts, and further instructed how to receive Christ by simple faith, and were just about to be baptized, when their angry relations rushed in and dragged them away from under our very hands. *Two* other Hindus, however, were left in peace to receive our teaching and to accept Jesus Christ just now, as well as to be baptized in His ever-blessed name. Oh, how we prayed for these thirteen precious souls, given us to-day when we got back to our tents; and how we praised God for the wonderful adaptation of His Gospel to the otherwise hopeless state of these poor deluded Hindus! There were about 60 others to-day, who though not baptized, had accepted the good news we heralded of a Saviour for them who is Christ the Lord. We believe we shall meet many of these in our heavenly home at last; for if in these Gospel days, "he that calleth on the name of

the Lord shall be saved," these dear souls who have few, if any opportunities of knowing more of Christ's person and character and work than they learn at a *melá*, yet do receive the word they thus hear in the simplicity of faith and hold fast to that, will be accepted of Him, who is "*not willing that any should perish*," but that they should be saved through the far reaching sacrifice of Him "*who tasted death for every man*." They may not be found wearing crowns of gold upon their brows, but that they will be saved we have no doubt. On our way back to our tents we passed a large crowd of people listening to the earnest preaching of the Rev. Mr. Elliott, of the Wesleyan Mission in Faizabad; and a little further on we saw as large an assembly hanging on the words of the eloquent Native minister of the C. M. S. Thank God the "good tidings" are thus being preached and published all over this vast *melá*; and that these great, weary, and heavy-laden multitudes are thus drawn to listen so eagerly to that which is able to give them rest and peace, and save their priceless souls!

This second day of our work in this *melá* is the *Puran-másí*, or time of the full moon, when the great, all-important plunge into the river must be taken, that will, the poor people think, wash away all the guilt and crime and impurity of another year. As we made our difficult way to a new preaching place this morning, oh how we pitied the poor shivering crowds of men, women and children, as with their wet garments clinging to their bodies, and their teeth chattering from cold, they came up from the different bathing *ghâts* and hastened on toward the fort of the monkey-god, to make their last offering for the day at his shrine. It was wonderful how the sound of a hymn or the voice of prayer would arrest the attention of these on-rushing multitudes, so apparently absorbed in doing their "dead works," and draw them near to listen ardently to the word of God explained and enforced. And yet there should be nothing surprising in all this; for is it not *God*, to whom we had previously directed our prayers, and who is ever present in the consciences of even these

Hindus, that is working for us to draw these perishing ones to His Son Jesus Christ and save their souls? So this morning, as we drew up in front of the Government school building, a very large congregation, notwithstanding the great excitement which reigned everywhere, silently awaited our usual service. The power of the Holy Spirit fired our hearts and tongues, and moved mightily on the eager throng. Brother Lawson with his Sitapur band, standing on the other side toward the river, with as large a multitude, closely packed together, experienced the same soul-stirring power. Convinced and convicted, a number of inquirers were wrested away from the place on which they knelt to receive the sign of discipleship. But one man stood out bravely against all the subtle persuasion of the priests, and was baptized. With us, too, a number of earnest seekers were torn away from us, just as, with *lota*—brass drinking vessel, in hand, we were about to make them disciples of Jesus Christ. *Nine* precious souls, however, more courageous than the rest, resisted the entreaty of their relations, and bowed their hearts to submit to Christ and bowed their heads to receive the outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Oh, how happy we felt as we knelt with these nine ardent inquirers in the dust of the road, and in front of the astonished multitude, and taught them how to lay hold one ternal life!

A Musalman present was pricked in his heart, and came forward to the seeker's line. He had, he said, some doubts in his mind he would like cleared away before we baptized him. So bidding him come to our tents, where we should have more time to answer him, we parted from him for the present. Two hours or so afterwards he came to our camp. Brother L. and myself prayed with him, and answered all his objections. He said he wanted some test by which he would know that Christ had saved him. We told him if he would kneel down then and there and submit himself to Christ, He, the Great Spirit, would give him the test he wanted. He knelt with us, and confessing himself a lost sinner,

he submitted himself to God; and at once *peace* came into his heart and he knew Christ had saved him. We then made him a disciple of Christ by water baptism and prayed for the Holy Ghost to rest upon him. He is a teacher of Urdu.

The case just described was not the only one of the kind; for a very blessed influence went forth from our morning's services. A Brahman came, with his heart touched and pierced by the "two-edged sword" of the Word, to the Native brethren's tent, and asked what he should do to find peace. They instructed and prayed with, and led him to trust in Christ *now*. He was converted, and then baptized by Brother William Peters. A short time after this Brother S. Paul brought three other Hindus to our tent. Their hearts, too, had been deeply affected by the preaching. They were three honest, straight-forward villagers from the Gorukhpur District, and gladly received Christ as their Saviour *now*, and their High Priest and spiritual Guide in all the future. We made them Christ's disciples by baptism, and sent them away happy in their new-born faith. The younger of the three could not contain himself, but went away crying, "*Masih ki jai!*"—the Victory of Christ! Some little time elapsed, when Brother Lawson was moved to go and speak to a family party of Hindus, some little distance from our tents. The heart of a Brahman in the party was touched, and he believed on and accepted Christ as his present Saviour, and was baptized before all his friends. Others, too, had their souls pierced by the sharp arrow of the word, but they had not the moral courage of this Brahman to come out on the Lord's side. Thank and praise God for these fifteen souls He gave us this morning! Our hearts go out in special prayer for these dear ones. May the Good Shepherd watch over them!

This evening we all stood in front of the Native brethren's tent and conducted our wonted service. There was a marvellous influence present in our midst. Our hearts knew it, and the crowd felt it. One tall, fine-looking Hindu said he experienced something strange in his soul as he listened to us.

We told him it was the Spirit of God urging him to repent of his sins and believe the Gospel, and we invited him to come and accept Christ *now*. He was about to do this, when his wife seized him by the arm and forced him back out of the crowd. Poor thing, she knew not what she was doing! Another Brahman called out that he repented of his sins and received Christ as his Saviour, but could not be baptized on account of "*dunyá ká jhagrá*," the complications it would create in his home, relationships, &c. We told him to hold fast whereunto he had attained, and the Lord would settle his "*dunyá ká jhagrá*" for him. Two others came out of the pressing throng, and asked us to pray for them; we did so, and then further taught them how to trust Jesus and be saved through Him. Then they braved even "*dunyá ká jhagrá*," and were baptized. After we had baptized these two Hindus, the head *Mohunt*, or Abbot, of Ajudhya, who resides in the fort of the monkey-god, made his way through the crowd, accompanied by some from among his 500 followers, and put this question to us: "On what basis do you make disciples for Jesus Christ, and by whose authority?" In answer I simply gave him an account of our own conversion; and then said we baptized on the basis of *repentance towards God against whom we had sinned, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, who alone had been sent of God to save us.* I then read him our commission:—"*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned.*" The blessed Holy Spirit applied the word spoken to his heart, and he seemed on the point of yielding. We asked him if he would let Christ save him *now*, as He had saved us. He answered that there was only one thing stood in his way, and that was this "*dunyá ká jhagrá*." He said, too, it was a good thing for those who could overcome this strife of the world, and become disciples of Jesus. I yet believe this man will come out and make confession of Christ. Reader, pray for this Abbot of Ajudhya.

I have frequently heard the same expression used at this *mela* in connection with our work. When a man is convinced of the truth, but refuses to come out from his dumb idols to serve the living God, his excuse is, "*dunyá ká jhagrá.*" We reckoned over 150 persons who would have come out clearly and confessed Christ in baptism, only for this terrible fear We pray the Lord to take this fear out of their minds, and give them the faith that will overcome the *world.* This shows us that there are hundreds in this religious fair whose minds have been so far enlightened, and their hearts so far affected that they have been brought to the point of deciding whether they will accept Christ openly in baptism as their Saviour and face this strife of the world, or remain as they are at present and escape this trial of faith. Many have said to us, "Why can't we be Christ's disciples in secret, without this open confession of him in baptism?" If we needed a forcible argument to prove that the Holy Spirit, in answer to prayer, was working wondrously and powerfully in this *mela*, and also that the rite of baptism was necessary as a means to bring souls out fully on the Lord's side, the above would be the one.

Just before starting for our preaching place this beautiful morning of our third day at the *mela*, Miss Blackmar called me over to her tent to speak with and baptize a Hindu woman. This woman and her sister had heard the truth as it is in Jesus from Miss Blackmar and her four earnest Bible-women the day before. Her heart had been deeply touched, and, as far as the light she had received, she was sorry for her sins, and embraced the Saviour Christ offered her; but when water was brought and the rite was explained to her, she became afraid and drew back. She said she would go and call her sister; but when she went away she did not return. After prayer in front of the Native brethren's tent, the Gonda Band went out to the main street and chose a preaching stand near at hand, while the Sitapur Band went much further down the road. The service of song and prayer made a very marked impression on the multitudes, and the preaching was in dem-

onstration of the Holy Spirit's power. About 28 persons responded to our call to come out and be saved from the idolater's doom. But only 13 were received and baptized. The rest were seized on and forcibly removed by their relations and priests. We found these *Bairágí* priests had a very subtle way of getting the people away from us. When they saw any one impressed and likely to accept our invitation, they would go to him and whisper: "If you listen to this word *it will be as if you eat cow's meat!*" Among those initiated by baptism, was a Hindu family, consisting of a father, mother, and son. The Lord also worked powerfully with Brother Lawson. Hearts bowed before the Spirit's power like ears of standing wheat before the sweeping wind, in both preaching places. Three Hindus came forward and were baptized by Brother Lawson; but many more were ready to become disciples of Jesus, only they were hindered by the *Bairágís* from coming to the front. One Brahman baptized came running back to Brother Lawson in great trouble, crying that some persons had told him that the Sahib had baptized him in *rum!* Brother Lawson at once showed him the *lota* or brass vessel of water from which he baptized him, and also passed it round for the other people to see it. This convinced the new convert and his anxious friends that he had really been baptized in water, and not in liquor, and they went away feeling quite happy. At our preaching this morning one man asked me quite seriously and earnestly how he could really know that the Christ Jesus we preached was *his* Saviour. He seemed to be really hungering and thirsting after such a Redeemer as Jesus Christ. We told him if he would believe on and accept Christ *now*, and confess Him before men at this very time in baptism, that Christ would himself make that known to his heart and mind, and fully satisfy him on that and every point. I also explained that if he went down to the river to-night, he would see a glittering sheen upon its surface, and underneath that silvery sheen, away down in the depths, he would see a wonderful likeness of the orb that caused it. So it is when

you believe on Christ Jesus, the "*Sun of Righteousness.*" He shines upon you with healing in His wings, and below that shining you see His image clearly revealed. This illustration struck us very forcibly as we crossed the Cawnpore railway bridge at night on our way to this *mela*, and saw the Ganges all lit up with the mellow beams of the moon shining upon its waters; but we little thought we should need it to comfort some poor Hindu inquirer's soul at Ajudhya. Yet thus are we led and taught by the Holy Spirit. At midday Brother McArthur brought two inquirers to our tents—one a *Bairágí* from one of the adjacent temples, and a *Káyath*, who is a village-school teacher. Both had been present at our morning service, and had been very much impressed by what they saw and heard. They were both, however, greatly afraid of what would happen to them if they openly declared for Christ in baptism, and so they wanted us to make some provision for them previous to their receiving this rite. But we decidedly refused to give them the sign of discipleship until they had fully surrendered themselves to God. We have still hopes of these two men, that the Lord will bring them to a decision in His own wondrous way.

Brother Lawson and Miss Blackmar, the latter with her four Bible women, left this afternoon for Lucknow. This dear brother and these dear sisters have all done excellent service for the great Master at this *mela*, and their "work of faith and labour of love" have been abundantly owned and blessed by God. I feel very thankful that at this religious fair so many hundreds of poor Hindu women have heard the "good tidings" of Christ the Lord, and that so many of them have not only heard, but received these glad tidings in their hearts; and could our sisters have worked among them as we among the men, many would doubtless have been baptized. To Christ Jesus be all the praise!

Evening.—Went out with our workers, and took up our position lower down on the road, towards the river, and in front of an unfinished building, so as to screen our backs from the rays

of the still powerful sun. Large numbers of the people had, since 12 o'clock to-day, left the fair and gone their several ways; but still there were enough people left to give us a good large crowd to listen to the message from God we had to deliver. Very different, however, this assembly from the one we had in the morning. We found the lords of Ajudhya, the unruly *Bairágís*, who are anything but religious ascetics, were greatly enraged because of the 47 converts we had gained and baptized at this *mela*, and especially because some of these converts were from among their own order; and so they gathered in force to vex and annoy and persecute us as far as they dared. They began loudly to ply us with questions of the most absurd kind, from every part of the crowd, and did all they possibly could to hinder the people from paying attention to, and receiving, the word we preached. One of these would-be ascetics, standing near us was heard to say to another: "*Rát thorí aur sáng bahut*," *i. e.*, We have a business, and little time in which to perform it. In our English idiom when we were boys it would be, "The great enemy to pay and no pitch hot!" We soon discovered very painfully what our friend meant.

While we were thus standing, trying to make known God's message to their souls, one of these turbulent men crept up to the top of the aforesaid building, and dashed down a large *ghará*, or earthen pitcher, full upon the top of our head. Providentially we had on our *terai* hat at the time, which saved our head from being cut; as it was, we were for a moment staggered and almost stunned from the sudden and unexpected blow. Still we went on preaching for a few moments afterwards, though the noise and uproar became so great we had to move to another place. But our enemies persistently followed us and forcibly hindered those who had been visibly affected by the power of the Word from being baptized; so we had finally to forbear and discontinue our labours. In fact the work of God at this *mela* seemed suddenly to stop here; and the Lord allowed this thing to happen to tell us so. With the excep-

tion of the few whose hearts were deeply affected, and who were taken away, the whole throng was seized with a mocking, devilish spirit of mischief, that might easily have broken out into open and violent persecution. We have no time to theorize on this subject, all we can say is that, as "the wind bloweth where it listeth," so the Holy Spirit will work or not work as He graciously wills. Nothing, to our mind, reveals Him to be a *distinct Divine Person* more than this wondrous working of His own will. At any rate, we may well doubt the reality of a work that can move on without the carnal mind being stirred up to bitter opposition. When the Holy Ghost first came down from God the Father and God the Son to this earth, in "cloven tongues of fire," and sinners pricked to the heart were being instructed, and saved, and baptized, there were some who mocked, others who rose in opposition, and many who resisted the blessed influence of the Spirit and set themselves in furious contention against the great Master's work. As the Holy Ghost worked at the Pentecost-*mela* in Jerusalem, nineteen hundred years ago, so He graciously works to-day in the Ajudhya *mela* in Oudh!

CHAPTER IV.

SPECIAL WORK AMONG THE ṬHARUS DURING APRIL AND MAY OF 1886.

THE following narrative was also published in "The Indian Witness" for 1886, which account in this country, in England, and in America, attracted considerable attention, as well as awakened great interest in the cause of Missions in India.

Before giving an account of this work we will first notice some peculiarities of this simple race of people. The Ṭhárús are the children of the forest; and live in the cleared opened spaces to be found in the Oudh and Nepal jungles, stretching from Bhagwanpur to the foot of the mountains on one side, and from Pachperwa to the Bahraich borders on the other. Of course, I am now simply writing of the Ṭhárús in this district, of whom there are said to be 3,000, and among whom the hand of the Lord has been so wonderfully revealed. The Ṭhárús are no doubt the true aborigines of the country; and before the Aryan immigration to this land, the Gonds of the South of India and these people belonged to the same race. If you ask any of the latter where they originally came from, they will tell you at once, from the South. I thus asked an aged Ṭhárú from Bhagwanpur (No. 2), whom I had baptized, and whom the oldest inhabitants of the place declared to be a hundred years old, where his tribe came from, and he readily answered—"*Dakhin or*," from the South. These people are not warlike in any sense, and it is easy to imagine that they would recede and be scattered before a fighting race of invaders, and retreating into the thick forests of the country, clear open spaces for themselves, and live by the cultivation of the

reclaimed soil. These Ṭhárús living in the Chandanpur jungles are the profitable tenants of the Balrampur Raj. They are the best agriculturists in the land. They cultivate rice for food and wheat for the market. They also own large herds of cattle, which graze on the outskirts of the forest and are often successfully attacked by tigers and panthers. The Thárús are allowed all the wood they need for building and repairs by Government: though the Balrampur Raj before the present Management made them pay more rent in consequence.

Some of their social customs are very commendable; others are very curious; and some, to say the least of them, are not what a civilized people would adhere to. Though the men and boys go about almost in a nude state, with only a piece of cloth hanging loose in front, held by a string fastened round the waist, yet the wives and daughters are so well clothed, that only the arms and feet are left exposed. They say the husband and wife never quarrel! A respectable *Banya* from Pachperwa, whom we baptized, and who has traded among them for years, assured me of this as a fact. This is not because the women are kept under; for they seem as free and independent in their movements as the men. A Ṭhárú woman will look as straight at you when you speak to her as a European woman will do. If this is true, that a Ṭhárú husband and wife never quarrel, then I can only say that these simple people have escaped one of the most terrible effects of the fall of Adam; but I should like to have a little more experience of the inner social life of these people before I accepted such a blissful state of things as a real fact. I notice another good trait in the social character of these people. The parents seem as fond of the girls as of the boys, and make no degrading distinction between them, as the natives of the plains make. The Ṭhárú's word of endearment for his wife is, *jání*. He calls his daughter a *bábú*, and his son a *bhaiyá*. Some of the women are very fair, and are good-looking both in face and figure: though they generally partake of the Mongolian style of features. They prove them-

selves genuine daughters of Eve by their love of finery. They love to adorn themselves with heavy silver armlets and bracelets and anklets and nose-rings and necklaces of beads and many-coloured shells. They wear their long black hair, not twisted up in a knot, but rolled into a long horn behind. A more frequent application, I won't say of "Pears' Soap," but of water, would make their bright yellow skins look more fair and healthy. Their toe and finger nails are nearly all destroyed, from being so constantly soaked in water during the rice-sowing season. A woman in general is called a *marárú*; a regularly married woman is named *biyáhí*, but the wife of a widower is a *baiṭhái*; as they never go through their simple marriage ceremony twice.

Their villages are from one to two miles distant from each other; and the houses are all made of wood and grass, the two most plentiful and easily procured things in the forests. The outside grass walls of each house are plastered over with red mud. They never use cow-dung for this and other household purposes, as is done by the people outside the jungles; that they use only for manure. The cattle-sheds are protected from the savage beasts of the adjacent forests by strong wooden palings. The wells in the villages are kept from falling in by boards being let down and fastened close together. These boards stand up all round the wells, high above the ground, to keep anyone from stumbling into them. The dwelling-houses are built quite high, and made very spacious within, so that they form very cool retreats in the hot weather. The interior of each house is divided into two compartments by very large, red, sun-burnt jars. These jars are each filled with seed and food rice. This rice, which is not carefully taken out the husks, and is therefore all broken, is the principal food of the Ṭhárús. They eat three times a day. At what answers to our breakfast, they eat a meal of boiled rice; at what we call our tiffin, they make a meal of boiled rice-water; and at our dinner time they make a more substantial meal of dâl and rice, and the meat of any game they

may have shot or caught in the jungle; but they never eat bread of any kind. The reason of this latter is, that little wheat comparatively is cultivated, and that little is for the market. The first meal they call *kalwa*, the second *mingi*, and the third *beri*.

Their religion is as simple as themselves. A very primitive piece of wood, in the shape of a Mahadeo-stone, near which is erected a long stick with a bit of red cloth fastened to the top, is all they have as an object of worship; and I found very few in a village paid any attention to even this. They have some idea of a Supreme Being they call *Narain*, who gives them sun-shine, and rain, and harvests; but they have no proper idea how this great, far-off Being is to be approached or worshipped. I found about five Ṭhárús who had taken to themselves the luxury of a *Brahman gurú* from Bulrampur, and who carried on *púja* in the usual Hindu orthodox way. These were the only ones, up to the present, whom we did not baptize. If any trouble arises among our converts, it will come from the ignorant zeal of these would-be Hindus. Ṭhárús burn their dead; but have no particular ceremony over it. Their marriage custom is a very primitive thing. The bride and bride-groom simply join hands together before their elders, and they are husband and wife. There are feasting and drinking, of course, wherever the ceremony takes place. The Ṭhárús make their principal intoxicating drink from rice. This rice-liquor is drunk more or less every day; and every member of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, drinks it. They say by only thus drinking can they be kept alive in these forests, especially in the rains. The water in the village wells is certainly not fit to drink without some disinfecting process; and the Ṭhárús themselves say that drinking it would kill a *desí*, or person living outside the forest, in a week. But this bad report is spread to keep *desís* from settling on the forest lands. Of course, they only drink to excess on special occasions. Every now and then they have a big *nách*, or dance, of a very debasing kind. In it they act a regular play,

in which there is a plot and grand finale. A Nepaul prince, who carries off a beautiful Ṭhárú girl, figures in this play. The women take part in it; and I am told that the curtain might better fall over the last act. The Ṭhárús proper have no caste among them; but they are divided into tribes or clans. The three principal are the *Dangwariyá*, the *Jogí*, and the *Umrá*. Our work has been altogether confined to the first tribe, nearly the whole of whom have been won over to our faith and baptized, as I shall presently show. They being the principal clan, we were advised to begin with them first; and the Lord has wonderfully owned our work. All the praise be to Him!

The language of this people is a kind of corrupted Hindí. Their past tenses all end in the letter *l*; and for "is" they say *bát:* as, *moal bát*, (it) is dead; *aial bát*, (he) is come; *gail bát*, (he) is gone. Their perfect tenses are formed by adding *i* to the end of the simple past: as, *aiali*, (he) has come; *gaili*, (he) has gone. Nearly all the nouns they use are of Sanskirt origin. They call a musquito *kurkur-masa*, the dog-biter. A tiger is a *bágh;* a deer *mrigh;* a panther, *tindhwá;* wind, *baiyar;* water, *jal;* a ravine, *kula;* man is a *man;* food, *ann;* a threshing-floor is *pharwar*. A house is, *gawárí;* twilight is *gorúá-ḍhukán* (the time of bringing home the cows); early morning is, *sirkárígyún;* milk is *goras*. It is the peculiar *janglí* tone they give to words and sentences that confuses a stranger coming among them. Catch that tone, and they will understand even your correct Hindi, provided it be simple. The word *Ṭhárú* comes from a verb used by hill men—*ṭharná*, to paddle across or about. Hence Ṭhárú, a paddler.

We must not suppose that because whole villages have been baptized, there are now no great difficulties to overcome; our difficulties are only just beginning! Why, only yesterday a vile, malicious report was spread by an ill-disposed emissary from Balrampur, that the reason why all the Dangwariya Ṭhárú children were baptized and their names taken down

was, that they might be all sent to *Wiláyat*, the boys for the army and the girls for soldiers' wives! But the re-action that always sets in after a great movement of this kind must be looked for, and met in a determined spirit of great patience, faith, and love. The thing is, not to be afraid of difficulties; and the Native workers we want for the oversight of this important work are men and women who possess physical and moral courage, and whose hearts are constrained by the love of Christ alone. Oh, what a grand work to raise up in these tiger-infested jungles a holy Church for the Lord Jesus Christ! Who will come to the help of the Lord, the help of the Lord against the mighty?

It was to be expected that this people would be very superstitious. The *bhúts*, or demons lurking in the forest trees, especially in the weird *Semál* or cotton tree (*bombax heptaphyllum*,) and the *prets*, or spirits of the dead, lead them a very miserable life. When the last ray of light leaves the forest and the darkness settles down upon their villages, all the Ṭhárús, men, women and children, huddle together inside their fast-closed huts, in mortal dread of these ghostly beings, more savage and cruel than the leopards and tigers and bears that now prowl about for their prey. Only the terrible cry of fire will bring these poor fear-stricken creatures to open the doors and remove the heavy barriers from their huts at night. And even in the day-time, amid the hum of human life, the songs of the birds, and the lowing of the cattle, no Thárú man, woman, or child will ever venture along a forest-line without casting a leaf, a branch, or a piece of old rag upon the "*ban-sati*," formed at the entrance of the deep woods, to save themselves from the many diseases and accidents the goblins and malignant spirits of the forests can bring upon and cause them. The "*ban-sati*"—(or good spirit) of the woods, is a square space cut in the ground, six feet by six, covered with pine branches. Every Ṭhárú woman after the marriageable age, is supposed by those who live outside the Ṭhá-

rú country, to possess the *toná*, or power of the evil eye to bewitch and enchant; so that she has the power to turn a *desí* or stranger into a wild animal, or to destroy him slowly by consumptive fever; this I find is one reason why all the Natives outside the forest dread the Ṭharus, and fear to live among them. The Forest officer here had the greatest difficulty in getting carpenters and masons to come out and build his house; because they were afraid of Ṭharu *tona!* But surely a Native Christian can live above a fear like this.

But I must now show when and how we began this blessed work among these sons of the forests; and to accomplish this I cannot do better than quote from my journal.

April 10*th.*—Left Devi Pátan *melá* in the early dawn of the morning, for Bhagwanpur, No. 1, on the immediate border of the forest. Joseph Downey and Jhandula Masih came on afterwards with the tent carts. A guide came to show me the nearest way across country, and I rode after him on my white shaggy hill pony, stubborn-headed, wild-eyed, and round barrelled, stumbling along over the hard flinty broken ground, or tripping over the low mud-walls that define the square shaped rice-fields. The air was cool and refreshing; to the right a glorious flush of promise on the eastern sky; and to the front the Nepál mountains raising up their majestic heads to the clouds. After about four miles' riding, the crowing of cocks and the hum of human voices coming out of a tope of trees ahead, assured us that we were drawing near to a hearty welcome and a good *chhoṭi háziri* at the Forest officer's station, where we were to be his glad guests for some days. The Forest officer's house here, at present, is a mere shanty; but the lines are laid out for a two-storeyed *koṭhí*. The surroundings are very pleasant, however, with the fine grove of mango trees near, and the long fringe of the forest not far distant, while the blue hills of Nepál are always in sight. A well managed garden in the compound supplies the house with good fruit and vegetables; and you have only to step out a few yards

into some adjoining brushwood, and you can shoot as plump a pair of quails for breakfast, as healthy appetite could wish. An old *pípal* tree *(ficus religiosa)* with its stripped branches, seeming to menace the sky, was pointed out to us in the jungle near, from which the Forest officer shot a fine tiger which had killed and destroyed a number of cattle belonging to the village after which this place is named.

Received a visit from an *anghar* faqir, whom, Jhandula Masih had discovered in his *kuti*, or little grass shed, near the jungle. He claimed to have received a *mantra* or charm, to enable him to eat any kind of body, or filth of the vilest kind, or to drink urine or any loathsome fluid, without harm. He had a human skull from which he always drank his horrible drinks. And yet he was a fine-looking old man, and seemed in his right mind. We told him he had no need to eat and drink such impure things to make him vile; that *sin* made us quite vile enough. Then we preached Christ to him as a power who could cleanse him from all "filthiness of the *flesh* and of the spirit," and give him grace to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord." He promised to go with us to Chandanpur, but I have not seen him since then.

April 11th.—Preached in the village of Bhagwanpur (No. 1) where the head-man, a Musalman, tried to keep the villagers from listening to us. This opposition did not keep the blessing of the Lord from coming on the word spoken in faith. An *ahír's* heart was touched, and he asked to be made a disciple of the great *Guru*, who came into the world to save sinners. Accordingly we prayed with him, and then baptized him in the name of the blessed Trinity. We told him this salvation was also for his wife and children. In the evening he brought his wife and five children to us for instruction and baptism. Two boys and a girl were old enough to understand the instruction we gave them as also their mother; hence after song and prayer, we baptized them all six. This *ahír* (herdsman) owns thirty or forty

head of cattle, and the Forest officer told us he was known to him as a good, honest man. The *ahír* came next morning for some medicine for one of his boys, and we spoke about his children going to school. We promised we would start a small school in this place for his and other children. Knowing what I know now, copying this journal, we must have a free school here, not only for these, but for the children of other converts we have baptized in the villages beyond. The Forest officer, as I found, keeps quite a hospital for the sick here at his own expense. He treated a number of patients from villages near, this morning, for rheumatism, spleen and bad leg-sores; and they seemed very grateful to him for his kind treatment. There is no hospital nearer than Tulsipur; so to find medicine, and some skill to administer it here in the jungle, is a great boon to these poor suffering villagers.

April 12th.—Visited the old ruined mud fort of the late unfortunate Rajah of Tulsipur, in the forest near. The inside of the fort, which is richly cultivated, covers an area of two hundred and fifty acres of land. The deep ditches, with their bastions, are now covered with a luxuriance of vegetation so rank that the tall trees, the stringy shrubs and weeds, the gigantic creepers, and long grass, all combined, form romantic grottos and wild arbours, which are in many places densely dark and everywhere impervious to the sun's rays. Here too, in the rugged bed of the ditch, the savage wild beasts lurk in their hidden lairs. It was here, in this wild fort, protected by the great forest behind him, the grim old Rajah of Tulsipur used to retire with his followers, and defy all the power that the King of Oudh could hurl against him. It was into this stronghold he retired to fight it out, in the Mutiny of 1857; but being convinced of our ultimate success, he left his Maharani and family in the place, travelled to Lucknow and gave himself up to the British authorities there. He died soon after, in the Baily Guard, of cholera. When Lord Canning issued his celebrated procla-

mation of mercy to the Oudh rebels, the widowed Maharani, thinking that her husband having surrendered himself was quite sufficient, refused to present herself before an English magistrate; and so the whole of her magnificent estates were confiscated and made over to Sir Deg Beseg Singh of Balrampur. It is this fine Tulsipur estate, stretching right up to the foot of the Nepal Hills, and including all the land so richly cultivated by the Tharu tribes, that makes the Balrampur Raj as great as it is.

Left in the evening at 4-30 o'clock, for Mansurwa, eight miles further on toward the big forest. The way led across country, over much broken ground and through many *kulas*, or water-ways. In the village of Bodhi the Word was preached, and three *koris* and a *korin* were very much impressed by the service we held. They acknowledged Christ to be the Saviour they could trust in and worship; and so we baptized them before all the village. In Bharpurwa the Word preached brought out a *bhaktin*, or female devotee, to believe in the name of Christ, and henceforward to put his blessed name in the place of Ram. In the village of Basant, the *Bhars*, men of the woods, but not aborigines, like the Tharus, gathered round the preachers and listened to words that brought light to their dark minds, and stirred their hearts in a way that was strange to them. Seven of them came out and asked to be made the disciples of this wonderful Saviour who could save them from all their sins; so we gave them the rite which made them disciples of Jesus Christ, to serve him instead of their poor, ugly Mahadeo-stone. A *Chumár* also came out here, and was received with the other converts. Arrived in camp at Mansurwa at 6 o'clock, P. M. This is one of the most lovely camping-places I ever rested in. A smooth, open space, green and fresh in the forest, with our well-pitched tents gleaming out in the mellow moonlight under some fine *tikwi* trees (*adina cordafolia*), formed a pleasing contrast and relief to the well-known mango groves. A deep *nullah*, covered with wood and creepers, near

where tigers and leopards are often disturbed over their "kill," the cries of the night-jar and the ox-eyed plover, with the deep shadows thrown by the grand towering forest trees, give the whole scene an air of romance and beauty that transfers us back again to boyish fancy days. The cool, refreshing night soon wooes us to peaceful rest, and we dream of this whole land of forests being saved and redeemed to the service and worship of our Lord Jesus Christ.

April 13*th.*—How clear and fresh the early dawn, as, with our tents struck and packed on carts, we enter the broad line marked out by skilled hands leading us into the thick of the forest! Without such a well marked line the jungle would be impenetrable. This line is cut through deeply undulating and rugged ground, looking, right before you, like a ship's track in the great rolling waves of an ocean. An up-hill and downdale crow-flight line, now working down into a deep ravine, now toiling up to the top of a rugged knoll, sometimes crossing the sandy, pebbly bed of a dried-up river, and sometimes running through a cleared open space dotted with two or three villages, from whose well-stored *kalihans*, or threshing-floors, comes a sweet odour as from new-mown hay. In some places we pass through a whole jungle of *karonda* bushes (*carissa korundas*), whose thousands of blossoms fill the air with a most delicate scent. And then the forest trees you pass through, in all the flush of their spring beauty, are a sight worth coming here to see. The *asna* (*terminalia tomentosa*) and the *dhou* (*anogeissus latifolia*) are two of the trees among many that especially attract your attention as you ride along. Like the sál (*shorea robusta*) running up as straight as a pine by its side, the *asna* is valued for its fine timber. Do not think from this, dear reader, that we are learned botanists; nothing of the kind. But a gentleman mounted high above us on an elephant, in answer to our inquiries, coaches us up in the classical names of these forest trees. But here we are at the village, Dumri, and we must speak our message

of peace and love to these dear souls, looking at us so eagerly as we come into their midst. "Yes, it is perfectly true," we say in answer to an earnest question put to us, "there is such a Saviour as has been pointed out to you, who can save *you* from all *your* sins, and save you *now*." So we gathered into the Master's fold two *chumárs* and their two wives, and left an impression on the minds of the others, such as, I believe, will never be effaced. After winding round what seemed an interminable cart road, and crossing many *kulas*, or water-courses, we came in sight of the Chandanpur forest bungalow at 9 o'clock, A. M.; and right glad we were of its welcome and shelter.

This is a neatly built, two-storeyed house, resting on a sloping knoll, with its back so close to the forest on the east, that some of the newly-budding branches of the *dhou* tree almost touch the upper verandah. This forest to the back is more than two miles through before it brings you to any opening or cleared spaces. It runs in very undulating broken ground right up to the foot of the Nepal hills. This part of the forest is full of herds of spotted deer, sounders of wild pig, packs of real jungle-dogs, tigers, bears, panthers, leopards, hyænas, and all the smaller fry of animals. It is one grand aviary, from the clucking night-jar to the sweet-singing nightingale, from the rolling note giving *kokala* to the musical, racket-tailed *drongo;* and from the bronze-winged dove to the *nau-rang* (nine-coloured) thrush and the paradise-flycatcher. All the reptiles, too, are represented here, from the boa-constrictor that crushes and swallows a spotted deer, to the long, yellow tree-snake that poises itself on the muscles of its tail and shoots itself at you through the air. Then the insects are a study in themselves. From the praying mantis to the lace-wing and cycala, the latter with its owl-like head and policeman's-rattle-like sound, are all to be found here. So much for the back of the house. To the front is an extensive, cleared, open space, studded here and there with groves of *jámun* trees (*eugenia jambola-*

na), dotted all over with Tharu villages, bounded on three sides by the forest, and backed up on the fourth, to the north, by the first range of the Nepal hills.

It is among the villages in this open space, with an area of four or five miles, that our work is to be carried on for the next few weeks; and the sequel will show how wonderfully the Lord was pleased to honour our faith and own his own Word. Before our arrival here we had been in tents; but let none of our readers suppose that we are now under canvas, with our brains fired to boiling heat, and all peevish and out of sorts with unstrung nerves. No, we have the shelter of a nice room, and the comfort, when we are at home, of an air-cooling *pankha*. Yet, at this time of the year, the work is trying enough without any additional discomforts. To reach any one of the villages here we have to wind about, dodging the *kulas*, a distance of two or three miles. Then we have to start early, to avoid returning in the dark and being pounced upon by a playful panther, a loving bear, or a tender tiger; and that means bringing you out of a cool room and from under a soothing *pankha*, to face a hot wind that strikes you like a blast from a heated furnace. Behold us, then, about 4-30 o'clock in the afternoon, mounted on our white pony, dressed in light *khákí* knickerbocker suit and flexible *tarai* hat, starting for one of the villages. *Jura* and *Dariya*, our two baptized Tharu guides, lead the way, humming the line of a *bhajan* they have learned as they go swinging along. Joseph Downey and Jhandula Masihi, with our newly baptized Rama Baba, come on after us, bravely breasting the fierce wind.

April 14*th*.—What a glorious morning, when we awake in this place so cool and fresh in the early dawn! And what a pleasant walk along one of the three lines that radiate from the *kothí* through the forest! The tall *sál* and wide-spreading *asna*, the thick, sweet-scented shrubs and creepers, the flowering orchids on the ebony trees, the plaintive cooings of the ring-necked doves mingled with the sweet songs

of the nine-coloured thrush, all lead the soul to blessed meditation and prayer. What a grand opportunity the Forest Officer has of daily conversing with God and learning his secrets in Creation! There is not a tree or a shrub, but he will tell you its characteristics and classical name. He knows the species and song of every bird; the peculiar cry and habits of each wild animal. He can distinguish between the tread of a herd of deer and a sounder of pig on the dry leaves of the forest. He will tell you that while the age of a tree is known by the number of its rings in England, in this country its age cannot be so determined; for such is its rapidity of growth in these dense forests, that a tree will gain two or three rings in one year. When a Tharu villager runs six miles in, to tell him a tiger has just killed one of his herd of cattle, and hiden it away under a bush, or covered it with leaves, the cunning brute! so that the vultures and crows shall not see it, he is ready in ten minutes to climb up on to his elephant, go to the spot, and sit patiently in a *machán* till the savage beast comes cautiously out to have another feed on its kill, when he rolls it over dead with an ounce bullet through its shoulder. He will also strip you of a number of your pet delusions. He will tell you that even the tiger will get away from you if he can. It is only when wounded he will turn and charge upon you. The bear has a greater propensity to turn and attack you than any other wild animal. That is one reason that we must turn and hasten within the call of men, as we have been warned that these black, shaggy beasts go prowling about here in the early morning. In the evening we went to Chandanpur, the village after which this is named. We gathered all the people together we could find, and sitting on a log of wood began our service. The Lord greatly blessed the Word preached, and a *chumár*, his mother, brother, and son came forward. We prayed with, and then baptized them. They have been coming every morning, with others, for the instruction given at that time.

April 15th.—To-day our work opened among the Tharus, and the Lord greatly blessed it. In the morning we met two Tharus, and began talking to them about Jesus Christ, and what he had done for us in leaving heaven and coming into the world to die for us—the simple story of the cross. One of them, Devi, asked what he should do. We answered: "*Mahádeo ke dagar par Yishú Masíh ke nám ko charháo.*"—Take Jesus Christ in the place of Mahadeo. They both said they would. Then we told them how they were to become his disciples. They both answered, "Make us His disciples." We then took them to a tent we had pitched in the compound, prayed with and baptized them. We found these two new converts belonged to the village called Bankatwa, about two miles off, and that Devi was the son of the *Chaudari* of that village. They said they would come in the evening and take us to their place. During the day Joseph Downey, Jhandula, and myself made our visit to this village, in the evening a special subject for prayer. About 5 o'clock Devi came to conduct us. Our way skirted the forest, and as we went along, now down into some deep ravine, now through the rugged, dry water-ways of the rice-fields, we could hear the varied cries of the wild animals coming out of the impenetrable jungles. Soon we reached Bankatwa, and were conducted to the *Chaudari's* house. A Native bedstead was brought out and covered with a blanket, and on this we sat, sang *bhajans*, prayed, and preached the Word of Life. The old *Chaudari*, with a child in his arms, sat on the ground before us, while all the other Tharus sat in rows behind him, and the women, with children in their arms or clinging to their skirts, stood here and there, attentively listening. We made our appeal, and every man responded. We asked for a *lota* of water, and a lad at once ran to the wooden well and brought one to us full. We then asked if they would take this "*nik avatár*" in the place of Mahadeo; and when they answered, Yes, we took the lota of water and made sixty persons His disciples, baptizing each in the name

of the blessed Trinity. It was a thrilling sight to see, there in the mellow moon-light, those 60 men, women, and children, from the headman of the village to the lowest, all with heads bent, receiving the sign of discipleship and accepting the right hand of Christian fellowship!

While returning home we saw that the jungle to the north-west was on fire. The danger of fire in this dry hot weather is the great anxiety of the Forest Officer. It sometimes takes 200 men, collected from the villages, to put out one of these fires. They beat it out with branches cut from the trees. To-night, while the Forest Officer was leading his men through the thick jungle to the scene of the fire, a fine big panther sprang from the lower branch of a tree, where it had been keenly watching for its prey, and charged through the gang with an *augh! augh!* that scattered the coolies and made them raise a shout that startled many other beasts of prey in the forest.

April 16*th.*—This morning we conversed with Jura, the headman of Bhagwanpur (No. 2), on the subject of religion. He was very much interested, and then greatly impressed. He invited us to his village in the evening. At the appointed time he came, and we followed him in the devious and difficult road which leads to his village. Looking at him, as he swings along, you notice what a tall, fine fellow he is physically; though his costume has not taken much trouble to prepare, and is not of a style that would gain him ready admittance to a drawing-room, seeing it consists of a little red colour rubbed over his closely cropped head, and a narrow strip of cloth. As we picked our way along we met another Tharu carrying *khabar* to the Forest Officer, of a tigress and two cubs, which had just killed a bullock on the edge of the forest, and were then busy devouring it. We had a *khabar* to deliver, too, and must hasten forward, as the sun, like a round plate of fire, is slowly sinking behind the forest, and we shall soon be left to the uncertain light of the moon. After passing under and over some beautifully wooded knolls,

we passed through the well stacked *pharwar*, or threshing-floor, on into the centre of the village. A bedstead, with first a blanket then a sheet spread over it, was ready for us to sit on as soon as we arrived. The whole village were gathered in our front and round about us, as we began our service by singing "*Man bhajo Masih ko chita se.*" Then followed prayer and preaching. The people were very much impressed; and when I asked if they would believe on Jesus Christ and become his disciples, they unanimously assented. The *lota* of water was then brought, and I baptized all the men first, then the women and children. Jura, his wife, four boys and three girls, were all baptized together. Thus 60 persons were received by baptism in this village. Among those baptized were a Banya, and a Brahman *faqir* and his wife; also a Kshattri, who is now being trained for work.

April 17th.—Out walking and meditating in the forest this morning. I fear we do not appreciate enough what a great blessing these forests are to the country. They increase the waterfall; mitigate extreme heat and dryness; and regulate the flow of water in springs and rivers. Though the forests are a source of danger from fires and savage animals, yet they afford shelter to cattle, herds of deer, and useful birds and other harmless creatures; while they protect the adjoining villages and fields from violent winds and storms. All along this line I noticed, to the right and left, the forest between the trees full of the stemless-palm loaded with its sweet-tasted berry-shaped dates. Soon this edible fruit will be ripe, and tons of it will be gathered by the Tharus for food. No man need starve in these deep woods and jungles; for wild, edible fruits of many kinds, and game to any extent, abound all around him. So good and kind is God to these wild children of the jungle! When I returned to the house I found Jura had brought a cock, a hare, and half-a-dozen fresh eggs as an offering. He seemed quite proud of the number of baptismal certificates he received for himself and family. He has learned one line of a *bhajan*, which is

a prayer in itself. "*Yishu Masíh mero práṇa bachaiya*, and he evidently likes to hum it over to himself. He went out afterwards with the Forest Officer, on the track of a tiger that had destroyed a number of cattle feeding on the out-skirts of the jungle. The brute had dragged away its "kill," and covered it with leaves. Hence at sun-down the Forest Officer took up his position in a *machán* near this kill, and presently saw this grand king of the forests come stealthily out, and, with ears open for the slightest sound, approach the carcass; but just then a Native under the *machán* made some noise, and the tiger was scared away before a shot could be aimed at it. After the trouble of fixing the frame in the tree, on which the hunter sits and watches, and of travelling to the spot, it is always very disappointing to have the decoyed tiger scared away by some careless noise. In the evening we went to Chandanpur, to meet the *chumárs* whom we had baptized and give them more instruction in this new way. An old *chumár* was present, who is very expert in skinning dead tigers, deers, &c. He opposed us very much when we asked him also to believe on Jesus Christ and become his disciple. In fact, were it not for this old man's opposition, this whole village of *chumárs* would have been baptized.

April 18*th*.—Held service in Bhagwanpur-ka-Purwa this morning. This is near the village we baptized on the 16th instant, and has only three families in it. After service we invited all who had been impressed and convicted by the word, and willing to become Christ's disciples, to come and sit near us. They all arose and came, bringing their little ones with them, and we baptized eleven persons.

April 19*th*.—To-day is the greatest day of triumph we have had in these jungles. After a meeting of earnest prayer and supplication at the Throne of Grace, we went to Bushahr, a village about a mile away, resting in the centre of this open space, we held service near a cow-house, with the whole village gathered in front and round about us. A

wonderful impression was made. The people all asked to be made disciples of this *Nik Avatar;* and from the Head Thárú down, all in the place, 60 persons, men, women, and children, were baptized. Some of the mothers, whose children were not with them, ran into their houses and brought out their boys and girls to receive the *chinh* and the *ashish*, the sign and the blessing, from the *Padri's* hands. It was a time of gracious refreshing from the presence of the Master, in answer to prayer.

While coming home from this village, we met a Thárú carrying the *khabar* to the Forest Officer of the *pags* of eight different tigers having been seen in the direction of Narèwa, to the east. This is one of the villages we shall yet have to visit. Though there is no actual danger, yet the knowledge that these fierce brutes are about in the jungle near you creates a rather uncomfortable feeling in the novice, and a decided wish to be in a safer place. What a blessing these lords of the forest do not know how to combine and act together, and that they are generally as afraid of you as you are of them! Otherwise the *ahirs* tending their cattle on the edge of the forest, and the poor Thárús working in their fields, would soon be cleared out of the open places in these jungles.

Jura and Dariya came this evening and took us to Jhokiwa, another Thárú village two miles to the north-east. Our way to this village ran right along the edge of the forest. The cattle grazing here are frequently pounced upon by a lurking panther or tiger. The *ahirs* often save their bullocks by bravely standing their ground, shouting, and beating the trees near with their *laṭhis* or iron bound clubs, and so frightening the wild beasts away. Leaving this rough path we pass through the threshing-floor of the village. Here the men were busy threshing out the wheat with long sticks, and the women and girls engaged winnowing the threshed grain with shovel-shaped baskets. They all followed us to the village. We had our usual service, and the

presence of the great Master was with us: 64 persons received the sign of discipleship in this village. First I baptized all the men and boys; then each man brought his wife and daughters and babies-in-arms, and after explaining the rite, I baptized each in the name of the adorable Trinity. To many of the babies I had to give names, as they were too young to have received any names according to Tharu custom.

April 20th.—The Chaudari of Bushahr and Jura from Bhagwánpúr with a number of other Thárús came over this morning to where I was stopping. I had service for them in front of the Forest house. Sitting with them on the grassy slope I explained to them in simple language the Parable of the Prodigal Son. They were greatly pleased at and much edified by what they heard. I then began to teach them the Ten Commandments. When I had done teaching them for the day and the heat was getting oppressive, two Thárús brought in dead one of the two cubs of the tigress which had been prowling about for the last week to the terror of the villagers. It was shot last night near a "kill," but the mother and the other cub managed to escape. The Thárús hung it to a tree near like a butcher hangs a carcass up in his shop, and a *mochí*, or worker in leather, came to skin it. Soon a number of applicants surrounded the flayed animal. Some wanted the claws from the large pags to wear as charms against *bhuts* and *prets*—demons and malignant spirits—others entreated for the two small bones in the shoulder joint to carry about them as a sure safeguard against the evil-eye, witchcraft, and enchantment; those afflicted with rheumatism prayed for the fat to use as a counter-irritant; while the *ahirs*, or cowherds, earnestly asked for the meat to dry and feed their sick cattle with as a certain cure. Thus the carcass soon vanished, all except the skin, which the *mochí*, with his simple chemicals soon manipulated into a soft fur for a couch or hearth-rug in our Gonda home.

This afternoon a deputation of Thárús came from a village named Phúngi, two miles away, to go and baptize them. So

after prayer with the deputed persons, I sprang on my faithful old pony "Lucy," and rode over as rough a road as could be found in these forests. It was simply riding over a long series of square mud walls, each made as hard as flint in the burning sun, which bound each rice field, or wading or plunging through the many water-courses which intersected the whole country. Only a phlegmatic hill pony could accomplish such a journey, and I was thankful to possess such for my work. When I started the sun had many degrees yet to travel ere he disappeared like a great ball of dull fire in the hazy atmosphere behind the Western forests. Hence the west wind came hot on the cheek, parching the lips and cracking the skin as "Lucy" and I carefully picked our way over the broken uncertain ground.

By the time we reached *Phungí*, the sun had hid himself below the horizon, and the hot fierce winds had died away, and the green slopes leading up to the village, dotted here and there with young trees, and covered with herds of fine buffaloes grazing and browsing, presented a very cheering and picturesque appearance. We were not long in gathering the people about us in front of the Chaudari's house. Then we conducted our usual service of prayer and song and preaching, with earnest invitation to repent, believe, and become the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. *Sixty-six* persons—men, women, and children—were baptized in this village that night as the blessed result of our faith in Christ and in the ever-present power of the Holy Spirit. To Him, the Triune God be all the glory!

April 21*st*.— Had service this morning for a number of Thárús. They were seated as usual, on the grassy slope in front of the house. The sun had not revealed himself above the forest trees, and the wind had not yet been heated into its furance heat, so we had our service in comparative comfort. After this service we baptized *seven* of those Thárús who were not present at *Phungí* the previous evening. After this the Forest Officer brought out his medicine chest and

opened his morning hospital. His patients are suffering from enlarged spleen, bad sores all over the body, ophthalmy, or fever. The poor people here suffer more from inflammation of the eye-balls than from any other disease, if we may except fever. We tell these poor sufferers when they take and apply their medicines, to do it in the name of the Lord Jesus, as he is the great Healer of the body as well as the great Saviour of the soul. News was brought in to-day that the tigress with her remaining cub are scaring away the people from their threshing-floors. The tigress is going roaring savagely about seeking her cub shot two nights ago. A "beat" is to be organized this evening in the jungle where she was last seen.

This afternoon two of our best Thárú converts, *Jurá* and *Dariyá* (who are now in Heaven, having a month afterwards died from fever, but died in the peace of their newborn faith), came to conduct us to *Kháiraniyá*, a small Thárú hamlet right on the Nepál border line and at the foot of one of the hills. On the road we passed a most weird looking cotton tree, with its trunk grown into monster gnarls and strange excrescences, and its distorted branches, each with small branchlets formed at the end like the claw of an unclean bird of prey, and the whole looking like a giant goblin ready to pull and tear one to pieces as he looks with wonder upon it. I noticed both my Thárú guides anxiously mumbling as we passed near this ghostly looking tree, and on enquiry, found that one particular *bhut*, or demon, of great malevolence, is supposed to have his home among its unsightly branches. This gave me an opportunity, as we made our way along, to explain to them how Jesus Christ came into the world to save those who through fear of these things "were all their life time subject to bondage." They earnestly promised me to pray to the Lord Jesus to save them in future from their slavery to this fear of demons, goblins, and ghosts! Since then, in preaching to these poor children of the forests, I make a point of saying that one part of the

Redemption which Jesus Christ bestows is to save us once and for ever from this awful fear of haunting *bhuts* and *prets*. We find we have done much good among them by thus adapting our preaching to their wants and fears. Further on our way we came across a party of *Khairís* with cart-loads of earthen-ware pots. These people come annually from long distances to collect *catechu* (a brown astringent extract from the *khair* tree, mimosa catechu). Hence the name *khaírí* as applied to these people who collect this vegetable extract. The village we are going to is also named after these profitable trees. After speaking to these people of Christ Jesus being "*The Way, the Truth, and the Life*"—a sure and safe and certain medium of approach to the great Father, we continued our way and soon arrived at the end of our journey. We had service in the usual manner, and a blessed impression was made. The customary invitation was given, and *seventeen* souls, young and old, including a Brahman *faqír*, his wife, and his mother, were baptized, and became the disciples of the great Master. This Brahman could play the *sitár*, or three-stringed intrument, and we afterwards taught him a few of our *bhajans*, as "*Kyuṉ mana bhulá hai*," &c., when he became very useful in going with us among the villages and helping in our singing, and bearing testimony to the truth. On our way back through the jungle we heard of two large bears prowling and searching for prey. It was quite dark, but we had a good lantern. Still we kept one eye on the rugged path and the other on the dark depth of the forest till we came out into the open near our house. The angels of the Lord not only encamp about us at our homes, but they hold back these wild enemies of life, as they did the hungry lions in the Persian den, from doing us harm. When we are about the Master's work, God and his providence are glorious realities! The Thárús fear the bears more than the tigers. The latter try and get away on the approach of any human being, but the former come right at you, and do terrible execution with their teeth, and hug, and claws.

22*nd April*.—When I came out in the early dawn this morning for *chhoṭí házirí*, I found to my surprise a very large tigress and her full grown cub laid out dead upon the ground in front of the house. It is the same tigress which has been alarming the people so much of late. Both she and her cub were shot by the Forest Officer last evening about six miles from this to the West, in the direction we were working for the Lord last night. Perhaps a brief description of how they were shot will not be uninteresting to the patient reader. The Forest Officer started on an elephant with his guns and provision, and reached the position chosen at 4 o'clock, P. M. Here the Thárús had fixed a *machán* in one of the trees. This is simply a bedstead without legs placed in a tree and firmly fastened to the branches, on which the hunter sits and patiently waits for his prey. On this the Forest Officer took his place with rifle ready to fire, while the beaters went to work shouting and striking the trees with their clubs, to startle out the game. Now came the exciting moment. Bye and bye the rustle of the dry leaves drew the attention of the hunter to a certain point, when he saw a grand old tigress come very cautiously out in to the open space in front of the *machán*, followed as cautiously by her full grown cub. A moment's pause, and then a sudden flash, and the swift pinging of a bullet, and the savage mother rolls over dead where she so warily stands, and thirty yards from the hidden place of thunder. The cub immediately pelted away across a nullah, but the sure and steady aim of the Forest Officer brought it down at 120 yards with a fatal ball tearing through its side. The Arab proverb says, "When fate has descended, caution becomes vain." Something like this said our friends, the Thárús, in their simple language, as they gathered to see their bullock-destroyers, lying as we saw them in the early dawn, stretched out dead in front of the house. Great was their praise of the *sáhibes* prowess, and great were their expectations of the fat and meat, the shoulder joints and claws of their fallen enemies!

In the afternoon dear old Jura and Duriyá, our faithful indefatigable guides, came to show us the way through four miles of alternate forest and cut rice field to Bhonrisal, a most picturesque village, nestling right under one of the hills on the Nepál border line. *Bhogá*, the chaudri, had collected all his people from threshing-floor, forest, and field, and we had our service in the centre of the village. It was a good time; and the word of the Lord had free course and was glorified. Some Nepal soldiers from the adjoining guard were also present and paid great attention to all that was said. When we asked who would believe on this great living Saviour and become his disciples, the chaudri and his son, with all the Thárús present, arranged themselves before us; then having gathered the women of the place and further instructed them, we baptized *forty-seven* men, women, and children that evening. After these baptisms, Bhogá, the chaudri, took the *Mahádeo*-stone from its place near the well of the village, and throwing it away, said: — "We don't want this now, as we have taken Jesus Christ for our *Guru* (Teacher) for the future. This *Mahádeo*-stone is called a *Sálagrám*, a schistous stone, containing the impressions of one or more ammonites, and conceived by the Hindus generally to contain or represent *Vishnu;* but the Thárús say it personates *Mahádeo*, a form of *Shiva*. This fine specimen of a Sálagrám lies as a trophy in our Gonda study. This village is often visited at night by tigers, bears, leopards, and hyenas. The chaudri showed me a very ingenious plan he had constructed for destroying these savage pests of village life in Chandanpur. It was in appearance like a rough guillotine. Though it was not sharp enough to behead, it was heavy enough to hold the strongest animal. When leaving the village the daughter of *Bhogá* presented me with a mat she had woven with different colored strings of *munj*-grass (*saccharum munja*), and the son of the same gave me a very fine tanned leopard-skin in all the glory of its winter fur. He had shot this fierce brute prowling about the village one night last cold season.

23*rd*, *Good Friday.*—Had our customary service in front of the house this morning for any of the Thárús who can get away from their threshing-floors, canal-digging, or wood-cutting labours. These forest children are the most industrious people in the world. Up with the birds in the grey dawn of the morning, they labour on, with short intervals for food, till sun-set. This morning we organized a working-band to go regularly among the baptized villages and sing and pray and teach as they have been instructed. They consist of *Jurá*, *Duriyá*, *Rama-Bába*, and the *Bráhman* baptized in Khairaniya. May the Holy Spirit teach and lead and prepare them for their loving disinterested labours! After this service a woman from *Bhoŋrisál* came to complain of her husband. She said I had baptized herself, little girl, and her mother, and whom had she now to look to but to me? I found her husband was not present when I baptized all the other people, and that he is the only idle worthless fellow in the place. We sent for him, but he was nowhere to be found. The Chaudri Bhogá, however, came, and promised he would have her protected from any violence, so after prayer with her we sent her back to her village.

In the afternoon Duriya came to pilot us through the forest to another Thárú village called *Rajain*. Poor Jura was not able to come, as he was laid up with an attack of ophthalmy. We missed Jura very much, not only for the great help he gives us when working in the villages, but for the lively way in which he chats as we go along, and the valuable information he gives of the habits of the birds and animals of the forest we see on the road. To reach *Rajain* we have to cross the wide bed of the river *Bhámbar*. The river now is contracted to a small clear stream, meandering through the grand boulders washed into all kinds of grotesque shapes by the rushing thundering waters of the rainy-season. The sandy bed is covered with beautiful round pebbles, among which the *Sálagrám* and gold-dust are found. As we crossed the bed of this river, our guide pointed out the *pags* of a tiger which had

just before descended from the forest to drink from the stream. When we climbed up over the steep opposite side of the bank and entered the village, we found the chaudri, or head man, had prepared bedsteads covered with black blankets for us to sit and rest on. We soon had the whole village out of their threshing-floors sitting about us and earnestly listening to our singing, to our prayers, and to our preaching. It was a time to be long remembered, not only for the blessed consciousness of power and the inspiriting earnest of victory the Lord granted us, but for the wonderful impression our whole service made upon our audience. The Lord was indeed working with us. We baptized all that were in the village—*forty-seven* men, women, and children. After resting and partaking of some simple food prepared for us, we left amid the inspiring cry from all prssent, "*Masíh Prabhú ki jai*!"—Triumph to the Lord Jesus. On our way back met a company of men coming from their threshing-floors, and spoke to them of the work we were returning from, and then preached Jesus to them. It was too late to accomplish anything more then, but they promised to come and see us next day. When we reached sight of the cheering lights which gleamed out from the *koṭhí*, we were very tired and exhausted; but rest under the soothing influence of the *pankha* soon restored us to ourselves. To-day has been to us, in the best sense of the word, a *Good* Friday.

April 24th.— Quite a number of Thárús from Rajaina and Bhagwanpur (No. 2) came this morning; and, of course, we had service for them. After this service, a fine tall old man, very scantily dressed, but looking like an old *Vedantí* Pandit, stood up and said he had been the *sadhu* or saint leader of all the Thárús in this district, but now he would become the disciple of Jesus Christ. We baptized him, and gave him a charge to go and preach this name for salvation among the rest of his people. Jura is going to make him a *kutí*, a small shanty made of a few sticks and grass, just outside his village; so he will remain with us for a few days. If the hot winds were not blowing so fiercely from 10 o'clock in the morning

till 6 o'clock in the evening, and the heat-temperature were only a little lower, I would go with this old *sadhu* through the length and breadth of these Oudh and Nepal jungles, and, by the all-conquering power of Christ, win over these 3,000 neglected Thárús to salvation and the Church! Oh for a Native brother *sufficiently self-devoted* to do this! Is not this one reason that God does not give us more success, that we have not the men and women, devoted enough, to follow it up?

Under the guidance of Jura and Duriya we went to the village of Sonpur, and spent this Easter eve in preaching Christ crucified and risen to a sympathizing Thárú audience. This village is very prettily situated on the lee of a well-wooded knoll, with groves of *jamun* trees in the open space around, to fill in the picture. But the most picturesque scene was the assembly of Thárús in the centre of the village; some of the men sitting, others standing, leaning on their flails. Some women, bringing water from the wooded well near, have stopped with the jars on their heads to listen; others, with babies in arms and children clinging to their gowns, are standing at the corners of their houses to hear the message of love; while upon all, as the great glow of the setting sun illumines the scene, rests a deep and mysterious impression as from the near presence of an unseen Power. The Lord of glory was in our midst; and as we passed from bowed uncovered head to head, letting the fresh water from the well fall over each, and pronouncing the Holy names of the Triune God, we were conscious that the risen Christ was following us, leaving upon each his heavenly benediction. Thus in this village we made 39 disciples for the blessed Jesus. The *Sadhu* was there; and before we left, he seized me by the wrist and said, "So have I laid hold on Jesus Christ!"

April 25th.—Easter Sunday, and our first Sabbath service among the Thárús! Here they sat on the green grass under the shadow of a *nim* tree (*melá dyadirachta*), a goodly number from the villages near. Great was the blessing which rested upon us while we explained in simple language the Incar-

nation, the Life, the Death, and the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the evening our faithful convert-guides took us to a small hamlet resting on the outskirts of the forest, two miles to the south, named Masala. Here we gathered the few present and told them the always-fresh and life-giving story of the Cross and the grave-victory. Sixteen men, women, and children bowed their heads in prayer to the Risen Lord Jesus ; and then we baptized them in His name, and made them henceforth his disciples.

Here we pause for a few days, to look over the work of grace the Lord has commenced in these grand forests, and at the foot of these overshadowing mountains ; to organize what oversight we can over the converted villages ; and to superintend the erection of a temporary school-house. The converts of Bushahr turned out to cut wood in the jungle, while those of Bhagwanpur turned out to cut grass on the open plain, so that a place was quickly run up to afford shelter for a teacher and accommodation for all the scholars that might come. I may here be allowed to say that no schools have ever been established among the Thárús ; hence there is not one to be found who knows even a single letter in Hindi or Urdu. They are in consequence ignorant even of the advantages of being able to read and write ; and so are slow to perceive what good will come from having a school in their midst. And then both the Thárú boy and girl are taught to work in the field or *pharwar*, as soon as they have strength to lift or carry, and are both worth to the father a rupee a day in the value of labour here. Hence to take away the boy and girl from work to attend school, is to lose so much on them. But the Lord will clear away this, as He will every other difficulty in connection with this work ; and as He has graciously visited them with the light of his grace and salvation, so He will let in the light of education and civilization upon these long-enslaved sons and daughters of the woods and jungles.

I have two more days of the triumphs of Divine grace to re-

cord, and yet the end is not yet ; and I trust *will not be*, till the 3,000 Thárús in the district are all turned to the service and worship of our Lord Jesus Christ !

April 29th.—Jura, Duriyá, and Rama-Baba came to conduct us to Nariwa, a Thárú village 3 miles through the forest line to the east. This is the most difficult part of the forest to penetrate and traverse. You can only travel through it on an elephant. It is the most uphill and down-dale country I ever worked along. We started at 4-30 o'clock, P. M., but the ponderous elephant could go but slowly. Sometimes we were going down a descent that seemed perpendicular ; then you had to clutch the ropes of the pad behind to keep you from slipping off in front ; and the next few minutes we were going up an abrupt ascent, and then you had to seize the pad in front to keep you from tumbling off behind ; and so it went on for two miles. After that the rolling series of rugged knolls smoothed down into a better road, and gave you time and breath to look around and admire a piece of the finest forest scenery to be found in the world. The thick clusters of blossoms of the elephant-creeper hanging in festoons over the *rohiní* trees (*gmelina phillipenensis*) not only contrasted beautifully with the red berries of the latter, but made the air heavy with their sweet perfume. The *tendu* or ebony trees (*Diospyros ebenum*) in abundance set off the light-coloured bark of the other trees. But what made these *tendu* trees so attractive was that every branch was covered with flowering orchids, and looked as if it had been dressed out for a May-day *fête*. Birds of every colour and song flitted from tree to tree, and every now and then a startled peahen would go fluttering and screaming away, waking up the echoes in the dark depths of the jungle-ravines and lairs of wild beasts. Sometimes we could hear the sudden trampling over the dry crisp leaves of the forest of a scared sounder of pig, whose leading boar, with sharp and pointed tusks, would, when brought to bay with back to rock or tree, be a match for even a tiger. Jura told me he once witnessed a fight between a tiger and a boar ; and

though the boar was killed, the tiger dropped and died soon after from the awful ripping wounds he had received from his fierce antagonist.

But soon we come out of the forest line into a small broken open space, with a nullah running through it, and see the village of Nariwa to the right-front, with its back resting on the edge of the jungle. The elephant lingers in the middle of the *nullah* to trunk up its water into his huge mouth, for he always prefers the water of a *kula*, or a ravine, to the water of a well; then he slowly lifts his ponderous form up the steep bank, and sets all the dogs in the place barking as we enter the village. There are the bedstead and blanket, all ready for our accommodation, and what surprised us not a little, a large *lota* of water standing all ready, like a primitive baptismal font, inviting us unmistakably to do our part, as they sat all ready to receive theirs. We had our service first, however, and preached peace with God, a new heart, and the gift of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ. They all took Christ by simple faith as their Saviour; we baptized 28 Thárús old and young. One young Thárú was very enthusiastic and prompt in collecting all the children, boys and girls, to receive the *chinh* and the *ashish*, the sign and the blessing, from our hands. The one-eyed *chaudri*, too, brought out his own family to be baptized. After teaching them how to pray night and morning in the name of Jesus, and to take away the Mahadeo-stone from the side of the wooden well, where a few drops of water from every *lota* is always poured on the head of this pebble, we left to return to our house. We found it more difficult to return by the light of a lamp than to come in the light of even a declining day. But we did get home, through the gloom and the cries of many wild and strange animals, at last; and right glad and thankful we were when we saw in the opening beyond, the gleam of the camp fires and the rich glow they cast on the forest trees near, and heard a welcome voice inquiring if we were safe and sound.

May 1st.—I skip over a day, not because there was nothing

important done, but because we had no baptisms to record in it. I heard this morning of a black-faced monkey that a panther had killed quite near here, and hidden under a lot of dry leaves. I have tried to find out the reason that tigers and panthers always act thus with their prey, when they cannot devour it in one feed, and the only reason I can find is that their instincts lead them to do this, to save their "kill" from becoming the prey of the vulture and the crow. If so, then the question of whether these birds hunt by scent or sight is settled; because if a "kill" is covered only by leaves, it is never touched by these birds of prey; but if left exposed, will bring them in black, unsightly crowds from every part of heaven. While listening to this account of the monkey and the panther, a Nepalese *pahárí* came up and requested an audience; and as soon as I was able, I had him and Joseph Downey brought into my room. I found he was the head man of a small village called Pahariya, and that all in this place were, like himself, *paháris*. They had come, some years ago, from Deokar, in the fertile valley of the Rapti, just across the first range of the Nepal hills. Looking from the window of my room to the left, across the rugged plain right up to the foot of this range, I could see a white zig-zag way running up the spur of the hill, and losing itself on the sky-line; that is the road to Deokar. This man had heard us preach in one of the baptized villages, and seemed anxious to know more. We further instructed him and prayed with him. Then he wished to become a disciple of Jesus Christ, and we baptized him. He asked us to come to his village in the evening. Our faithful guides conducted us there, and we arrived at sundown, after two miles' rough riding. We found five families, consisting of 19 persons, young and old. We found they all understood the Thárú language, and so apprehended all we said and sang and prayed. They said they would accept Christ as their Saviour, and would become His followers; so we baptized them all. Among them was a *pahárí* from Deokar on a visit, who could speak village

Hindustani. He promised he would speak of this *Nik Avatar* to all his people when he reached home; so we may say we have opened a mission in Nepal through this convert and the village we have baptized. Since then I never look at that white line winding up the spur of the hill without wishing I could jump on my pony and make my way up it, and then dropping down into the Rapti valley, win Deokar for Christ. What a grand point it would make for carrying the whole of Nepal for the Lord. Well, it will come about, even this!

We have not finished our work here by any means. 591 Thárús baptized up to date only represent a small portion of those who are yet to be called and saved; but the other Thárú villages are so far distant from where we are working, and the season is so far advanced, that I fear we shall have to stay our hand for the present, and wait for the next cold season to again begin this holy campaign. So I cannot quote more from my journal at present. Before closing this part of it, however, I would like to say—let no one think that Chandanpúr is an undesirable place to live in. It is many degrees cooler here than in Gonda; and for 9 months of the year is as healthy a place to live in as any station in Oudh. The Forest Officer and his family with his babus, munshis, and staff of *chaprásis*, all live here during the hottest months of the year; and surely what these can do from a sense of duty to Government, a Native Preacher and his wife ought to do for the dear love of Christ. Oh, for the rich baptism of the Holy Ghost upon some dear Native pastor and his wife, to constrain them to answer promptly the earnest and important appeal, "Come over and help us!" We have Brothers Joseph Downey and Jhandula Masih devoting themselves with praise-worthy zeal and patience to this blessed work of trying to raise up for the Lord Jesus a Church in these forests; and, thank God, He has raised up for us four helpers in Jura, Duriyá, Rama Baba and Sukhai Das, who, when properly trained and baptized with the Spirit's power, will make very efficient helpers; but we must have a first-class

ordained Native brother and his wife here, to live *permanently* among these new converts, to baptize their children, perform their marriage ceremonies, be present at the burning of their dead, administer the Lord's Supper, and preach to them the Gospel of life and progress by precept and example.

After the publication of the above narrative the following letter was called forth by a question put by the Editor of "*The Indian Witness*" in one of its issues.

THE THÁRÚ BAPTISMS.

Sir,—In your issue of the 26th June you say, "We wish he" (Mr. Knowles) "had added a sentence to explain the incident of the *lota* of water which was waiting for him at the last village but one he visited."

After baptizing the first two or three villages, the news of course soon spread to all the other villages. It was explained how we had visited, and what we had done in each particular place; and thus many, even before we visited their villages, had made up their minds to throw in their lot with their other Thárú brethren. But this did not keep us from holding our usual service among them, or hinder the usual blessing attending the patient preaching of the word of God. And then many of the Thárús, as I found was the case of the *Chaudhri* of Narewa, the village referred to, before I had visited their villages were often present at the morning service we held every day in front of our tent, or on the lawn before the house. And in this service the preaching always turned to the fall of man, his redemption through the blood of the Cross, and especially on *how* men became the disciples of this great Redeemer. On this latter point we were very particular in explaining three things:—

1—Men became his disciples by having *repentance toward God*, who is justly offended by our sins.

2—By *having faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*, who alone by his atonement can reconcile us to our offended God.

3—*By receiving His sign of discipleship*, thus confessing Him openly in water baptism.

On this third point we always explain *how* this is done, by procuring a *lota* of water from an adjacent well; by arranging those separately who have confessed the above repentance and faith; and after exhortation and prayer, pouring the water into the hand, and letting it fall over each head in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. This patient explanation of everything in detail is necessary on account of the utter ignorance such a people are in with respect to everything about us; and also that everything we do may be clear and above-board, so that our enemies shall not be able to say we have used deceit of any kind.

Hence it was because the *Chaudhri* and people of Narewa had made up their minds to throw in their lot with their other Thárú brethren, and because they had heard from us and others how we would proceed, that they in their simplicity provided the *lota* of water, and had it ready on our arrival at their village. But this did not discourage us from first bringing their minds and hearts under the gracious influence of believing prayer, holy song, and the faithful preaching of the word, before we gave them the usual invitation, and explained to them what was meant by becoming disciples of Jesus Christ. It was only then, when we believed them ready for it, that we administered to them the rite of baptism.

It was not till the succeeding cold season of 1886 and the dry hot season of 1887 we managed to secure the services of two Native Brethren willing to brave the climate and dangers of forest life, as well as endure the hardships and severe labours of working among a people like the Thárús, living in villages separated by distances of from three to six miles, by rough water-courses and walled rice fields, and by rougher and more difficult forest lines overrun with savage beasts and venomous reptiles. These two Brethren went out to Chandanpúr and lived in a *chappar* house, the Thárús of

Bushahr put up for them. In April of 1887 we intended to revisit and work among our Thárú converts with these two Brethren, and had reached as far as Tulsipur in order to do so, but the following news-note from the Editor of the *Ḳaukab-i-Hind*, will explain why we did not succeed in doing so :

"We regret to learn that while preaching at the Tulsipur *mela* last week, Rev. Mr. Knowles was overcome with heat and an attack of nervous prostration. Major Anson, the respected Agent of the Balrampur Estates, kindly laid a *dák* and sent him in to Gonda ; after resting a day or two he left for Naini Tal on the order of the physician. Mr. Knowles had made all his preparations, in spite of alarming reports about sickness, to spend the month of April among the Thárús, and this affliction is a great sorrow to him. We trust he may soon be restored to health."

In a letter to Dr. Johnson, Mr. Knowles writes as follows :

"Great sickness is raging round Devi Patan *mela* in the direction of Pachperwa and Chandanpúr, and the people are stopped from coming in from that way ; so there is really no *mela*. A few people come and go from other parts, but the fair is virtually closed. I was advised to get Brothers Bernard and Downey in from Chandanpúr to Tulsipúr till the sickness is on the decrease. I hoped to have succeeded in getting 11 biswas of land in a very convenient place in Tulsipur, and to have Bro. Bernard put up a mud house on it to live in for the present, but in this we have been disappointed. Wilbur Fisk, Bihárí Lạl, and Sadalú will remain at Tulsipur to help Bro. Bernard. The Tahsildar of Tulsipur will help us. I greatly regret that this nervous prostration has come on just now, but I must bow to the great Master's will. I baptized a good case before I left, and Wilbur Fisk baptized the family to-day. God keep and bless them."

It was not only my own condition of health which stood in the way of my purpose, but also bad news I had received of some of our dear ones in Cawnpore.

In conclusion I think it right to say that one of the Brethren sent out to live among our Thárú converts and instruct them further in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, not only failed with regard to his health, but with regard to his temper and general fitness for such an arduous work. The consequence was these two Brethren had to be withdrawn, one for unfitness, and the other because he could not be left alone. These remarks are necessary, as on the return of these Brethren to Gonda very untruthful reports regarding the state of our Thárú converts were spread about the station and carried through our Mission. Being in Naini Tal for the recovery of my health, I was unable to test these reports at that time by the touchstone of facts. And hence we were lead to partially believe them ourselves. At least, in making out our statistics for the year we were unable to conscientiously return our Thárú baptized Converts as "*Probationers.*" This great fall, some 600, in the number of our probationers, naturally caused a great deal of comment in the Annual Conference which followed. But we had learned something of the truth before going to the said Annual Conference ; though it was not till we organized a tour, and went once more among these dear Thárús last April, a detailed account of which we have already given, that we learned the *whole* truth, and found we had done our Thárú converts great injustice by not returning them as "Probationers." With our twelve Native Preachers we spent a month among them, teaching, instructing, and encouraging them to hold fast whereunto they had attained. We managed to visit two villages a day, and every place we went to, and every time we went, we were gladly received and hospitably treated. Two leading Chaudhris, who were our professed enemies and did all they could to hinder our work among their baptized fellows, became our friends. We had prayed specially for these two men, night and morning, all the way out from Gonda to Chandanpúr, and when we reached our camping place at the latter, these two Thárús were among the first to greet us. In the village of the one we have now a

Boys' school with 35 lads learning Hindi, our Catechism, and Bible Lessons ; and in the village of the other a similar school with a few more pupils, but learning the same.

Through the great kindness of the Agent, Major Anson, we have been able to put up two substantial wood and grass School-houses in both the above villages, Vishnpur and Bushahr, and we hope soon to be able to build a Native Preacher's house on the piece of land given to us by the Maharani of Bulrampur. This piece of land is on the edge of a beautiful part of the forest, with a fine grove of trees in one corner and a clear stream full of fish running through it. We have had a ditch dug round this convenient piece of land planted with plantain trees, and a rude bridge thrown over the stream. The advantages of planting this herbaceous tree are that its bitter astringent leaves are good for binding cuts and wounds, and its wholesome luscious fruit is good at all times for food. Besides, this endogenous tropical tree rising twenty feet high, gives a pleasant shade. This will be the comfortable though lonely home of our Native Preachers who labour here among the Thárús. While at Chandanpúr on this tour, we baptized three *Pahárí* families from Deokar in Nepal, who, with others from the same locality, settle among the Thárús during the cold season, from October to the end of April, and then return for the hot summer months to the hills. We are praying for the day to soon come when Nepal shall be open to European intercourse, and we shall be able to plant a Mission in Deokar ; for there we shall find a number of families and individuals whom we have at different times baptized here and at Tulsipur.

CONCLUSION.

FINALLY, allow us to say that if the workers of the Great Master go forth expecting only to plough the fields and sow the seed, then must they have patience to wait the "four months before cometh the harvest:" in other words, there will, *in rerum naturâ*, be no present visible results, but if they cast the eyes of their faith over the fields of labour appointed them, and see those fields, as the "Lord of the harvest" desires them to see such, "ALREADY *white unto harvest*," and fully trusting in the presence and almighty power of the Lord of Glory, and taking the "sharp" reaping hook of the living "powerful" Word, go forth to the special and definite work of *reaping and harvesting*, then "heaven and earth shall pass away" ere they shall fail to "come again with joy, bringing their sheaves with them." It is out of the plaintive lachrymose past history of ploughing and sowing in the world of heart and mind of the nations that comes the present "joy" of reaping. "The Lord of the harvest" is just as present and omnipotent to-day, and the harvesting in the white fields of India and the rest of the world just as imperatively needed at this time, as when "*They*" (the Disciples) "*went forth and preached everywhere*, THE LORD WORKING WITH THEM, *and confirming the signs that followed.* AMEN."

"Labourers," called by "The Lord of the harvest" to this blessed work of reaping, with hearts ever tuneful to the touch and voice of the Holy Spirit, nothing doubting, put in the flashing sickles among the ripened corn, and a *Te Deum*, a grand oratorio of triumphal song shall go up from the quickly reaped fields and harvested sheaves, and you shall return with a jubilee of joy to celebrate the last grand Harvest Home, and receive, what is worth more than the sacrifice of a whole life, the "welcome" and "well done" of the Great Master!

"O still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,
'More reapers for white harvest fields,
More labourers for the Lord!'

We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work
Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of Saints were sown,
We, to their labours entering in,
Would *reap* where they have strewn."

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